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THE  
BOMBAY QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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JULY, 1856.

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ART. I.—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF ANGLO-INDIANS.

*A Popular Account of the Manners and Customs of India.* By the Rev. CHARLES ACLAND, late Chaplain at Rooree, Cuttack, and Midnapore.

A WRITER who aspires to literary success in the delineation of Anglo-Indian manners, must be gifted with a greater degree of originality, genius, and, above all, leisure, than most of us can bring to bear upon our subject. The author who shall command the steady interest of his reader, and direct the public attention at home to our domestic habits, peculiarities, and prejudices, has yet to arise among us. Hitherto we have been content to introduce ourselves chiefly in the character of sportsmen. We have thrust ourselves upon the reading public as occupied for the most part in mortal struggles with royal tigers, reckless pursuit of jungle hog, mad marches after wounded bear, and insatiable assaults on Bas' a'le. We are a pallid obese people, languishing under the effects of heat, transacting public business in straw hats, surrounded by the densest jungle, aggravated by the beasts of the field, and travelling in howdahs. Our dwellings are haunted with venomous cobra and creeping things, whose instincts, as a general rule, lead them into the recesses of our pillows, or the privacy of our boots. Our wives and daughters are startling specimens of ghastly pallor, clad in flowing garments of purest white, who feed at two, and sleep till five P. M. diurnally,

preparatory to dining on fowl-curry at seven. Ascetics encouraging the growth of finger-nails on religious grounds, or obtruding their limbs on society in startling positions, line our ordinary carriage roads, and shock our feelings and sense of decency. Youthful officers, called Griffins, perpetrate impossible absurdities, and young civilians lisp, wear eye-glasses, and exhibit other stereotyped evidences of conceited imbecility. Thus men become weary of so much exaggeration; and one book being the index of half a dozen, the majority fall still-born from the press, and as yet the English world knoweth us not.

Yet the time seems fast approaching when a demand will be made for information more satisfying, on Indian subjects, than anything people newly interested in this country can glean from the journal of the sportsman or the traveller. The young spirits of England have been invited to compete for the honour of assisting in the government of her Eastern possessions; and how many, we would ask, whose reflections would otherwise have been engrossed by their ordinary occupations at home, will now turn a curious eye to the new and (so-called) splendid field thrown open to their ambition? Naturalists, we believe, admit freely that *cobras* are replete with interest. The abstract importance of the usual *howdah* is sternly recognised. Fakirs, viewed as religious enthusiasts without clothes, are doubtless singular and touching objects of contemplation. But English readers will no longer be content with snakes, elephant trappings, or holy mendicants, however graphically described. The laws, languages, institutions, and past history of a peculiar race, whose origin seems lost in the mists of antiquity, will claim the research subjects so engrossing to the student call for; but there will be yet a vacuum unoccupied in the English heart. "Home" sounds very sweet and sacred to the English ear. The memory of it, and of the dear familiar faces that smiled upon our boyhood, with all its cherished aspirations, its hopes and fears, and tender fresh emotions, touch the heart, and quicken the pulse of every true son of Britain. When he journeys, he strives to establish in foreign lands a semblance of distant home. The walls, however bare, that shelter him and those he loves from the fierce rays and scorching winds, he continues to designate his home; for within them, as of yore, all that is tender, pure, and holy in his nature, blooms. There, if anywhere, reflection dwells, and thither he may retire from conventionality and show, to be welcomed by the smile of sincerity and truth. There, even loneliness and isolation may

purify ; for there, if he will, he may wreath light graceful fancies around his soul, which shall be to him sweet companionship and solace. Englishmen will sigh to be exiled from the country of their birth, but they will look forward hopefully to the home of their maturity ; and now that India may become the scene of their future labours and contemplations, the general interest in our daily life and occupations must necessarily be enhanced.

Well may such men eagerly enquire, pausing in vain for a reply, "What is daily life, in India ? Tell us what we may expect from the commencement of our career ? What are to be our trials, our enjoyments, our duties, our hopes and responsibilities ? Pourtray for us Indian society as it really is, in its integrity—if possible, with tigers and howdahs in the background. Let us know how we shall dress, dine, sleep, court, and entertain. Who are to be our friends and companions ? Assure us ; that we may determine whether India shall be our future home. Hide nothing, and spare no vanities ; especially, conceal no good you may observe. Satisfy a dawning curiosity among us, and be sure of your reward."

But where shall we find the work thus loudly called for ? The idea of searching for any literature in India not more or less connected with melancholy Red-tape, Mess expenses, Sir Charles Napier, the Main Drain, or Superintendents of Police, appears at first sight a quixotic undertaking. Yet why should it be so ? The monotony of Indian life, it is contended, precludes the possibility of founding a light literature on its daily incidents. The life of the soldier or civilian, the minister or merchant, is one sad system of routine, each morning being pregnant with the same lugubrious events. We all land in the country, it is said, more or less provided for. Circumstances combine to hide our lights beneath bushels, and there is little stimulus to exertion. Can an author weave events out of dry professional duties, only occasionally varied by the excitements of the gun or of the chase ? Can his genius invest with interest a country where the mind collapses for want of attrition, and where there exists no poetry or patriotism, but such as a hatter may compose, or an Association claim ?

Much sound, signifying nothing ! A revolution in the light literature of England begins already to develope itself. Dramatic effect is making room for candid, and forcible simplicity. Romance is laid within her shrouds, only waiting for a decent burial. Alonzo and Somerville have retired before the less pretend-

ing Brown, Jones, and Robinson. The "solitary horseman who wended his way" has been long since detected by the public, and utterly repudiated. Even the great artistic genius of Dickens, wonderful though it be, sometimes pales before the genuine manly fire of Thackeray, which speaks to the *heart* more, if it stimulates the *mind* less. What has Thackeray beyond acute observation, kindly honest nature, and intense literary *application*? Has he any of the dramatic or poetic genius of his great rival? If not, to ~~what~~ shall we attribute his wonderful success, but to the very absence of the struggle for effect, and the constant presence in his characters of nature *unadorned*? Had Thackeray, with his obvious hankering after Indian scenes and people, possessed any great local experience, we may doubt whether the Adventures of Joe Sedley would have been confined to England and the Continent. We might have observed him in all the dignity and terror of his position as Collector of Boggly-wallah, and as we gazed in admiration, wondered that the enormous mass of sheepish vanity before us should be called on by Providence to rule a zillah, and perhaps positively to inspire among a simple population some feeling akin to veneration! The contrast between Joe in England, the large laughing-stock, and Joe in his kutcherry, surrounded by flowing beards, silver sticks, and native chieftains "in joyous array" crouching obsequiously at his feet, might have afforded a fine field for the satire of our English humourists. But we venture to assert that wherever we find men of one country thrown together in a foreign land, with customs, habits, modes of thought, slang expressions, and eccentric prejudices peculiar to themselves, there also shall we find considerable scope for the exercise of a writer's talents.

Those who can recall their first impressions of India as they glided into the harbour of Bombay, will perhaps remember the enthusiasm with which they viewed the scenery around. To us, in our innocence, it appeared the paradise of the poet and romancer. A narrow but dense forest of masts lay before the eyes, stretching far away into interminable perspectives, and causing the brow to flush with emotion at the tokens of slumbering power and commercial genius which the whole scene suggested. That radiant land, we thought, has had restored to her the energy of early youth, by the unselfish policy of her Saxon conquerors. We and those around us were to share in the government of teeming millions, who would regard us as the fountains of British justice. Surely that bright land was the chosen seat of poetry



and song! Vessels of strange build, manned by wild half-naked savages, flew ever and anon athwart our bows, their enormous sails tinged with the gold of the early sun. The lofty hills that surrounded us, crowned with the densest jungle, were bathed and dancing in that pure gold. The waves sparkled like the moist eye of beauty, and sported merrily to give us welcome, laughing to meet the transient rays dashed from the prow of the gay pleasure-boat, as she bounded before the morning breeze. The lofty palm gazed from the deep blue sky above on his reflection in the lucid sea below, as a lover beholds his image dwelling in the glance of woman's eye, and he toyed with the sighing air as it struggled to escape from his gigantic foliage. Bright birds raised their cheerful tones, and song of hope and happiness to youth, while the hoarse war of human voices arose with imposing solemnity from the bright shining city that basked in a flood of gold before us!

Soon—with one month—the delusion had fled. The vessels of strange build became pattamars and bunder-boats, which experience had already taught us smelt horribly of fish, and were curiosities of discomfort. The wild half-naked savage tried the temper sorely with his impudence and apathy. The clear pure gold of the early sun had suggested a hat from Kobs, and an umbrella from Messrs. Watson & Co. The amorous palm had degenerated into the practical toddy-tree. The bright birds with their hymns of hope dwindled into crows of monstrous self-possession and impertinence, and the bright shining city basked on monotonously from day to day, gloomily discussing Police Superintendentships and the Law of Storms; leaving one fact patent to all men—namely, that she possessed no local literature or poetry, and would rather be without them.

Men in India who aspire to literary eminence had better go elsewhere. Eminence in literature, as in every other calling of life, can only be attained by practice and application, added of course to natural taste for the pursuit. As in other professions, too, the literary aspirant should commence with the rudiments, not break forth suddenly into the dignity of a full-fledged author. So it happens, that though many of us publish to the world our Poems, our Romances, our Travels, and our dismal "Bird's-Eye Views," we fail ignominiously, but naturally, to interest the mass. The melancholy state of literature in India compels us to mount at once the highest rung in the ladder of letters, and there cry forth distractedly to the world,

"Behold how I stand without succour or support!" Who shall wonder that the public eye has hardly found leisure to rest upon that rash adventurer in his giddy elevation, ere he falls, crushed motionless, and with a new relish for the pleasures of oblivion?

The Anglo-Indian, therefore, who seriously aspires to eminence in literature, would do well, we repeat, to devote himself wholly in England to that calling. He will find scanty encouragement in this peninsula. Magazines here occasionally crawl forth diffidently; to retire precipitately; but we put the question earnestly to the public, Does it not behove every man amongst us who aspires to the exercise of other than digestive faculties, to encourage, and aid, and cheer those who would remove from Anglo-Indians the stigma of unutterable stupidity? A healthy publication scarcely crows joyously in one of the three Presidencies, before we knock it on the head, or murder it, with neglect. "What good can come out of Nazareth?" exclaims, curiously enough, the Nazarene; and the literature which we tread under foot, and proceed on our way rejoicing!

Let us rest assured of one thing. The absence of any light Anglo-Indian literature popular at home, is not to be attributed to the barrenness of the subject matter. Give us a man of ordinary genius, and with the *requisite literary experience*, and ere long we shall be employed in perusing works that will bring their author at once riches and reputation. To possess the requisite literary experience is, in this country, almost an impossibility. All our great authors are professional ones in the widest acceptance of the term. The barrister without a brief, the doctor without a patient, the clergyman without a living, the poor and needy in every trade and calling, turn desperately to literature as a means of livelihood. The majority of course fail,—these remain poor and nameless. The happy few succeed, and literature becomes their profession,—no bed of roses, but stern, steady, often sleepless, labour. They have, however, the greatest of all incentives to exertion,—bread to live, and literary reputation: a fame the most difficult of any to achieve, and perhaps the most gratifying to human vanity when attained. Some of our successful authors were, it is true, men of fortune when they entered the lists; but let us bear in mind that they were *also* men of leisure, and equally made authorship a profession.

We have said there are two incentives to literary exertion,—bread and ambition; but success must depend upon leisure and a sound preparatory training. Considering these things, may

we not in bitterness exclaim, "Alas! how hardly shall we exiles enter into the ranks of eminent literary men?" The military officer in India has leisure in abundance; he may not be without ambition too: but his bread is served up to him in electro-plate, and he eats it to the sound of soft music. Nevertheless, he aspires to literary fame, and meditates light literature. Where shall he train himself for the task, and in what school shall he acquire experience? To the credit of the Presidency be it said, she offers a *Quarterly Review* to the anxious candidate; but he shrinks in dismay from the imposing title. What has he (whose forte is light literature) to do with a serious *Quarterly*? He fears it will cramp his style, and chain his ideas. In so solemn and learned a publication he will be compelled to curb his light fancies and buoyant aspirations. Moreover, it will be time for him, he thinks, to review the works of other men when he has achieved a publication of his own. He looks around for some humbler Magazine. Bombay has none. Madras declines having anything for the present. Bengal has "Saunders," and he feels that the seat of Anglo-Indian genius is in the North-West Provinces, with its Keenes and Sherers, men of true sterling literary merit, labouring only under the combined effects of too much bread and too little leisure. So, finding no suitable local training grounds, he prepares a thrilling article—"The Indian Maiden, or the Sepoy's Home; a Tale, by Ajax,"—which he completes, with a quotation from Longfellow just in time to find that his last hope is no more. *Saunders's Magazine* has gone the way of all Indian periodicals, and our young author reverts with melancholy resignation to luncheon or to billiards. His early ambition soon wears out, or loses itself in the stimulus of sticking pigs on horseback: "*Ut sæpe summa ingenia in occultis latent!*"

The Reverend Charles Acland, the title of whose little book heads this paper, reached Calcutta with his wife in July A. D. 1842, and the letters which he addressed in the country to his young family at home, were subsequently collected and published in the form of a Journal. The composition is easy and familiar, and the work abounds with evidences of the author's extreme simplicity and goodness of heart. He fell a victim to the climate within three years of his arrival; and he displays throughout such a simple, buoyant, healthy delight in all the novelties around him, that the sudden fate which the reader knows awaits the author, renders this little unpretending volume doubly impressive and instructive.

It is not our intention to enter into a critical examination of Mr. Acland's work; books of this class disarm criticism, from the total absence of all literary pretension which they display. But we propose extracting a few passages descriptive of Anglo-Indian society in the sister Presidencies, and briefly comparing the social habits of our friends in the Bengal Mofussil with our own. We trust such a comparison will not be deemed invidious, but that, conducted in a cheerful spirit, it may afford us a merry, if not very profitable, half hour.

Our author spends a few days at Madras, and is of course delighted with that rising and important city. The following remark, however, touching Madras peculiarities will excite among us a smile of some astonishment:—

#### “HOW ENGLISH PERSONS TREAT MADRAS NATIVES.

“When you meet in the streets with a Native who is at all acquainted with you, or who wishes to express his thanks for anything, instead of merely saying ‘Thank you!’ or ‘How do you do?’ he presses his hands upon his eyes, and says ‘Salam, Sahib!’ Some English persons, on going out for a walk, may be seen to carry a whip, with which, if the Natives are at all troublesome, they lash them; but this is a cruel practice.”

This cheerful safety-valve for excess of irritation has not, we believe, been yet extensively introduced into Bombay. It is possible that any fat gentleman of original humour, addicting himself publicly to the exhilarating and healthful exercise common in Madras, might find himself suddenly and unexpectedly pulled up in his playful career. We are more than half disposed, however, to suspect that the reverend gentleman, being of a simple and guileless disposition, was favored somewhat freely with the experiences of older stagers, possessing rather a keen sense of humour than a strict regard for truth. This view of the ingenuous disposition of our author appears warranted by the following rather startling

#### “CURE FOR SNAKE-BITE.”

“When a person is wounded by this venomous reptile (the *Cobra de Capello*), he generally expires within half an hour. The only possible cure—and that is an uncertain one,—is to swallow every few minutes a glass of brandy with some *Eau de luce* or smelling salts dissolved in it, while a man stands near beating you with a heavy whip. Or, instead of this, you may be fastened to a carriage, and be compelled to run as fast as possible. The object is to keep you awake, for the danger of the bite consists in a heavy lethargy it produces. The remedies applied are, however, sure to bring on a violent fever, which frequently proves fatal.”

The concluding observation we are disposed solemnly to credit. A stout gentleman of torpid habits, affixed to a shigram and driven at a lively trot up Malabar Hill, as a gentle precaution to ensure wakefulness, might possibly find himself attacked with a few feverish symptoms on being unharnessed by his friends ! The attraction, too, which a glass of brandy inwardly administered *every few minutes (!)* might otherwise have for a certain degraded class of patients, appears more than counterbalanced by the violent, not to say insulting, circumstances under which the remedy is applied. The recipe, however, may be, after all, a valuable one, and we extract it in the hope that it may be soon practically tested by gentlemen of an inquiring turn of mind.

On his arrival at Calcutta Mr. Acland received an order to proceed to Cuttack, and assume clerical charge of Cuttack, Midnapore, Balasore, and Pooree. Midnapore, we are told, is situated eighty miles south of Calcutta, and Cuttack two hundred and forty. Pooree stands on the coast a little to the south of the great plain of Jugunnath. As his duties compelled him to be constantly officiating at one or other of these distant stations, the reader will perceive that his office was no sinecure. We doubt whether any clerical gentlemen of Bombay are called upon to perform so much physical labour in the year ; and to one not acclimatized by residence in India, it must have been peculiarly trying. Settled in his new parish, he gives us the following quaint description of

#### “A MORNING CALL.

“ I must now give you an account of Mofussil society. We will suppose a married couple going to a new station,—as for instance, my wife and myself coming to Cuttack. Well, we arrive, wretched enough, about eight o'clock in the morning, after a long dak journey. All that day we are engaged in setting things to rights. The next morning I order my carriage and go out to make my calls ; for in India, unlike England, the stranger calls first. The hours for calling are from half-past ten to one, after which time you would not be admitted anywhere, as it is supposed the lady of the house is just going to *titin* (lunch), which she takes at two, and then goes to sleep for two or three hours.” !

What a horrible imputation ! Can they really perpetrate these atrocious offences in the Mofussil of the leading Presidency ? According to Mr. Acland, a young lady feeds at two, and sleeps till six o'clock in the evening, when, it is to be presumed, she partakes of another heavy meal, and then deliberately goes to bed again till the following day ! Once admit the correctness of

this assertion—once let the mind associate, even vaguely, the idea of snoring with sleeping, and the absence of any local light literature is painfully, though readily, accounted for.’ Romance is banished from these shores ! To convert into the heroine of prose or verse, a female who snores vigorously on system at least twelve out of the twenty-four hours, and who only casually awakes to partake of meat and vegetables, or to receive visits of ceremony, is hopelessly beyond the range of human intellect. Let us trust, however, that this is one of Mr. Acland’s inaccuracies, and that our Bengal brethren will take an early opportunity of denying the truth of this published statement. The reverend gentleman proceeds—

“Of course, the first person I call on is the Commanding Officer. I drive in at the gate of the compound, and under some trees, up to the house door, and so under the portico ; for every house has a very large carriage portico to protect the horses from the sun. My carriage is a phaeton ; the britska, phaeton, and buggy being almost the only vehicles used in India. The britska does very well for a Judge, and the buggy, a sort of carriage for a single man. Mine is a phaeton, with two ponies. On the box sits the coachman,—dark brown face, large black mustachios, white calico tunic and trowsers, white turban turned up with pale blue, as livery, and blue and white cummerbund around the waist ; except only when it is wet, and then he wears a crimson skull-cap, and a scarlet full cloak with sleeves. A syce, or groom, runs by the side of the ponies.”

We congratulate the good people of Cuttack on the splendid variety of their equipages, and the tasteful elegance of their liveries. The britska for the Judge, phaeton for the minister of the Gospel, and buggy for the single man ! A point of some interest might here be raised : “What is a Cuttack Judge, who happens to be a single man also, to keep ? Is he to adhere to the judicial britska, or drive the bachelor buggy ?” The question admits of much speculative reasoning on either side ; but we think that by entertaining a britska in his professional and a gig in the social capacity, he might dispose sufficiently of the difficulty. It is to be regretted that in the Mofussil of this Presidency, families still cling to *bullock gharees* and other almost exploded superstitions. These they keep in addition to the usual horse-carriage. They are sadly trying to the nerves, and aggravating to the temper,—to the nerves they are necessarily trying, owing to an instinctive tendency on the part of bullocks to run violently down steep places into situations of imminent peril ; and they sour the temper, inasmuch as they are chiefly used by travellers in provinces where civilisation has not encroached, and

where there are no carriage roads out of the regular encampment. We have perused accounts of the almost superhuman jolting experienced on some of the American roads, but the traveller in a Bombay bullock gharee on a Guzerat cart track may equally claim the sympathy of his friends ; indeed, we have observed in persons addicted to this mode of locomotion, a settled satirical melancholy which is peculiarly touching, and which we attribute solely to the depressing and irritating effect on the mind, produced by the concussive qualities of our roads. How long Guzerat is to be open to this reproach, we know not ; but the time seems almost come when an effort might be made to introduce a reform in this respect, and extend to that unhappy province a few of the advantages enjoyed in other parts of India.

“ Arrived at the door, I call out ‘ Sahib hy ? ’—Gentleman in ?—meaning, Is your master at home ? If not, I leave a card ; if he is, I enter the house, and follow the servant who has answered me. I should have told you, there are no such things as knockers or bells here. Every door is open, unless in the very hot weather, and there are always six or eight servants lounging about in the verandah. As I step out of the carriage, each one of these stoop down, touches the ground with the back of his hand, and then pats his forehead three or four times, signifying, I suppose, that, if I were to order him, he would even throw dirt upon his own head.

“ In reply to the question, ‘ Sahib hy ? ’ one of the men answers ‘ Hy, Khodawun,’—He is, O representative of God ; at the same time holding his hands pressed together as if he were saying his prayers. He precedes me into the house, still in the same attitude. He sets me on a chair, whilst another man comes in, unfastens the rope of the punkah, and taking the end of it out into the verandah, sits down and pulls it, and very soon falls asleep, still, however, continuing his occupation.

“ Presently in comes the master of the house, dressed in white jacket, black neckerchief (if any), white shirt, white trowsers, white stockings, and shoes made of some white skin. I should have told you that the servant who shows me in takes my card to his master, with which card his master plays the whole time I am there. In a few minutes, in comes the lady, in clothes hanging loosely around her ; she probably does not wear stays in the morning ; her dress is white muslin, and her face, as well as those of her children, if she have any, is of a ghastly pale colour.—*This is universal in India.*”

Visits of ceremony are, we take it, very much the same all over the world, and only one or two points in the above description need here be referred to. In the Bombay Mofussil it is not customary for married strangers to propitiate the residents by calling first upon them. On the contrary, the residents who may feel desirous of forming the acquaintance of married strangers, prove it by calling on the new arrivals. Mr. Acland allows

himself one day to get settled in his new house, and then instantaneously plunges into society. On the Bombay side it is customary to be involved in maddening problems on points connected with round tables and varnish, for at least a fortnight before the desired end can be attained. The trials of life during that brief period are too solemnly recognised to require more than a passing notice here. It is one of the leading features observable in the native temperament, that the sudden necessity of exhibiting intellectual energy for awhile seems to affect the reasoning powers, and to induce a painful species of mental torpor. Against this the Englishman has to struggle. By the exercise of a little ingenuity, good temper, and impressive repetition, he generally forces upon the native mind matters affecting the arrangement of domestic furniture. Daily they are tempted to perceive that floors must be washed, China matting nailed down, furniture cleaned, polished, and gracefully deposited, carpets shaken, lamps suspended, and the crockery unpacked. They accept the theory eventually, but the effort to carry it into practice engenders with ordinary Asiatics a gentle melancholy, which in time lapses into a flushed and feverish excitability. That Natives, by some unfathomed law of nature, are physically incapable of conducting a casual conversation on the ordinary topics of the day under a moderate scream, is a fact that will not be disputed by our readers of Indian experience. This being the case, the application of any unwonted stimulus to the mind produces discordant results that no pen in the present degraded state of Anglo-Indian light literature can adequately do justice to; though he who has found himself at any time surrounded by an excited circle of the lower orders carrying on an animated discussion, will remember the grinding agony of those awful moments. It is invariably when the mind is tottering under the influence of these trials that visitors of rank burst upon the new arrival, detecting him in shirt sleeves, perched on the summit of ladders, and enveloped in cobwebs; or his wife seated in a gram-box, partaking of ham sandwiches with a smile of truly feminine resignation. The secret by which our Cuttack friends accomplished so much in a single day should be published for general information.

The reader will be amused with Mr. Acland's style in the following good-humoured description of

#### " INDIAN DINNER PARTIES.

" A few days after the form of calling has been gone through, some half-dozen different persons send you invitations to dinner, kindly wishing to



welcome the stranger to the station. From half-past seven to eight is the usual hour in India; for if people dined earlier they would necessarily lose their evening drive. The carriage enters the compound; a servant runs in to the Sahib, and, pressing his own hands together, says, 'Gharree āta' (carriage comes). Out issues the Sahib into the front verandah; the lady is handed out; the gentleman offers his arm, and walks off, leaving me to follow as best I may.

"From the verandah we enter the dining-room. There are no halls, or passages, or cupboards in the Mofussil. Down the whole length of the room is a long table laid for dinner, round which we must wind to get to the opposite door leading into the drawing-room. Here are a number of ladies seated on one side the room, on the other side the gentlemen. After a little while an old Indian with a long silvery beard, and dressed completely in white, comes in, and, pressing his hands together, says, 'Canna mig' (dinner on table).

"Then the master of the house gives his arm to the most important lady present; the others do likewise, according to the most strict precedence of rank, the lady of the house being taken first. She does not take the top of the table, but assigns that place to whoever has led her in, herself occupying the seat next him on his right hand. Each person brings his khitmutgar; accordingly, behind each chair stands a man in white, who, as you sit down, unfolds and hands you the napkin which was on your plate; he then falls back a step, and crosses his arms over his chest. As soon as grace has been said, the cover is taken off the soup-tureen, and those who like it, are helped to a rich sort of chicken broth.

"After that, you hear on every side, 'Mr. So-and-so, may I have the pleasure of taking a glass of wine with you?' 'I shall be very happy.' 'Which do you take, beer or wine?' 'Thank you; I will take a little beer,' or 'wine,' as the case may be. Suppose the former, and myself the speaker, I turn round and say to my khitmutgar, 'Beer shraub meem Sahib ki do' (beer-wine Mrs. Lady give).

"In the mean time they are uncovering the dishes. At the top is a pair of fine roast fowls, at the bottom a pair of boiled ditto. At the sides, fowl cutlets, fowl patties, fowl rissoles, stewed fowls, grilled fowl, chicken-pie, &c. &c.; no ham, no bacon; and little tiny potatoes not larger than a cherry, with stewed cucumbers, and some sticky Indian vegetables, are handed round. But for the second course, a great treat is reserved. Six or seven mutton-chops, each equal to one mouthful, are brought in, and with much ceremony placed at the top of the table; at the other end are slices of potatoes fried. Your hostess tells you how glad she was that Mr. So-and-so had sent her the loin of a Patna sheep to-day: she hoped we should like it. Then comes curried fowl and rice; then pine-apple pie, custard, jelly, plantains, oranges, pine-apples, &c. &c.; but directly these sweets appear, there appear also, behind the chairs of many of the gentlemen, servants carrying a little carpet, with a neat fringe to it. These they place at the back of their masters' chairs on the floor, and then each servant brings in a large hookah, places it on the little carpet, and, whilst the ladies and others are eating the custards, pies, and fruits, you have all around you the incessant bubble from the hookah, and smell the filthy smoke from an abominable compound of tobacco and various noxious drugs.

“The ladies rarely sit for above one glass of wine, when they retire and leave the smokers to themselves. Cigars are then produced for the use of the other gentlemen; and, after they have all smoked and drunk a little more wine than enough, they join the ladies. Then there is a little general talking, then a little music; then come cards—I never play,—and then the good-byes, and so home to bed,—a nightmare during one’s sleep, and a head-ache in the morning! When alone, we always dine at four.”

“Men should eat to live,” the proverb tells us—“not live to eat.” Food, however, is always regarded by the Englishman, wherever he may be, as one of the most solemn institutions of his country. Thus, among other melancholy absurdities, ceremonial dinner parties are common in every land that can boast an assembly of true-born Britons. Not content with entertainments suitable to a tropical climate, we must drag heavily after us our English customs, and stubbornly introduce them out here! That grandees residing in the Presidency towns should be occasionally compelled, from their rank and position in society, to shorten the natural terms of their existence by courting dyspepsia in its worst form, is sufficiently to be deplored; but that reasonable beings banished to the Mofussil, who might be expected to divest themselves cheerfully of the absurder conventionalities of their country, should meet in full dress at an hour when mind and body are thoroughly exhausted, to surround a table groaning with animal food and infested with loathsome insects, and to do so without even the plausible excuse of appetite, is one of those inexplicable mysteries in human nature which it would be idle to discuss here. The thing is *done*—that is sufficient for us in our present rudimental state of knowledge. Mr. Acland has told us how it is done in Cuttack; let us in a spirit of deep humiliation inquire how the crime is perpetrated in the Mofussil stations of Bombay.

We may here observe, that never in the whole course of our Indian experience did we sit down to such a startling repast as that with which Mr. Acland was entertained. The tortures which the good lady who presided over that outrageous feast must have endured in her efforts to convert so much fowl into palatable refreshment, awes the mind into flushed commiseration. Why a family with avowedly nothing but interminable instalments of disguised chicken to offer to society, should formally assemble friends around the festive board, is a problem we submit to deeper intellects than our own. The statistics of daily death by violence among Cuttack fowls would be a deeply curious and

instructive study ; but, indeed, it is to be regretted that such entertainments are not more common on this side of India. We should have fewer dinner-parties, and these few would be lighter and more digestible.

Some of our readers, experienced in Mofussil fashions, will perchance remember the grinding agony of heart that preceded a formal dinner party. The engagement is generally one of a week's standing, but with us the previous night was always heavy and disturbed. A dull sense of impending calamity clouded our dreams, and disturbed that calmness of repose so essential to health in India. The waking moment brought with it the hideous reality : *We were bound over to dine out that night !* The fact clung to us throughout the day like the memory of a crime. Each cheerful moment and light fancy was damped and deadened by that corroding thought. This is no exaggeration ; nor is ours an isolated case. We have narrowly and with awful pity watched friends struggling under similar emotions. There is no mistaking that deep, silent, uncomplaining look of unutterable woe which speaks to the heart, while it defies sympathy. A formal Mofussil electro-plated-ham-and-turkey dinner-party is, we solemnly repeat, the severest trial of human fortitude, and the gravest test of human endurance that it is possible to conceive. We fear to say farther on this matter, lest we should be charged with levity ; but we insist that we have very faithfully recorded the sentiments of a great many sensible people on the subject we are discussing.

For how can it be otherwise than miserable ? Let us transport ourselves to the trying climate of Guzerat, and discuss a dinner party in those latitudes. We are in the midst of the rains, which there is no necessity to inform our readers is the gay season in India, inasmuch as all official wanderers, with their families, are now assembled in the Sudder station for shelter from the weather. The pelting showers, resounding thunders, and overclouded skies have relieved somewhat the exhausted frame, but rather by altering the *character* of the heat, than by inducing any very marked change of temperature. The scorching withering prickly-heat of May has made way for the damp, clammy, suffocating sensations of July. Man, despite ablutions, goes through the day haunted with a humiliating sense of dirt, and objects to greeting cordially his fellow-creatures, finding by experience that hands adhere awkwardly, and separate with a smack. The skin is moist, even to a fault, and trickling sensations

down the hollow of the back alarm the novice from the Deccan. To fix the mind on subjects that require the exercise of thought, calls for Crimean fortitude. The enforced exertions of official duty have worn and enervated that soul which only thirsts for peace and a pleasant book. Vain hope ! You are engaged to feed with strangers who reside some miles off, and feel that necessity compels you to be there. The position may be a painful one, but it is not to be evaded.

The grey evening ushers in no relief ; for now the sultry air swarms with myriads of abominable insects that, actuated by a senseless curiosity, insinuate themselves beneath your clothes, or, stimulated by a perverted share of humour, dart against your face, entangling themselves in the whiskers, or revolving with tumultuous pleasantry in the ears. And these are the maddening circumstances under which man, a reasoning animal, proceeds to exchange the cool grateful costume of the tropics for the suffocating habiliments of the temperate zone ! Not satisfied with travelling wearily several miles to partake of food, with no appetite for it, he must fain bind up his throat, strap up his legs, anoint himself with perfumed grease, and, in short, irritate the system beyond human endurance, in compliance with an insane custom which no race but the Saxon could for a moment tolerate ! Shall we wonder that during his journey from his quiet home to the festive table of his, perhaps, equally desponding host, he exhibits symptoms of an ill-regulated temper, not at all consonant with his status in society ? Professional bullock-drivers in Guzerat are wont to stimulate their cattle by means of a stick, to which a pin or some similar pointed instrument is firmly attached. This it is usual to thrust into dilatory bullocks, and to do so in a tone of remonstrance or strong representation. Perhaps the custom may be justly pronounced a cruel one, but we have seen victims on their way to dinner-parties—men naturally of a diplomatic turn of mind, and remarkable in their normal state for the *suaviter in modo*,—act equally unreasonably towards their drivers. Indeed, whenever the contemplative wayfarer in the Mofussil observes, as he often may at night-fall, an excited Native making use of this pin-goad with more than ordinary freedom, and a pair of black trowsers and glazed boots thrust out of the window, employed in applying violent friction to the driver's spine, he may satisfy himself with a sigh that the owner of those appendages is on his dismal way to a conventional Anglo-Indian dinner-party. This is not a hasty and crude assertion,

but the result of a long and sad experience. We mention it with regret.

Then we become struck with the gross conventionality of the whole affair. Unrefreshed by his drive, smarting under visionary ills inflicted by his driver, his shirt collars depressed and of a sky-blue colour, his handkerchief left in the cart, and his forehead damp with perspiration, which he won't relieve with his coat-cuffs for fear of detection, he steps into the Indian drawing-room, and at once adopts his dinner-party smile. There can be no mistaking that smile, it is so thoroughly vacant and unmeaning. The host (who is glad to see him) has it too, but feebly, and not to the same extent by any means, for he places no confidence in the taste of his servants, and labours under withering apprehensions that his officiating butler—the actual incumbent having been bitten by a scorpion half an hour before—will hopelessly confuse courses, and place the wild duck he shot that morning, as a side dish, to the unutterable triumph of Major Watkins, of Her Majesty's 199th, who can never sufficiently show up the vulgarity of Anglo-Indians, and who was invited by necessity. That wretched entertainer's wife being a fixture on her couch in the capacity of hostess, he feels the deep responsibility of his position as supervisor of the dinner arrangements, and is incessantly diving into the adjoining room to whisper stern directions, and to create the maddest confusion among the Natives. Eventually, when his advice is actually urgent, and he is asked by the butler in a tone of thrilling interest, "if the pigeon be serve up in the all-blaize?" he naturally collapses, and returns to his guests a stricken and humiliated man.

It is all very well for Mr. Acland to say "that then the master of the house gives his arm to the most important lady present, and the others do likewise, according to the most strict precedence of rank"; but we happen to know that more ill-feeling and animosity are occasioned by some ridiculous error in these little points of etiquette than people of real and not fictitious rank would readily credit. The subject is too contemptible, however, to be dwelt on here; and we shall content ourselves with strongly recommending those who frequent such entertainments to manage in such a manner as to secure the corner seat, leaving those who pride themselves on their social eminence to lead in the most important ladies, and have the ham or turkey to carve for their pains. This, we take it, is the real practical view of the question.

Having achieved the corner seat by means of very stealthy and

elaborate tactics, you collect your scattered thoughts, and cast your eyes around the room. Nothing can be simpler, and in better taste. A China vase, which you remember to have noticed on the chiffonier when you last called, decorates the centre of the table, and is graced with roses and mignonette. Candlesticks all down the middle, with intervening tumblers filled with flowers, impart quite a regal splendour to the feast. Four electro-plate side dishes, though of different patterns—having been borrowed with some difficulty from rival Parsees for the occasion—dazzle the eye, and impress the mind with awe. A freckled youth, with his arm carried in a sling, is discovered immediately opposite an imposing bright cover, which he eyes piteously, and then gazes dismally at society, as who should say “Wherewithal shall I, who am maimed, carve that which is before me !” The host, as he slowly ladles out the soup, attempts with distracted coughs and despairing signs to attract the attention of the officiating butler to a dish upon the sideboard. Now, this dish, which is only awaiting the removal of the soup, and will be on the table immediately, has been vilely decorated with an every-day *tin* cover, instead of the electro-plated one purchased expressly for the occasion at the sale of the late Superintending Surgeon’s effects ! The hostess, ignorant of the blight which has fallen on her husband’s soul, and conscious only of the fact that, by not concentrating his intellects on the task before him, he is spilling soup about his lap in an utterly absurd manner, frowns indignant reproof at him across the table, thereby goading him into temporary abhorrence of the marriage tie. Eventually, that accursed black servant, blind alike to the nods and winks of his employer, positively places the awful dish (with its tin cover staring reproach at him) in a conspicuous position on the table ; but being loudly reprimanded by the second servant (who has just detected the error, and made a personal business of it), he retires abashed, returning shortly afterwards with the genuine article, which he triumphantly exchanges for the tin affair, to the uncontrollable amusement of Major Watkins of Her Majesty’s 199th ! So the first Act closes, and ~~the~~ cover being removed with a flourish, the viands are immediately appropriated by innumerable flying insects.

But why dwell longer on a theme so unprofitable ? Mr. Aeland’s description will take the reader through the remainder of the feast, only he must substitute champagne for bitter beer. We will only add, in defence of Bombay custom, that we never saw hookahs or cheroots introduced; except at a bachelor’s house or a married man’s bachelor dinner-party. We have attempted to show, at

the risk of being charged with levity, that these dismal attempts at imitating English refinement out in India are pregnant with misery and humiliation, alike to host and guests, and we agree fully with Mr. Acland, that less pretending and more cheerful amusements might be introduced among us in the Mofussil, with mental, moral, and physical benefit to all concerned.

And now Mr. Acland again goads us, sorely against our will, to sully the pages of this *Review* with levity. Our defence is, that it is impossible to discuss the majority of our author's statements in anything like a serious spirit. For instance, let the reader peruse with astonishment the following assertion regarding

#### “BENGAL MARRIAGES.

“When a man in India—I mean a European gentleman—wants a wife, he says to his friend, ‘I should like to get married.’ ‘Well,’ says he, ‘why don’t you?’ And forthwith he applies for leave of absence for a month. A month consists of thirty days, of which, say five are occupied in his journey to Calcutta, and another five on his journey back; leaving him just twenty days in which to make his selection, get introduced, make himself agreeable, propose, court, and be married. A nice prospect he has for future happiness! But there is one curious result in this sort of marriage, and a result, too, which spreads among other people also. After a few years the wife loses her health, and is ordered to England. The husband cannot afford to go with her, but he allows her about half his salary. At the end of two or three years, or whatever time may have been fixed, he writes to his wife to make arrangements for her return to India; and I have known two instances in which the husband was obliged to stop the allowances in order to compel the wife to return.”

Now, what shall we say of all this? Is it strictly true, or an unintentional exaggeration? If true, we would recommend to our Bengalee friends a simpler and more economical method of transacting business. The journey from Cuttack to Calcutta is doubtless not unattended with expense, and, moreover, it may not be crowned with complete success. We presume, however, that the Bengalee papers would always be open to advertisements on the subject, and beg to suggest something in the following style:—“A gentleman holding a commission in the army is desirous of forming a matrimonial alliance. He is of gentle birth, and unexceptionable manners. Possessing in the fullest degree all those qualities that at once charm the eye and fascinate the mind, he would explain that he enjoys an income of rupees four hundred per mensem, is not in embarrassed circumstances, owns a silver tea-pot, and has the honour of being nearly related to a wealthy Scotch lady (labouring at present under an infirmity of the spine), from whom he has expectations. He is still

in the prime of life, has testimonials of good temper from his friends, and belongs to the Established Church. Answers are solicited, addressed to the care of A. B., Post Office, Cuttack. N. B.—No Eurasians need apply." We conceive that in nine cases out of ten such an appeal to the feelings would be irresistible. But, seriously, these and similar exaggerations have been so frequently repeated, that they are beginning to be solemnly credited in England. It is not for us to say that Mr. Acland had no ground for what he wrote, but we believe that he accepted hearsay evidence, and published as a fact what is in reality a fiction. What with going to bed on system daily after luncheon, having complexions of deadly white, and being wooed and won in twenty days, the Bengal ladies, according to our author, must be most peculiar specimens of feminine eccentricity, and become affected, in a most extraordinary degree, by the trying climate of the East. We have a better opinion, however, of the Bengalees, who will vindicate their characters, no doubt, so soon as a real light literature is established in this country.

We have now done with Mr. Acland's little work. Our last extract was taken from a letter dated 10th August 1844. On the 2nd April, 1845 he writes apparently in good health and spirits, recording some of his adventures in the jungle with all the manly enthusiasm of a sportsman. As we close the book, we forget all the amusing eccentricities of the author's style, in the solemn chain of reflection which the concluding brief letter gives birth to.

"*May 8th, 1845.*—I am too weak to write much, and shall therefore continue *at another time.*" Alas ! he never wrote again ; for on the 17th of the same month he was no more. How much is contained in these few farewell words ! Let us be content with the grand moral they convey, for in no country is the fearful uncertainty of human life so solemnly exemplified as in India, and perhaps in no country do men so obstinately blind themselves to the dangers that beset them. Yet the Destroying Angel is always reminding us of his presence, and with silent finger pointing out to us the inevitable doom ! How long, reader, has that stroke in mercy been suspended, which shall reveal to us the unfathomed mysteries of existence ! On every side we behold the grave close upon the young and vigorous. The friend whose warm heart beat in unison with your own, and whose hand but a few weeks back you clasped so thoughtlessly, has been swept in a day, an hour, a second, into the common resting-place that awaits us all. We can realise no more than this. We see



within the shroud the cold clay, unconscious image of the *bright intelligence* we loved, and we obscurely speak of him we knew, as DEAD. In our closets we perchance moralise on the fate of man, and round soft sentences of contrition, which bring with them no self-denial or control, for the curse of our fallen nature follows us into the world. Like the moth, we are tempted by a deceptive glare to court destruction, and in our turn will be hurried contemptuously from the scene. Our friends will also buzz for an instant around our memory, or speculate in print on the awful secrets of the tomb; but there are moments in existence when the imprisoned spirit seems to cry in anguish, "What is there real in this world but misery—what knowledge is there but sense-debasing ignorance?"

## ART. II.—RIFLE MUSKETRY.

1. *Aide Mémoire to the Military Sciences.* 3 vols. 8vo. London; 1850-52.
2. *A Treatise on Naval Gunnery.* By General Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS, Bart., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.C.L., F.R.S. 4th Edition, revised. London: Murray; 1855.
3. *Rifle Practice.* By Major JOHN JACOB, C.B., of the Bombay Artillery. 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.; 1855.

SOME apology seems necessary for any attempt to discuss, in a periodical which addresses itself to the general public, a subject apparently so technical as that at the head of our article. But should we succeed in making intelligible to those who have no practical acquaintance with guns and gunnery, the vast change which is now taking place in the weapons with which our Infantry are armed, we trust that even the fairer portion of our readers will not think it loss of time to follow us. Such of them, at all events, as have hung with interest over the details of our Crimean battles, (and who of England's daughters is indifferent to them?) will not be-

grudge half an hour while we try to explain improvements in the arming of our defenders, greater than any which have taken place since the rude prototype of "Brown Bess" first appeared as the rival of the cloth-yard shafts of Cressy and Agincourt.

But what is a Rifle? None of our fair Indian readers need be at a loss for an answer, if they have brother or cousin, husband or lover, who has lived at a station "up-country"; for what the cricket-bat or fishing-rod is to the sportsman in England, that and something more is the rifle in India. But should the weapon itself not be at hand to illustrate a description, the inquirer may perhaps turn to some work of reference. None is more likely to be consulted than that which stands at the head of our article, and it will doubtless, ten years hence, be hardly credited that in a work which professes to be a complete Dictionary of military science, published no further back than the year 1852, there is not only no separate article on the Rifle, but, as far as we have been able to discover, nothing whatever on the subject of rifled muskets, beyond a single sentence dismissing the arm as undeserving of detailed notice, since, though useful as a weapon for skirmishers, it could never seriously affect the great operations of war.

The accomplished compilers of the very useful work we refer to would hardly now repeat the same opinions, when we have seen the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army attributing the failure of his manœuvres at Inkermann mainly to the destructive effect of the Minie Rifles with which our troops were very partially armed, and when every military nation on the continent vies with its neighbours in attempts to perfect the rifle musket. In our own country, especially, the present war has drawn the serious attention of all thinking men, civil as well as military, to the subject of mechanical improvements in the weapons with which we arm our soldiers. Yet still there is but too much room for the severe, but we fear just, sentence passed by Major Jacob on the ordinary armament of our soldiery.

"Man," he says, "has been called a tool-making animal, and it is certain that the perfection of tools and machinery is a clear and certain mark of advancing civilisation, of the progress of the rule of mind over matter, of the development and operation of those laws by which the working of the human brain makes the forces of one civilised man equal that of the stalwart limbs of thousands, or even millions, of untaught and ignorant barbarians. In no country or earth has this been more apparent than in England; to no people on earth have the tools and machinery of

the arts been of more importance than to the English. It was said, and truly said, by one of the greatest of modern statesmen, that it was the spinning machinery of Arkwright which enabled England so long to stand alone, and to stand successfully, against the world in arms. If such be the value of the tools employed in the arts of peace, those used in war must be even of greater importance. On success in war often depends the power to follow peaceful pursuits; on the high state of the art of war, the practice of all other arts may depend. The military art, like all others, can only approach towards perfection by the use of the most perfect tools and machinery attainable. Yet, notwithstanding this certain truth, it is notorious that the inferiority of the arms used by modern English soldiers, was, for long, a disgrace to the intelligence of the age, and an outrage on common sense, when compared with the high state of perfection to which the manufacture of arms, as of all other tools and machinery, has been brought to in England."

But we are still without a definition of a *Rifle*.

Every one who has examined an ordinary smooth-bored musket, and compared its bore with the ball which is intended to be fired from it, must have observed that the diameter of the bullet is somewhat less than the calibre of the musket,—that the bullet, in fact, is smaller than the orifice of the barrel from which it is to be fired; that when the bullet is dropped into the barrel there is an interval between the bullet and the barrel sufficient to let the former slide easily to the bottom of the latter. This interval, technically known as "windage," is necessary in all smooth-bored arms, since, without it, a great force would be required to drive the bullet home to the powder at the bottom of the barrel; and if any considerable space were left between the powder and the bullet, it would risk the bursting of the piece—an accident not unlikely to happen under any circumstances, if the bullet, when cold and at rest, were to fit the barrel so tightly as to require very great force to set it in motion.

But the effect of the windage absolutely necessary for convenience in loading and for safety against bursting an ordinary musket, is prejudicial both to the range and the accuracy of fire; in other words, it prevents the bullet from flying as far or as truly as it otherwise would with the same charge of powder.

The cause of this loss of range and accuracy is twofold. A large portion of the force of the powder is lost in the interval between the bullet and the barrel, so that the bullet is propelled with less velocity, and falls to the ground sooner than if it were propelled

with the whole force of the powder, thus lessening the "range"; and the bullet, not fitting tight to the barrel, is not projected from the muzzle exactly in the line in which the barrel is pointed: it receives an impulse from one side to the other of the barrel, and the last impulse so given before it leaves the muzzle, throws it, in however slight a degree, out of the exact line, and thus impairs the *accuracy* of fire.

To correct these two tendencies, the expedient of "rifling" the bore of the piece was adopted. Grooves were cut inside the bore, in the direction of its length, not exactly parallel to the axis of the cylinder, but so as to form a spiral more or less twisted. The bullet was made of such size that it would not slide down till the application of some force had made each groove in the barrel cut a corresponding projection on the surface of the bullet, which then fitted so accurately as to leave little or no "windage" in any part of its circumference; and when the piece was fired, the bullet was projected in the exact line of the axis of the barrel, receiving at the same time a twisting impulse, which prevented the bullet from turning over in its flight—an occurrence which would cause considerable divergence from the correct path, by presenting an irregular surface to the air as the bullet passed through it.

Firearms with barrels so grooved were called "Rifles," and sportsmen in all countries, whether hunting the tiger or sambur amidst the ghauts of India, the fox and wild goat in the defiles of Afghanistan, the chamois among the glaciers of Switzerland and vallies of the Tyrol, the buffaloe and moose-deer on the plains of America, or the red deer in the Highlands of Scotland, were not slow to discover that a bullet of given weight, and with a given charge of powder, would 'fly with far greater force and consequently to a much greater distance, and with greater accuracy, if projected from a rifled than from a smooth barrel.

Since this discovery, sportsmen, native Asiatics as well as Europeans, in pursuit of large game, requiring a great range or great penetrative power in the bullet, combined with accuracy in hitting a particular part, have generally preferred rifled guns; and this description of weapon has been brought of late years by our English, American, and Continental gunsmiths, to a degree of perfection for sporting purposes which left little for the sportsman to desire. For shooting in forests, a range beyond two hundred yards could rarely be needed, and even on plains or bare mountain sides, there are few animals so large, and few sportsmen so keen-sighted, as to enable them to select a deadly part of the body

at a greater distance. Hence, for all practical sporting purposes, an extreme range of three hundred yards was all that the sportsman desired, and with supplying this our gunmakers were content.

As a military weapon, the rifle promised to be more valuable than for many years it proved to be in practice. For all the great operations on which battles turn, rapidity and quantity of fire, at distances rarely exceeding a hundred yards, were of more importance than slower and more accurate firing at greater distances; and as a weapon for general use, the rifle laboured under many disadvantages: the process of loading was much slower, and considerable force was often required to drive down the bullet, especially when the barrel became foul, after firing a few rounds. A clown could be trained in a few weeks to load a musket rapidly, and to fire at the word of command with deadly effect at close quarters; but to load and to use a rifle with effect at two hundred yards, required not only considerable manual dexterity and natural accuracy of eye and hand, but intelligence to judge distances, and long practice. Hence in the hands of such men as commonly form the bulk of a large army, the rifle was comparatively useless; and though regular troops often suffered severely, especially in officers, when, armed with smooth-bored muskets, they were opposed to practised riflemen, such as the backwoodsmen of Kentucky, the chamois-hunters of the Tyrol, or the Jezailchees of our Indian frontier, yet even in such situations it was found that well-trained soldiers who could load and fire rapidly, and did not fear to close with their opponents, could always drive before them the best riflemen, whose fire, however accurate, was necessarily much slower.

Hence, though we have long had in our English army rifle regiments which have never failed to distinguish themselves as light infantry, the rifle never came into general use for our infantry of the line, and it became an accepted dictum of all military authorities, that save as light infantry, to feel an enemy's position, to mask the deployment of masses of other infantry, or to cover siege operations, and harass an enemy behind his entrenchments by firing at embrasures, our rifle corps were of little real use.

This neglect of the arm was carried yet further by our continental neighbours. "It is a remarkable fact," says Sir Howard Douglas, "that the use of the rifle, as a military arm, was abandoned by the French in the early campaigns of the revolutionary war, and it was not revived in the service till after the Restoration,

when it was brought forward by M. Delvigne in the novel form which bears his name.”

We must refer to Appendix A in Sir Howard's great work for details of the successive improvements effected by M. Delvigne and those who have followed him. Their attention was principally directed to render the operation of loading speedier and more easy, and to dispense with the mallet, previously used to force the bullet by repeated blows into the muzzle of the ordinary rifle. M. Delvigne proposed that the bullet should have sufficient windage to enter the barrel freely, and various means were tried to force the bullet, when at the bottom of the barrel, to expand and enter into the grooves: so that when fired, the bullet should “come out a forced or rifled ball, without having been forced in.”

M. Delvigne first proposed to attain this object by a contracted chamber at the bottom of the barrel; but this contrivance having been found defective, Colonel Thouvenin, in 1828, proposed to substitute “a cylindrical ‘tige’ or pillar of steel, screwed into the breech in the centre of the barrel, so that the bullet, when stopped by, and resting on the flat end of the pillar directly opposite the side struck, might more easily be flattened and forced to enter the grooves.” There were defects in this contrivance, for a description of which we must refer to Sir Howard's volume,\* and they were only partially corrected by a further device of M. Delvigne to make the bottom of the projectile a flat surface, the body cylindrical, terminating in front with a conical point, which diminished the resistance of the air as compared with a solid of the same diameter having an hemispherical end.

The result of these successive improvements was the celebrated carabine-à-tige of the French *Chasseurs d'Orléans*, the introduction of which is thus described by Sir Howard Douglas:—

“While engaged in the conquest of Algiers, a French army of one hundred thousand men was long kept in check by the nomadic inhabitants of that country, a people ill armed and quite destitute of military organization. Favored by their power of rapid movement, the Arab horsemen, keeping themselves at a distance, directed against their opponents, who were deficient in cavalry, a destructive fire of matchlocks, and immediately retired beyond the range of the muskets carried by the European infantry, whose solid columns, encumbered with artillery and baggage, were unable to follow with sufficient rapidity. The necessity of arming the French infantry with weapons capable of affording, with considerable precision of fire, a more extensive range than could be obtained from common muskets, was immediately felt; and ten battalions of *chasseurs* (infantry), which

\* P. 505, Sect. G.

were organized in 1840, were armed with the pillar-breech rifle musket. (Delvigne, *De la Création et de l'Emploi de la Force Armée*, pp. 14, 15, 16, 15.) It is probable that the circumstances above mentioned drew the attention of military men in general to improvements in the musket and rifle."

But the pillar-breech musket or carabine-à-tige "having been found inconvenient in cleaning, the chamber round the stem becoming soon fouled, the pillar liable to be broken, and, after firing some rounds, the operation of ramming down so fatiguing to the men as to make them unsteady in taking aim, M. Minié, previously distinguished as a zealous and able advocate for restoring the rifle to the service in an improved form, proposed to suppress the tige and substitute for it an iron cup put into the wider end of a conical hollow made in the shot. This cup being forced further in by the explosion of the charge, causes the hollow cylindrical portion of the shot to expand and fix itself in the grooves; so that the shot becomes forced (or rifled) at the moment of discharge."

Should any of our fair readers be unable to obtain from this description a distinct notion of this celebrated projectile, the Minié bullet, let them imagine a very thick thimble of lead with a small iron cup placed mouth outwards so as to close the orifice of the thimble. In loading, this cup is placed downwards in the barrel over the charge of powder, the explosion of which forces the cup upwards towards the top of the thimble, and by expanding the lead at the sides, forces it to fill accurately the grooves of the barrel.

The operation of loading with these bullets may be performed quite as rapidly as with the ordinary bullets of a common musket; the great defect is, that the iron cup is apt to be blown through the thimble, carrying away the top, but leaving the sides or cylindrical portion sticking in the barrel, and rendering the arm for a time useless. It is said that this evil has been remedied by the use of bullets made by compression, but we fear that it will always be liable to occur with even the best made bullets, should the charge of powder be a little over the usual strength.

Sir Howard Douglas gives (pp. 513-525) minute details of the most prominent of the late improvements in this arm; and these have resulted in the selection of a pattern for our army, which is supposed to be the best rifled musket that can be constructed, combining the advantages of a lighter weight of the musket itself, with the bullet somewhat larger than that now in use, without any sacrifice of the number of rounds which each man can carry, or of strength in the musket itself, and with an effective range up to three

hundred yards. The iron cup at the bottom of the bullet has been dispensed with. The form of the bullet itself has been altered, and the upper portion made conical rather than conoidal, as in the original bullet. We say *supposed* to be the best,—for it is clear that the gallant author himself is far from being satisfied that this most desirable object *has* been obtained, and we understand that similar doubts are entertained by many most experienced officers who have seen the weapon tried in the field, and who are convinced that we have not yet reached, in this respect, the highest point of attainable perfection.

We must omit more than a passing reference to the once popular Prussian “Zundnadelgewehr,” or needle-prime musket, which is loaded at the breech, the charge being fired by a needle which passes through the cartridge, and strikes some percussion powder placed in the wooden bottom or disc on which the bullet rests. Great results were at one time expected from this arm, but the particulars given by Sir Howard Douglas (pp. 509-512) fully bear out the opinion he expresses, that “whatever be its merits in other respects, the needle-prime musket is too complicated and delicate an arm for general service.”

We must now beg the attention of our readers to experiments which appear to us to have surpassed in success any of those which have been made in England or on the Continent with a view to discover a rifle musket adapted to general use. These experiments form the subject of Colonel Jacob’s pamphlet. They have been carried on comparatively at our own doors, but many circumstances have conspired to prevent their becoming as well known, and their value as generally recognised, as could be desired, when we reflect how much the success of a campaign, and even of a war, may depend on our first recognising and applying to general use any great and real improvement in the art of war.

For the last fourteen years Colonel Jacob has been almost exclusively employed on the North West Frontier of Upper Sind, and has long had nearly uncontrolled charge of all military and political duties in that distant and desert region. For many years, the task of coercing his lawless neighbours and reducing them from a state of absolute anarchy and continual bloodshed to habits of civilisation and peaceful order—and this in the face of every disadvantage from unfavourable climate and extreme heat—tasked to the utmost the powers of one who has long been numbered among the ablest of our Indian soldiers, and most energetic of our political officers. This task he accomplished with a rapidity and success which will secure to it a bright page in the future



history of Indian civilisation. He devoted such leisure as none but the busiest and most active of men ever find, to a number of pursuits more or less bearing upon his official duties, and among others to the improvement of rifled musketry. By education and natural bent a mathematician of the highest order, by profession an artilleryman, and one of the most distinguished members of that noble corps, by taste and early habit an accomplished practical mechanic and keen sportsman, and by present occupation a soldier,—reared not in the dull routine of garrison life, but in the stern realities of border warfare, continued year after year with a vigilant, daring, and crafty enemy,—Colonel John Jacob has been able to combine many advantages such as fall to the lot of few who attempt any improvement in the armament of our troops. We enumerate these advantages because otherwise the attempt to set up the judgment of any one man in opposition to, or in supercession of, the experience of the “constituted authorities” on such matters might appear somewhat presumptuous. To those who are sceptical as to the difficulties which attend the introduction of such improvements, however great and apparently free from all possibility of doubt as to their value, we would recommend a perusal of the description which Sir Howard Douglas (pp. 397, 899), with very justifiable pride, gives of the mode in which his father, Sir Charles Douglas, introduced the use of locks, quill-tubes for priming, and flannel cartridges, for ships’ guns, by supplying them to his own ship at his own expense, after he had vainly endeavoured to convince “the authorities” of their value. Yet these are improvements on the ancient fashions of gunnery, regarding the value of which we could hardly at the present day imagine two opinions as existing.

For a long time a shooting gallery or practice ground of the ordinary size, affording a range of two hundred or three hundred yards from the front of the Castle Dangerous which he has erected in the desert, sufficed for Colonel Jacob’s experiments. But as the range of his projectiles increased, he was forced to betake himself to the open desert, where butts have been erected, in *échelon*, at various distances, up to two thousand yards. But we must let him describe his own proceedings:—

“The experiments,” of which the pamphlet gives the results, “extend over a long series of years, but they may be shortly summed up; and only during the last ten years have I had the means and opportunity of carrying them on upon a scale sufficiently large.

“I have up to this time had some dozens of miles made, of all sorts and descriptions, a large proportion of them made for me by the celebrated

makers John Manton and Son ; while the cost of target walls alone, used in the course of these experiments, amounts to several hundred pounds, and powder and lead have been expended by the ton.

" Our rifle practice-ground at Jacobabad is the best possible, being the perfectly smooth dead level plain of the desert ; and the line of targets, stretching away in front of the lines of the Sind Irregular Horse, has a singular and somewhat formidable appearance, when their use is known. These targets are walls of 'cutcha' (sun-dried) brick, which here attains nearly to the hardness of stone.

" There is a small building open to the front for the accommodation of the shooters, and at accurately-measured distances from this, the walls are erected at 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 800, 1000, 1200, 1400, 1600, 1800, and 2000 yards. The 2000 yard wall is forty feet high, fifty feet long, and three feet thick, with supporting wing walls and counterforts, plastered and whitewashed on the face ; the others are of similar construction and of size proportionate to their distances ; all are marked with circular black bull's eyes, of one inch radius for each hundred yards, and raised one foot from the ground for each hundred yards of range.

" The shooting-shed contains various heavy carriages, or rests, with horizontal and vertical screw adjustments, in which rifles can be fixed for trial and fired, instead of from the shoulder. These carriages do not, however, improve the practice, as will be shown hereafter.

" The rifles which have been here used are of all calibres, from the single 8-gauge of fifteen pounds weight, throwing a ball of near four ounces, to a double 32-gauge weighing six pounds."

The practice at these targets with rifles of every size has been on a scale, as Colonel Jacob truly says, seldom equalled even by public experiments elsewhere ; and the result has been a series of improvements in the arm, the last of which is the production of a four-grooved rifle, lighter than the ordinary service musket, not much more expensive, capable of being loaded with equal quickness, and throwing a bullet of an ounce and three quarters in weight with great precision two thousand yards, while the range at which it would tell with fatal effect is at least one thousand yards further.

For a fuller description of this weapon we must refer to Colonel Jacob's pamphlet, in which he describes the successive improvements made in the musket, and in the bullets to be thrown from it. These projectiles are of two kinds ; both are identical in shape, which is that of Newton's "solid of least resistance," surmounting a cylinder whose height is half its diameter. For a description of the form of this solid we must refer to Sir Howard Douglas,\* and for the mode in which Colonel Jacob has applied it in moulding his bullet, to that gallant officer's own pamphlet. It may be sufficient here to inform our readers who are not

\* *Naval Gunnery*, pp. 148, 149.

mathematicians, that the figure of the solid is that which Sir Isaac Newton showed would, in passing through a fluid, experience less resistance than a body of equal magnitude and of any other form, and it is in proportion as they approach or depart from this peculiar configuration, that the projectiles thrown from our recently improved rifles have more or less superiority over the old spherical ball.

The bullets intended by Colonel Jacob for ordinary use are cast solid; but by inserting a tube filled with percussion powder in the apex of the bullet, a shell is formed, which will burst on striking any object at more than one thousand four hundred yards distance, thus constituting what Colonel Jacob justly describes as one of the most formidable missiles ever invented,—simple and safe in use, not liable to injury by time or weather, and capable, at the distance mentioned, of blowing up a tumbril, or of destroying any human being with whom they may come in contact.

But at ranges much exceeding one thousand yards it was found that bullets wholly of lead changed their shape under the pressure of the increased charge of gunpowder, so that the sharp conoidal apex became flattened into a depressed cone, and thereby lost the advantage due to their original shape in overcoming the resistance of the air. “The limit of the powers of leaden balls had thus been attained; and to proceed further, it became necessary to find a method of constructing rifle balls so that the fore part should be capable of sustaining the pressure of large charges of fired gunpowder without change of form, and thereby retain that shape best adapted for overcoming the resistance of the air, on which all accurate distance practice depends; and at the same time having the part of the ball next the powder sufficiently soft and yielding to spread out under its pressure, so as to fill the barrel and grooves perfectly air-tight. This problem was speedily solved; the fore part of the ball was cast of zinc, in a separate mould.” These points were then placed in the full-sized mould, and the lead cast on to them so as to form a complete ball of the form originally designed as the most perfect for flight.

But without the figure given by Colonel Jacob it is difficult to describe the mode in which the zinc or cast iron apex is combined with the leaden bullet, and we must therefore again refer the reader curious in such matters to the pamphlet, and content ourselves with stating as the result that the compound bullet proved effective up to two thousand yards and upwards, flying at that

distance with such force as to bury itself, without change of figure, four inches deep in very hard dry unbaked brick masonry,—a force amply sufficient to go through a horse or two or three human bodies, even at that great distance from the muzzle.

“Thus,” says Colonel Jacob, “the matter stands at present (March 1855). The limit of the power of these missiles has, I am certain, not yet even been approached.”

“But what,” it may be asked, “is the use of a missile which will kill at the distance of a mile and a quarter, when you can barely see a man on a clear plain at that distance, and even an horseman is a mere speck?”

In the first place, it must be borne in mind that Colonel Jacob's rifle is every whit as effective at fifty yards or at ten, as an ordinary musket. The immense increase in range has been attained without any sacrifice of any one quality of the simple, but clumsy, weapon which could not be depended on as accurate at a hundred yards' distance. For pouring in a rapid and continuous fire at close quarters, Colonel Jacob's rifle yields in no single respect to our ancient and valuable ally “Brown Bess,”—with this important advantage, that whereas a bullet from a common musket of the old pattern would at best but kill its man, might be turned by a comparatively trifling obstacle, and become spent under two hundred yards, the enormous penetrative power of Colonel Jacob's bullet would send it at close quarters through half a dozen bodies in succession, through any obstacle less than a very thick plank, and if it missed its immediate aim, would enable it, so far from being spent, to kill any man it might hit a mile in the rear of the body at which it was first fired.

But while as a weapon for close quarters Colonel Jacob's rifle is as simple, as easily used, and infinitely more efficient than any other musket, ancient or modern, ever invented, it will enable the practised marksman to hit any body of infantry as far as he can see them, at more than a mile distance, to make deadly practice against any body of even half a dozen horsemen, to kill the men and horses of a gun, and with the percussion shells to blow up a tumbril at a distance equal to the extreme usual range of our field artillery.

On such a point as the value of such a weapon against artillery we feel the greatest hesitation in differing from so high an authority as Sir Howard Douglas, and it is only because we know that the science which he has done so much to promote is essentially a progressive science, and that there can be no limit

assigned to its advancement, that we feel it impossible to subscribe to his opinion on the subject. He observes :—

“ Whilst we fully admit the vast importance of the rifle-musket as a special arm, we must be permitted to doubt the correctness of the opinion, that it will prevent the artillery from keeping the field. Shrapnel shells will, undoubtedly, still prove an overpowering antagonist of infantry acting in swarms, *en tirailleur*, in the manner in which it is proposed to employ infantry armed with long range rifle-muskets. One of the first occasions in which the author observed the effects of Shrapnel shells on service, was that in which they were fired from a light 6-pounder at a gun, which, at Elvina, in 1809, had been brought up, by the French, at a distance of 1,400 yards, to support their skirmishers, when warmly opposed by our advanced posts. The first shell knocked down more than one-half of the men about the gun.\* The 8-pounder gun (French) cannot stand against the carabineers, who, beyond 650 or 700 yards, struck the gunners without a single ball of grapeshot reaching them.—*Rémond*, p. 192.

“ Field artillery, 9 and 12-pounder guns in particular, placed far beyond the reach of even the most random range of these rifles, may, by means of Shrapnel shells, pour upon swarms of skirmishers, musket bullets which, after having described in the shell a trajectory of 800 or 900 yards, and then being dispersed by the bursting of the shell, will produce an effect as destructive as a gun charged with common case-shot at a distance of 300 or 400 yards; and an important improvement in a short-range fuze, well adapted to the service of spherical case-shot, has lately been made by an artillery officer of great talent and promise.

“ Under the powerful effect of Shrapnel shells, together with the menaces and charges of cavalry, clouds of infantry, acting *en tirailleur*, will either be compelled to rally into masses, or to retire upon their supporting bodies, columns, or lines, when round shot will exercise its wonted power, and thus the battle will become general in the ordinary way. The three great arms, artillery, cavalry, and infantry combined, will act according to their distinctive faculties; and the general who, according to the proposed scheme, had hoped, by infantry armed with rifle-muskets, to drive artillery out of the field, and overpower infantry and cavalry in a general skirmish, will only commit the serious error of bringing on a general action under circumstances highly disadvantageous to himself; since a commander, forced to fight in a manner different from that which he had intended, and for which he had prepared, is always, as has been well said, more than half beaten. The opponent following up with all his arms the advantages which well combined movements must produce, the army which should rely upon the random range of the new rifles would be penetrated, thrown into confusion, and even driven off the field.”

But this would evidently be only true if a general were so infa-

\* “ Si, comme nous l'avons dit, les combattants s'écartent les uns des autres, et si les troupes sont plus clairsemées, ou a moins besoin de lancer un mobile qui ait une grande force, que d'en lancer un grand nombre avec une force moindre. C'est pour cela que nous pensons que les Shrapnels (spherical case-shot) acquièrent, dans l'état actuel des choses, un intérêt particulier, et que l'artillerie est naturellement amenée à tourner ses études de ce côté.”—*Favé, Des Nouvelles Carabines, &c.*, p. 47.

tuated as to attempt with riflemen ~~none~~ to meet an army of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, combined in the usual proportions; and there can be no doubt of the immense advantage which would be possessed by that army which, equal to its opponent in other respects, possessed a large body of trained riflemen armed with the formidable weapons we have been describing—weapons which, while capable of being conveniently used by a single man completely covered by a ditch, a tree, or a stone, could pick off the men or horses of a field battery at the extreme range of ordinary shrapnel practice. It must be clear to any reflecting mind, that such troops could only be efficiently met by similar troops similarly armed, and that the ultimate result must be to necessitate the employment not only of muskets, but artillery of far greater range than any we now possess.

It is quite true, as argued by Sir Howard Douglas in the observations which follow the passage just quoted, that “uncertainty increases in proportion as great elevations are used—that is, as the range increases”; but one important feature of Colonel Jacob’s weapon is, that the elevation necessary for the great range is much less than in any other rifle hitherto invented—the certainty, consequently, is much greater. Moreover, the practice at Jacobabad shows that the imperfect ricochet ascribed by Sir H. Douglas to all cylindro-conical bullets is not observable in the bullets invented by Colonel Jacob, and even if we allow the fullest weight to all Sir Howard’s objections, it is certain that no officer commanding a field battery would feel its position other than one of extreme peril when musket bullets were flying over his head and killing men and horses some hundred yards in his rear, while his shrapnel could make but little impression on an enemy which, ensconced behind the natural cover of the ground before him, was invisible, and all but invulnerable, even when plied with random discharges of shrapnel.

We feel much more inclined to agree with Colonel Jacob in the view which he takes of the effects of his invention. “Such arms,” he says, “would be found worthy of our noble English soldiers. Their use implies skilful workmen in our ranks, instead of pipe-clayed automatons. The proper use of such arms implies an entire change in our tactics, so as to give full scope not only to the bodily, but to the high moral and intellectual powers of our men.

“The idea of governing English soldiers by fear of punishment, and that punishment bodily pain, is gone by, or fast passing away for ever. It is a gross absurdity to attempt to make men,

and such men, brave through fear. The attempt is as wise as is the cramping of our men's bodies by absurd clothing and accoutrements.

"Let soul and body be free; strive to *develope* instead of crushing the powers of both; abolish all separate codes of laws for the army, the existence of which implies that soldiers are more inclined to commit crime than other citizens. Appeal to the highest and noblest faculties of man. Fill the ranks of our private soldiers with the *élite* of our peasantry and yeomen, (and it would be most cheap economy for the country to do this, if it paid tenfold the pecuniary amount now expended on soldiers' hire); train and arm the men in a manner worthy of their noble nature, and 50,000 such soldiers would be a match for a world in arms. Any numbers or mere masses of semi-barbarous enemies, ay! or of ordinary soldiers, would be powerless against such foes. Cavalry would become of little value against such infantry, and our present artillery absolutely useless against them.

"With open files and ranks, each man a skilful single combatant, but still all acting in perfect concert—as would be easy with such brave, trusty, and intelligent and skilful men—they would sweep their enemies from the earth, themselves almost unseen; while a single discharge from a company at 1000 yards distance would annihilate the best field battery now existing.

"The native qualities of the Englishman (hitherto, in modern times, in England's soldiers crushed and forced down nearly to a level with the soldiers of the rest of Europe) would then again become as pre-eminently valuable in our armies as they were with the bold bowmen of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt.

"Nay! as with those bowmen at Homildon Hill and Flodden, even men naturally equal to ours would be absolutely powerless before skilful English soldiers so armed, and trained both to independent and combined action. The value of individual skill and practice would be immensely greater than under the present system. No amount of mere 'food for powder' could successfully oppose even a small force so formed: opposition to the English soldier would become as impertinent, on land as it has been said to be by a celebrated French author to our seamen on the ocean. With such infantry, so armed, our artillery must be abolished, or *improved*."

These views appear to us to be less the visions of the enthusiastic inventor, than the sound reasoning of the experienced and scientific artillerist. We can, however, imagine the smile with which many an officer, old as well as young, in that noble corps

of which Colonel Jacob is so distinguished an ornament, would receive the idea of a field battery being "annihilated" by a couple of riflemen, and the derision with which not a few would treat the prospect that before any infantry, however well armed, artillery must be "abolished," or "improved." \*

But when an officer of the highest professional character in every respect, singularly free from crotchets, and known throughout the army to which he belongs for never having either attempted or professed what he did not perform, gravely publishes such an opinion, and stakes upon it an hardly-earned and deservedly high reputation,—it behoves us calmly to examine his reasoning before we reject his conclusion, even if it should be ever so startling, or apparently improbable.

The *facts* which form the basis of Colonel Jacob's argument do not seem to us to admit of a reasonable doubt. We are aware that many of them have been submitted to a professional Committee in India, and that the reports of that Committee were not favorable to the invention. But, apart from our experience of the inconclusiveness of all such reports by professional men on any new invention when it leads to conclusions opposed to all the received opinions of the profession, we have in the pamphlet before us\* a perfectly satisfactory explanation of the error into which the Committee was led in one of their reports, and we have reason to know that explanations not less satisfactory could be given in every case in which the report of the Committee has failed fully to bear out Colonel Jacob's statements as to the performance of his weapon. His experiments are not those of any "long-range" nostrum, depending on some secret which the inventor refuses to communicate except under conditions which render it next to impossible to guard against deception. They have been conducted with all the publicity possible at so distant a station on the frontier. Every man who cared to see or try for himself has been invited to attend, and, exclusive of Colonel Jacob's own subalterns (none of them, novices in the art of war, nor unacquainted with the practical use of such weapons of destruction,) there are in Sind many officers—some distinguished as soldiers, some as sportsmen, and not a few in both capacities—of all ranks, from the general officer down to the subaltern, who have not merely stood by and seen the practice, but have, day after day, with their own hands and eyes, verified every one of the facts advanced by Colonel Jacob. We have ourselves seen half

\* Vide "*Rifle Practice*," pp. 18-23.



a dozen such men attend day after day, and by patient trial of the invention, under every possible variety of circumstances, convince themselves of the soundness of conclusions regarding which they had previously been utterly sceptical. On these grounds, we feel entitled to take Colonel Jacob's facts as proved; let those who cannot go so far with us simply grant us, for the sake of argument, that such facts, tested and testified to by numerous competent judges, are simply possible. What, then, is the practical result?

When musketry was first introduced, the new invention did not at once find universal acceptance among military men. It was some generations before they were convinced that a portable missile, of which the soldier could carry sixty rounds, and which was effective up to one hundred yards, was practically superior to the cross-bow, the sling, or even the cloth-yard shaft. The invention which we are now discussing professes, and we hold is proved to be, equally portable, simple, and easy to use; whilst it possesses twenty times the range and power of penetration claimed by the best ordinary musket. In its main essentials this latter weapon has varied little for the last two centuries. Its range and the facilities for loading and firing have improved, though but slightly, since the days of Cromwell and Condé, and not only our whole system of artillery, but the tactics of every arm in the service have been modelled to suit the powers and peculiarities of the weapon on which, during that period, the infantry of Europe has mainly relied for success in all the grand operations of war. Increase the efficiency of that weapon in range and in every other essential particular, twenty or even tenfold, and will any man in his senses believe that the same methods of "setting the battle in array," or the same mode of using the artillery, on which so much of the success of modern battles depends, is advisable or possible? Clearly, then, as argued by Colonel Jacob, his invention, if it performs all that we have asserted, must revolutionise the whole art of war, and the whole question resolves itself into one of fact, in which we are justified in expecting that the ultimate verdict must be for the side which courts inquiry, and challenges experiment.

One word in conclusion, on a point affecting the gallant inventor's character for discretion and judgment, if not for qualities more nearly touching the reputation of a loyal soldier. We have heard it gravely argued that in publishing, during a time of war, every detail regarding an invention which he believed to be so deadly, Colonel Jacob acted with indiscretion, if not

with want of patriotism. They who really entertain such a notion may find a sufficient answer in Sir Howard Douglas's Introduction to his great work on Naval Gunnery. It was originally drawn up in the shape of a series of papers for the private and confidential use of our Board of Admiralty, and some feeling such as we have above alluded to seems to have at one time withheld Sir Howard from publishing. But on his scruples being communicated to the Board, over which Lord Melville then presided, the gallant author was informed that their lordships, while estimating very highly the value of the work, "did not see any objection to its publication"; and in discussing (p. 306) the possibility and prudence of concealing the destructive effects of any new weapon of war, so as to reserve to ourselves the initiative and the exclusive use of the new weapon, Sir Howard Douglas points out that the French did not do so with their latest improvements in the art of gunnery, and adds the significant remark,—“Nor can anything of a practical description be kept secret in these times.” In England, especially, the present constitution of our Government, no less than of our army and navy, renders any great and sudden change of system, in obedience to the convictions of any one man or board of men, simply an impossibility. Improvements can be introduced only by a conviction of their value being impressed on a large body of educated officers, and if the improvement be extensive, or involve much expense, it is not only necessary to impress the conviction on the profession, but on the non-professional public,—or at all events, on that portion of the public which more or less directly controls the strings of the national purse. To effect this in England, publicity is indispensable. In a progressive science there can be no secret. When Adams, by a series of calculations the most abstruse, had discovered that there belonged to our system a vast planet of whose existence no previous astronomer had even a suspicion, he might well have imagined that he had wrung from Nature one of her most hidden secrets. But others, unknown to him, were treading close on his heels in the same path, and had he delayed but for one fortnight to publish his discovery, the immortal honour had fallen to another nation. So it is with all scientific truth. Its publication is a mere question of time, and he who would serve a nation of intelligent and reading Englishmen, must place his discoveries before them in the shape in which they will most speedily and surely become known to the widest possible circle. In so acting, Colonel Jacob doubtless felt assured that a truth made known to free men is of more power than all

the secrets of Solomon's Seal confined to despots and alchemists ; and that the free nation which first and most widely recognises such a truth, will use it most effectually, whether for self-defence or in upholding the cause of truth and justice against the power of despotism, covered by a shield of such secrecy as despotism only can enforce.

With this reflection, we would commend Colonel Jacob's pamphlet to the attentive perusal of every military man and every sincere lover of his country, and we would urge on those who have the means to do so, the necessity of testing in the fullest and most conclusive manner the real value of a weapon for which powers so tremendous are claimed, on authority so little open to reasonable doubt.

Neither the scope of this article nor the limits allowed to us, permit of our entering on the numerous important subjects discussed in the standard work of Sir Howard Douglas, to which we have so often referred. It should be in the hands of every naval or military man who aspires to be master of his profession, and even for the non-professional man who takes the interest which every patriotic Englishman ought to feel in the improvement of our army and navy, there is matter of the deepest interest in Sir Howard's earnest appeals on the subject of the danger of our present tendency to build leviathan ships and fill them with shell guns (pp. 305, 306), on popular fallacies regarding the power of naval gunnery against maritime fortresses (p. 335), on the fundamental errors of gunboats armed with Lancaster guns, and similar gin-cracks, to the exclusion of ordnance of known value for heavy firing (pp. 363, 611, 613), and on the crying want of a sufficient reserve of trained gunners in our navy (p. 497).

With two quotations from this valuable work we must conclude :—

“ It remains only that we take special care to preserve the high position which we have struggled through years of difficulty to attain ; that we not only secure it from decay, but also use the utmost diligence to improve it, by availing ourselves of all the resources of science as they arise, and acquiring those facilities in manual operations which continual practice alone can bestow.”

“ That which has lately happened in the Black Sea”—(the words are a quotation from a letter officially published in the *Moniteur* of February 1854, by the celebrated French General of Artillery, Paichans, relative to the burning of the Turkish fleet at Sinope by Russian ships firing shells furnished with time-fuzes,)—  
“ and that which may soon take place elsewhere, is that which

*will always happen in favor of any power which may first use effectually and apply a new weapon of war ; and this truth is about to appear in another manner by the musket which is now receiving such remarkable improvements in its range and accuracy of fire."*

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### ART. III.—PARSI ARCHÆOLOGY, AND ITS EXPLORERS.

1. *Zend-Avesta, Ouvrage de Zoroastre, contenant les Idées Théologiques, Physiques, et Morales, de ce Legislateur, &c. &c. Traduit en François sur l'original Zend, par M. ANQUETIL DU PERRON. Tome 2. Paris : 1771.*
2. *Commentaire sur le Yaçna. Par M. EUGENE BURNOUF. Tome 1. Paris.*
3. *Avesta die Heiligen Schriften der Parsen. Zum Esten Male im Grundtexte sammt der Huzvaresch-Obersetzung Herausgeben. Von Dr. FRIEDERICH SPIEGEL. 1 Band: Der Vendidad. Vienna : 1853.*
4. *Zend-Avesta, or the Religious Books of the Zoroastrians. Edited and interpreted by N. L. WESTERGAARD, Professor of the Oriental Languages in the University of Copenhagen. Vol. 1 : The Zend Texts. Copenhagen : 1854.*

No notice has yet been taken in our pages of the interesting investigations which have been carried on in connection with Parsi antiquities. The subject is in itself one of the most important in the ample range of Oriental lore; and on that account we should hardly deem ourselves at liberty to pass it over. But the inquiry has a claim of peculiar strength on Bombay Reviewers, in the fact that the great body of the people who now profess the Parsi faith are inhabitants of Western India, and mingle with ourselves in the intercourse of daily life.

There are a good many questions belonging to our subject on which it is not at present possible to speak with confidence. Several important topics connected with Parsi antiquity are still keenly debated by scholars of high name; and none are freer to confess the obscurity that still rests on the subject than the Spiegels and Westergaards who are doing the most to dispel that obscurity. We deem it right to shun the troubled waters of controversy. We shall pretty nearly restrict ourselves to a summary of those conclusions which all who have devoted attention to the topic will admit to be certain—or, at all events, probable in a high degree.

Probably the easiest way of introducing the subject will be to give a rapid sketch of the progress of investigation and discovery in connection with it. And we shall confine ourselves to modern days. It would be as endless as it would be profitless to review the opinions regarding Zoroaster and the Persian religion, held by the Greeks and Romans, and by the Fathers of the Christian Church. Even considerably before the Christian era Zoroaster had become mythical—everything connected with his age and doings was involved in doubt; and Pliny was disposed to cut the knot by supposing that there had been at least two personages of the name. Kleuker, the German translator of Anquetil du Perron, has laboriously collected the ancient allusions to Zoroaster,—or, to refer to a more accessible writer, Stanley, the author of a well-known History of Philosophy, has laboured to reduce to some order the chaos of conflicting statements, although with indifferent success.

We cannot afford time to notice the curious little volume of Henry Lord, “some time resident in the East Indies, and Preacher to the Honorable Company of Merchants trading thither.” It appeared in 1630, and was entitled “A Discovery of Two Foreign Sects in the East Indies—namely, the sect of Bauians, the ancient natives of India, and the sect of the Persees, the ancient inhabitants of Persia; together with the Religion and Manners of each Sect.” There is a good deal of graphic description in Lord; but in accurate knowledge he fails. The first work of standard excellence on the subject of the Parsis and their faith, was by Dr. Thomas Hyde, Professor of Hebrew and Arabic at Oxford, and a man of extensive Oriental learning. A copy of the second edition of his work lies before us, bearing the date of 1760; the first edition was published in 1700. It is a volume of 580 pages, written in Latin that would seem to indicate less familiarity with classical, than we know the author to have possessed with Oriental lore.

Hyde carried on his researches with praiseworthy zeal and perseverance. He writes with vivacity; and his book is still readable mainly from the possession of that quality. His attempt, however, to expound the ancient Persian religion was unsuccessful,—and that, because he could not command the materials on which alone a correct judgment could be based. No blame attaches to him; he did all that one in his position could have done to solve the problem. The unsatisfactory character of the statements before him must have put his patience to a severe test, and would have exhausted any ordinary zeal. The authorities on which he chiefly depended were quite modern, the chief of them being the *Sad-dar*, a little book written in rude Persian verse, only, as Hyde himself admits, two centuries before his own time. Had he been able to make use of them, he had in his possession two MSS. that would have thrown far more light on the subject than any modern compilations. These were two Zend MSS. containing the *Yacna* and the *Niaish*; but he does not appear to have been able to turn them to account. Yet, apparently, he could decipher the characters,—for he has supplied us with a tolerable Zend alphabet, and there are scattered throughout his work a large number of Zend and Pehlvi words, with their sounds more or less correctly given.

The conclusions which Hyde could draw from the imperfect evidence before him need not detain us. He labours zealously to prove that proper Parsiism is a pure system of religion—that it is not *pyro-latria*, but only *pyro-dulia*. He holds that Zoroaster was acquainted with the Old Testament Scriptures, and largely availed himself of that acquaintance in drawing up his own system. He believes that Zoroaster was contemporary with Darius Hystaspes.

With all his energy, Hyde did not succeed in arousing any very general interest in the subject he had discussed. His book saw a second edition—and a very handsome edition it is, ornamented with excellent engravings,—but even the first could hardly be said to sell; and we are told the Doctor tried to turn it to some account by lighting his fire with it. The worthy man was nearly a fire-worshipper himself, but he must have felt that feeding the flames with the product of his brain was rather a costly sacrifice.

Hyde had loudly called on Europeans residing in India to aid in throwing light on the antiquities of Parsiism and kindred subjects. Some of our countrymen now began to exert themselves in the good cause. MSS. were collected, often at great expense, and sent home to England. No one seems to have

done more in this way than Mr. James Fraser, one of the Factors at Surat, whose magnificent collection was handed over to the Radcliffe Library at Oxford about the middle of last century. Mr. Fraser was an Oriental scholar, and wrote a useful Life of Nadir Shah. He originally proceeded to Surat in the hope of obtaining assistance from the Parsi priests in the interpretation of their sacred writings ; but he found them, as Tavernier and others had already found their co-religionists in Persia, desperately suspicious and reserved. They would not afford him the least assistance in the acquisition of their sacred language. Indeed, he could hardly procure copies of their books ;—the ample collection we spoke of consisted chiefly of Persian and Sanskrit works, and he appears to have procured only two Zend MSS.

But before this time a MS. had been sent to England, which was the indirect means of exciting the great explorer Anquetil du Perron to undertake his important labours. This was a copy of the *Vendidad Sadeh*, which Mr. George Bowcher, merchant at Surat, had procured in 1718, and which reached England five years afterwards. Hyde was now gone ; and no scholar in England, or probably in Europe, was able to translate, or even decypher it. It lay thus, an unanswered challenge to all the learning of the West, for about thirty years. In 1754 Anquetil du Perron, then about twenty-two years old, saw in Paris copies of some pages of the above mentioned MS. "On the instant," says the eager Frenchman, "I determined to enrich my country with that singular work. I resolved to translate it ; and with that view to go and learn the ancient Persian in Guzerat or Kirman."

Anquetil has of late years scarcely received the credit to which he is entitled. He had grave enough faults, we admit. He was rash, conceited, overbearing, and quarrelsome ; and he speaks of his attainments in Zend in language which, if it does not express, yet certainly implies an opinion of them which, with all his vanity, he could scarcely have really held. But we must not forget his great merits, and his great services. He was a man of much energy and enterprise. Scattered throughout his writings are many just and enlightened thoughts on the furtherance of human knowledge, his whole heart being set on the proper means, as he would express it, *pour perfectionner, pour étendre les connaissances humaines*.

The East, in Anquetil's time, was still a world unknown. He by no means limited his attention to the ancient monuments of the Parsis ;—the works of the Hindus also occupied his mind. He at first hesitated whether he should proceed to Persia or to India in

quest of ancient Parsi lore; but he decided in favour of the latter country, in the hope that he might there acquire a knowledge of the Vedas and other writings of the ancient Hindus.

It was in 1754, as we have mentioned, that Anquetil formed the intention of visiting the East. He communicated his scheme to some of the leading members of the *Académie des Belles Lettres*, the Abbé Barthélemy, and others. They encouraged him, and undertook to procure for him the patronage of the King and the French East India Company. Anquetil, however, could not wait for the slow movements of the great folks; and half alarmed, apparently, at the magnitude of his own plans, and afraid of the disgrace that would be incurred should the scheme, after being thus blazoned abroad, finally break down, he determined to proceed on his own resources. His relatives were not rich, and money he could not command; the resources he trusted to were the strength of his constitution and the energies of his mind. It occurred to him that the easiest mode of getting out to India was to enlist as a soldier in the service of the French East India Company. With his usual impetuosity, he seems to have proceeded, as soon as the thought struck him, to carry it into execution. The officer to whom he made his application earnestly dissuaded him from taking such a step, and insisted that, at all events, he should take four days to reconsider the whole matter. Anquetil consented, but adhered to his resolution; and he was admitted as a recruit at the end of the four days, extracting at the same time a promise from the officer, that he would not mention the circumstance to any of his relatives until the runaway was fairly beyond their reach. Meantime our embryo Orientalist proceeded with his preparations for his long voyage. His "petit équipage" would have delighted the heart of Sir Charles Napier—whose catalogue of the requisites for an Indian subaltern must be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers—Anquetil's outfit comprised "two shirts, two handkerchiefs, and a pair of stockings." A case of mathematical instruments, and a few books (a Hebrew Bible among them) were added—and he was equipped. An interview with his brother, afterwards head of the French factory at Surat, greatly affected his feelings, but did not shake his determination. He set out for the sea coast, along with his comrades, under the command of "a petty officer of the Invalids," on the 7th November 1754, marching on foot "to the lugubrious sound of an ill-mounted drum."

We cannot follow him step by step in his journey to the coast, of which he himself has given us an amusing account. Anquetil,



in fact, always is animated and sprightly ; and his *Discours Préliminaire*, in which he recites all his adventures by sea and land until he returned to France, is one of the liveliest narratives that have appeared in connection with Oriental travel.

Happily, his learned acquaintances had been able to do something for him. Before he sailed he received the news that he was appointed to an allowance of five hundred *livres*. He also received his discharge from serving as a soldier. The French East India Company offered him a free passage on board one of its vessels, *Le Duc d'Aquitaine* ; he had a room to himself, and access to the captain's table,—and thus provided for, "I set out," says he, "for the East, determined to bring back from it the laws of Zoroaster, and also those of the Brahmans." He sailed on the 7th February 1755, and, after a very uncomfortable voyage, landed at Pondicherry on the 10th August. The Governor General of French India, M. de Leyrit, after a little hesitation, assigned him the sum of Rs. 65, and afterwards Rs. 100, a month. Anquetil commenced his Oriental studies by learning something of what he calls Malabar. He next attacked Persian ; but the pleasures of Pondicherry interfered with regular study. His ardour considerably cooled : "How could it be otherwise," says he, "considering the kind of life that prevails in the colonies ?" Certainly, according to Anquetil's description, it was a style of existence as frivolous as can well be conceived. Determined to break through the pleasing impediments that surrounded him, he left Pondicherry and settled at a village some way off. By-and-by he caught severe fever, and this, with other things, made him resolve to proceed to Bengal. He arrived at Chandernagore 22nd April 1756. He thought of proceeding to Benares, for the purpose of studying Sanskrit. Finally, after a train of extraordinary adventures, he saw his way plain to proceed to Surat. Bengal at that time was in flames,—it was just in the midst of the great struggle that transferred it to the British power ; and Natives, English, and French, were all alike in excitement. In these circumstances Anquetil received a letter, in reply to one he had written to Surat enquiring whether the Parsi priests there could read a MS. he forwarded. The letter from Surat assured him that the Parsi priests would be happy to instruct him in the knowledge of Zend. He proceeded, as fast as the disturbed state of the country would allow, to Pondicherry, Mahe, Cochin, Mangalore, Goa, Poona, Aurungabad, Surat. On his long journey nothing escapes his quick eye ;—his remarks are always acute, and often

instructive. He enters into a long account of the famous copper plates which granted privileges to the Jews of Cochin. He also dwells at great length on the Caves of Ellora.

On his arrival at Surat, however, he was fettered by the prejudices of the natives. It was some time before he could meet the Dasturs, Dáráb and Káús, who had promised to teach him Zend. The first thing was to have a Zend MS. copied for him. This occupied three months, and cost him a hundred rupees. Anquetil chafed at the delay, but he was helpless. The Parsi Dasturs were superstitious, and loath to reveal anything they could keep secret; and Anquetil soon saw that their desire was to give him as little information, and extract as much money from him, as possible. "Their visits were interrupted by long absences, always on pretext of its being very dangerous to be known as coming to me." The MS. which they had procured for him turned out to be mutilated. He made this discovery after procuring another MS. from another Parsi priest. So writes Anquetil; but our impression is, that the Parsi Dasturs were guilty of no falsification, and that the difference between the two MSS. was merely a matter of arrangement. Two modes of arranging their sacred books exist among the Parsis to this day. We might farther say on behalf of the Parsi teachers of Anquetil, that, considering the persecutions their ancestors had been subjected to in Persia, and the elaborate insults still shown to them, especially by the Mohammadans, we need hardly wonder at their hesitation in explaining the sense of the Zend Avesta. Perhaps, too, they had learned something of the reserve of the Hindus. Wilkins had equal difficulty with the Brahmans at Benares, before he could execute his translation of the Bhagavad Gítá, which, we may remark in passing, constituted an era in Sanskrit study, as Anquetil's achievements did in Zend.

Anquetil actually commenced the work of translating the Zend books on the 24th March 1759, and finished it in September of the following year. The medium of communication between the Dasturs and him was modern Persian, which Anquetil seems to have known tolerably well. He attempted nothing like an accurate, word-for-word translation, and probably the Dasturs he employed were not equal to an exact rendering of the Zend. At best, his version is a loose paraphrase. He purchased MSS., driving hard bargains with the natives, who, he protests, always tried to cheat him. He did not content himself with translating the books; he bought the Kusti (sacred thread), the Sadrá (or muslin shirt), and other things used in Parsi wor-

ship. He prevailed on the priests to allow him to enter one of their fire temples. He chose for this purpose a rainy day, when few people were likely to be at hand, and went in the dress of a Parsi. The Dastur Dáráb pressed him to make an offering; but Anquetil firmly declined, reminding him that he was a Christian.\* The Dastur seemed annoyed, and Anquetil talks of the danger he ran—armed as he was with “only a sabre and a pocket pistol”—of being sacrificed by the worshippers, if they had only suspected who he was. Some time afterwards he visited one of the “Towers of Silence”—the dokhmas, or places of the dead; but he does not seem to have succeeded in looking down on the contents of the gloomy receptacle. This exploit annoyed the Parsis a good deal,—they complained that he had profaned their cemetery; but the affair passed over without serious results.

When he had finished his translation of the Zend Avesta, he resolved to attack the sacred books of the Hindus. Difficulties intervened, however, and he proceeded on a visit to the Caves of Keneri (Kanheri) and Elephanta. Of both of these remarkable places he gives a minute description. Returning to Surat, he finally quitted it on the 15th March 1761, landed at Bombay, sailed for Europe 28th April, in an English vessel, and landed at Portsmouth 17th November.

He visited Oxford, and examined Fraser's collection of Oriental MSS. He saw the *Vendidad Sadeh*, which had indirectly led to all his own investigations, held fast by a chain. He spent some time in comparing it with his own MSS., and found it agreed with them. He reached Paris on the 12th March 1762, and next day deposited in the *Bibliothèque du Roi* his splendid collection of 180 Oriental MSS. in various languages. His great work on the Zend Avesta appeared in 1771, in two volumes quarto.† Half of the first volume contains the *Discours Préliminaire*, giving a narrative of his journeys and voyages. The second part gives an account of the MSS. he had collected. A Life of Zoroaster follows, compiled from two modern and worthless Persian books. Then comes the translation of the *Izeschine* (Yaçna), *Vispered* (Vispard), and *Vendidad*, the chief sacred books of the Parsis. The third volume contains a translation of the lesser Zend works, and of a Pehlvi work called *Bundehesh*; vocabularies, Zend, Pehlvi, and Persian; an exposition of the civil and religious usages of the Parsis,

\* A remarkable contrast with the procedure in Mecca and Medina of Lieutenant Burton—and all in Anquetil's favour.

† Generally bound in three volumes.

extending to sixty-four pages; a *Précis Raisonné* of the religious and moral system of Zoroaster; the whole being concluded with a copious index to the entire work. The book was dedicated to “the two nations who possess the original text of the books of Zoroaster—the French and English.”

We have thus dwelt, almost at disproportionate length, on the doings of Anquetil du Perron. We may have been unconsciously swayed by the liking which, despite of his grave failings, we must confess we have for the dashing Frenchman. But, at all events, the Orientalist who was the first to throw any real light on the darkness of Zoroastrianism, and who at once *corp* advanced the investigation to a point which it did not get beyond for more than sixty years, deserves to have his efforts chronicled with some care. Anquetil's work created “a sensation” in Europe. It had been waited for with much eagerness,—our countrymen not perhaps looking with quite an unprejudiced eye on the man who boasted that he was going to reduce Hyde to a cypher. Anquetil had written several papers in the learned journals of France, by way of preparing the public for his great work; and expectation stood on tip-toe. Zoroaster had been for ages a mighty name; and all learned Europe wondered what the unveiling of his mystic volume would prove. Many, doubtless most, were bitterly disappointed. When the first shock of surprise was over, people hardly knew whether to laugh or be angry. Anquetil's work was almost immediately followed by a sharp onslaught on it in a brochure written in French by a young man as yet unknown to fame, but destined soon to acquire a world-wide reputation,—Mr. Jones, afterwards the great Sir William. Jones was much irritated with Anquetil, who, not content with undervaluing Hyde, had sneered at the Oxford dons, particularly Dr. Hunt, Jones's preceptor and friend. The tract is full of sharp and shining things, among which is the famous dilemma with which our young Orientalist thought to annihilate the Frenchman,—Either Zoroaster did not write these books, or he did not possess common sense. In the former case, we need not take up our time with forgeries; in the latter, why concern ourselves with the reveries of a madman? Very clever, and very cutting; yet the logic is sadly at fault, as we may by-and-by see. Meiners of Gottingen also attacked the genuineness of the books ascribed to Zoroaster; and Tychsen, a German scholar of high name, did the same.\* Our countryman

\* So says Spiegel; but others quote Tychsen as friendly to the claims of the Zend Avesta. His papers are not accessible in Bombay.

Richardson, author of the well-known Arabic and Persian Dictionary, and a man of undoubted erudition, followed up Jones's attack, with still fiercer invective and weightier argument. Anquetil's own countrymen, the learned Abbé De Foucher for example, shared in the bitterness of the disappointment, and employed terms in characterising the Zend Avesta on which later writers, in the heat even of polemical discussion, have hardly ventured. On the other hand, Kleuker translated Anquetil's work into German, enriching it with copious notes and dissertations, and with answers to its assailants ; and his powerful advocacy created a general impression in its favour on the Continent. His work came out in six volumes quarto, at Riga, in 1776-1783.

In the mean time the study of Comparative Philology, which had been inaugurated in 1700 by the commanding genius of Leibnitz, and well followed up by our countryman Harris, received a great impulse in the beginning of the present century from the labours of Adelung and Prichard. It was in 1808 that Frederick Schlegel wrote his very suggestive Essay on the Language and Philosophy of the Hindus, in which he demonstrated a close affinity between Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Persian, and Gothic. This affinity was not unknown. Sir William Jones had referred to it, but without going into the investigation with clearness or accuracy. Schlegel was still more of a philosopher than a philologist ; and among other new and important truths, he directed attention to the fact that, in establishing the relationship of languages, coincidence of grammatical forms is of far greater consequence than similarity of ordinary vocables. By this time Erasmus Rask, a Dane, had conceived one of the vastest schemes of comparative philology that ever occurred to any scholar, and, considering the date, it must stamp Rask as one of the greatest philologists that the world has seen. He first analysed and classified all the Scandinavian tongues ; he then extended his studies to Finnic (the language of Finland), and to the whole family of Tataric, or, as he called them, Scythic tongues, anticipating many of the now established facts as to the relation of what we call the Iranian and Turanian families. In 1816 Rask set out on a great journey of discovery. From St. Petersburg he penetrated into Asia, and found his way to Bombay, where he devoted himself to the diligent study of Zend. He wrote powerfully in defence of the antiquity and genuineness of that language.\*

\* The work was translated into German : *Ueber das Alter und Aechtheit der Zend-sprache*. A summary of the arguments, in English, will be found in the Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society.

He died in the midst of comprehensive schemes of investigation, in 1832.

• The researches of Jacob Grimm may be next referred to. These labours have been directed mainly to the elucidation of Teutonic antiquity; but the far-reaching analysis of Grimm often sheds important light on the early connection of the Iranian with the Germanic tribes. He first enunciated what is called the *law of the correspondence of sounds*, which has proved a principle most fertile in results, and has established the relations of language on a firm and scientific basis where at first sight the relation seemed dubious or non-existent. For example, the Latin *pater*, the English *father*, and the German *vater*, are not only the same word, but this change of *p* into *f* in the one case, and *v* in the other, and of the *t* into *th*, is not a thing of haphazard, but dependent on a law of interchange which affects the entire formation of the languages; so much so, that when a word is given us in any of the related tongues, we can predict what forms it will assume in the respective sister languages. Bopp came next, with his profoundly learned "Comparative Grammar" (*Vergleichende Grammatik*), published from 1833 to 1852, in which he elaborately demonstrated the close relation that exists between Sanskrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Lithuanian, Slavonic, Gothic, and German. The service he rendered to Zend was very great. He fully established the law of analogy that connects it with Sanskrit and the other Indo-European tongues.

We come next to Eugène Burnouf, one of the greatest names connected with Oriental investigation, and perhaps unequalled in the services he rendered to Zend. He published a lithographed facsimile of one of Anquetil's MSS. of the Zend Avesta in 1829-33. His *Commentaire sur le Yaçna* was published in 1835. In this work he presented the Zend text (so far as his investigation of the *Yaçna* extended) printed in its original character. He entered with minute accuracy into the grammatical details of the text, and showed clearly the close connection that exists between Sanskrit and Zend, and the regularity with which the same word assumes in these languages its characteristic differences. For example, the Sanskrit *s* becomes *h* in Zend, *h* becomes *z*, and *ç* becomes *s*. By this time a new interest was imparted to the investigation of Zend by the discovery that various proper names in the Zend Avesta correspond with proper names in the Veda; and it was now seen that the dark problems of Parsi archæology could be considerably cleared up with the assistance of the ancient Indian records. Bopp was the first to open up this most important field of in-

quiry : in his edition of Nalas in 1832 he noticed the coincidence between the Zend name *Vivanghvat* and the Sanskrit *Vivasvat*. Burnouf proceeded to point out a considerable number of such coincidences, in his *Etudes sur les Textes Zendes*, published in the Journal of the Paris Asiatic Society. Thus, the son of Vivanghvat in the Zend books is *Yimo* ; the son of Vivasvat in the Veda is *Yama*. Others have aided in this important inquiry ; and a considerable number of identifications have been made out. Thus *Trita* or *Traitanu* in the Veda is connected with the Zend *Thraetono*, who becomes in the poem of Firdausi the redoubtable *Feridun*. We perceive that the veteran scholar Professor Wilson does not admit that *Trita* and *Thraetono* are yet proved to be identical ; but the discussion of this point by Roth in the Journal of the German Oriental Society appears to us one of the most acute and convincing investigations we have ever seen. So the father of the Vedic *Trita* is *Aptya* ; the father of the Zend *Thraetono* is *Athwya*. We need not run over the list, which is still an enlarging one. One of the most remarkable things disclosed in the investigation is, that the names, though etymologically the same, are in many cases theologically opposed. Thus the Sanskrit word for *God* is *devas* ; in Zend the word *daéva* is etymologically identical, but it is used only in a bad sense, meaning *devil*. Thus, too, even *Indra*, the highest god of the Veda, is a demon in the Zend Avesta. Clearly such things point to a period when the Zoroastrians rejected the divinities which they had formerly worshipped along with the rest of the Iranians, and began to regard them as demons.

While the examination of the Zend books was steadily advancing, the cuneiform inscriptions at Behistun, which had been scrutinised with wonderful acuteness by Grotefend, began to disclose their secrets under the persevering zeal of Rawlinson, Hincks, and others. By the aid chiefly of Vedic Sanskrit, the sense of the old Persian part of the trilingual inscriptions was made out with considerable success. The language proved to be Zend, but in a different stage of advancement—later than the Zend of the Avesta, according to most of our Orientalists. We should be safer, however, in calling it a sister dialect, rather than Zend proper. These remarkable records, though most interesting in their connection with the language of the Avesta, throw less light on its origin and signification than we might have expected. They repeatedly assert that Darius was a worshipper of Auramazdá (Ormazd) ; but no allusion is made to Zoroaster, or to the existence of the sacred books.

Here perhaps may be the best place to glance at a question which, although unheard of on the Continent, has been discussed in England with much pertinacity. Is Zend a genuine language, after all? Or, after all the trouble that it has cost us, is it not probably a modern forgery of the Parsi priests? We have already mentioned that both Jones and Richardson believed so. Vans Kennedy—no inconsiderable name in the roll of Orientalists—strenuously maintained the same thing; and up to the present day Mr. Romer, with abundant zeal, follows in his steps. Even Professor Wilson seems to hesitate; but on this particular question that learned man would freely confess that he must borrow his lights from others. Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, also tells us that the occasional approach in the Zend to Gujarati at one time awakened “considerable suspicions” in his mind that the Zend Avesta might be a modern fabrication; but he afterwards abandoned the idea. We have looked over Mr. Romer’s papers on this question with some attention; but we fail to see a plausible case made out. It certainly would be a phenomenon unparalleled if the Parsi priests of Gujarat had been able to invent such a tongue as the Zend. Mr. Romer reminds us of Psalmanazar and the so-called “Formosan” language fabricated by him; but the question is not whether a clever man might not fabricate a language, but whether the Parsis of Western India could invent a language like Zend. Some of the Parsi priests knew modern Sanskrit, but the Sanskrit of the Veda is altogether different; and that the slightest knowledge of Vedic Sanskrit existed in Gujarat since the immigration of the Parsis, is a thing which all historical facts render improbable in the highest degree. But the Zend is connected with the most ancient Sanskrit, not the modern, —and with the rock-inscriptions of Darius and the other Achæmenian kings; and the language is not formed at random, but according to general and pervading laws. Had the “Formosan” language this fixed relation to any dialect under heaven? And farther, (we have not seen this argument advanced, but it seems even stronger than the preceding,) whence the ideas? The heroes and mythology of the Zend Avesta—Thraetono, Keraçäpa, Kava Uç, &c.—find their counterparts in the Veda. How could the Parsis hit upon these? In their own Pehlvi and later books these names are entirely defaced, and the fascinating song of Firdausi has remodelled all their conceptions of them, just as in the Puranas the old Vedic names are fantastically and endlessly transformed: by what magic did they hit on the primary conception, and excogitate a work which is related to the Veda, never by



a palpable and striking likeness, but often by a deep, half hidden correspondence ? With regard to the coincidence of Zend with Gujarati, it will, *if proved to exist to any considerable extent*, be an interesting fact. Zend supplies us with several unexpected relationships. Its resemblance to Latin is greater than that of Sanskrit (*bis*, for example, is good Zend and good Latin for *twice*). It approaches our popular Indian dialects sometimes when Sanskrit diverges from them. For example, *hazanhra*, the Zend for *a thousand*, is a common word in our north Indian dialects, *hazâr*, whereas, in Sanskrit, the term is *sahasra* ; the Zend *bâzu*—that is, *arm*—is the same in our popular dialects, whereas the Sanskrit is *bahu* ; and so on. The coincidence of Zend, however, with Gujarati, were it far greater than it is, would prove nothing as to the forgery of the Zend books—the view with which Mr. Romer still adduces it,—unless we could prove two things : first, that the dialect of the Zend works preserved in Persia is equally like Gujarati ; and secondly, that (contrary to all history) our Indian Parsis had supplied their co-religionists in Persia with their sacred books.

With regard to the language called Pehlvi the case is somewhat different ; but even in that case, to talk simply of Pehlvi as a forgery, involves a sad confounding of things that differ. Pehlvi is a term of somewhat comprehensive import. Our readers will have a tolerable idea of the bearings of the question if we ask them to remember Hindustani. This language can be written with such a profusion of Arabic and Persian words that its Indian character is almost concealed ; and in fact high Urdu is so written. Again, it may be given in its Hindi form, and with rigid purism reject every term that is not of Indian extraction. Even so, Pehlvi is sometimes so full of Semitic words that we need hardly feel surprise at Jones's "perfect conviction" that it was "a dialect of Chaldaic." On the other hand, it may be written almost as a pure Arabian dialect. When it assumes these varying forms, are we to call it the same language or not ? This, we apprehend, is a dispute about names, not things,—as if we were to get up a controversy whether Urdu and Hindi are two languages or one—or whether Dean Swift and Samuel Johnson wrote the same dialect. When we are told that Pehlvi is a forgery, what does the proposition mean ? Of course the language on the coins\* of the Sasanian kings of Persia (from A. D. 226 downwards) is no forgery ; nor the similar language of the inscriptions at

\* Mordtmann tells us he has examined 2,000 Pehlvi coins.—*Zeitschrift f. D. M. G.* VIII. s. 2.

Haji-abad, Nashk-i-Rustam, and other places, which date from the same period. The language in which the old translation of the Zend books exists among the Parsis is also called Pehlvi : this is the Iranian form of the language. The two Continental scholars who have paid most attention to the sacred books of the Parsis—Westergaard and Spiegel—differ somewhat in their idea of the relation of these two dialects of Pehlvi. Westergaard would separate them into two languages, possessing not much in common except the alphabetical character. Spiegel would call them one language. Like Richardson and others, Westergaard finds in this second Pehlvi a multitude of corrupted Arabic words. Spiegel finds no Arabic in the translations of the *Vendidad* and *Yagna* ; he finds Arabic in Anquetil's glossary, but this he holds to be caused by accidental transposition of the words from the third column, which contains Persian or Arabic, to the second, which contains Pehlvi. The Semitic words in the old Pehlvi version of the *Vendidad* and *Yagna* he holds to be Aramaic ; and he enters with great clearness into historical and geographical statements to show how the Pehlvi language came into existence. Syriac (Aramaic) in the days of the Sasanian kings was the language of culture ; to the Syrian Academy at Edessa the young Persians flocked in great numbers, and Syriac mingled with the proper Persian then as unavoidably as Arabic now. Yet Pehlvi was not, in the form in which it is presented to us, more than an official and a learned tongue. We cannot suppose that it was the spoken language of any part of Persia.

There is a later dialect which Spiegel calls *Pársi*, and of which he has written a grammar, which appears intermediate between the proper Pehlvi and the the modern Persian. This is written in Pehlvi letters, and is also called Pehlvi by Indian Parsis. Translations of portions of the Zend Avesta and some independent pieces are composed in this dialect. The date of these it is not easy to fix ; they may be very modern. Now, were Mr. Romer's battery directed against these, he might look for considerable success ; but behind this modern rubbish that encircles the Zend Avesta, there stand the strong masonry of the ancient Pehlvi, and the still more venerable architecture of the Zend. His mistake lies in not distinguishing between these. We may here throw out a word of caution to Parsi students of these things. We fear that in the deep and general ignorance of the relations of the various dialects, almost any kind of Persian that is written in Pehlvi characters, and sprinkled with Archaic or Semitic forms, would be denominated Pehlvi by our Parsi friends. It would be

a pity if, in their zeal for antiquity, they should mingle these various tongues into one without respect to chronology, and indite Pehlvi grammars to correspond to the Babel thence arising. We are happy to observe that Mr. Dhanubhai Framji, in his *Elements of Pehlvi Grammar*, published last year (in Gujarati), clearly distinguishes between the three forms of the language. We wait with interest for Spiegel's fuller details of his views on Pehlvi, of which the remarks we have now made are a correct, but too succinct an exposition. He announces the recent completion of an elaborate work on the Pehlvi language and literature, which will doubtless carry the investigation far beyond the point it reached in the learned papers of Müller in the *Journal Asiatique* of Paris.

We should probably weary our readers if we went more deeply into this part of the subject. Matters decidedly more interesting await us.

Much as had been accomplished towards the elucidation of Zend and the Zend Avesta, there still existed no printed edition of the latter in the original tongue. One or two lithographed editions did exist. We already spoke of one by Burnouf. Under the superintendence of the late Edalji Dárábji Sanjána, the Bombay Parsis had lithographed an edition of the Vendidad Sadeh in 1831. Olshausen in 1829 had published at Hamburg a small part of the Zend. In 1842 a useful edition of the Zend Avesta was lithographed by the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, containing the Zend in Gujarati character, accompanied with a Gujarati version and commentary—the work of Framji Aspandiarji. Lassen in 1851 printed five chapters of a revised text. In 1851 Professor Brockhaus, of Leipsic, printed an edition of the Vendidad Sadeh in Roman character, following Burnouf's text, and accompanying it with a copious index and an excellent glossary—altogether a very useful book. Still a great blank remained; and now two Continental scholars hastened to supply it. Professor Spiegel, of Erlangen, has the honor of being the first to publish the most important of the Parsi Scriptures in the original character, and furnished with the requisite *apparatus criticus*. The first volume of this work came out, beautifully printed at the Imperial press of Vienna, in 1853. It is a volume of more than 500 pages 8vo, and contains the Zend text of the Vendidad; next, an exceedingly copious list of various readings; and lastly the Pehlvi version. A German translation of the Vendidad had been published by him in 1852, with an instructive introduction of 56 pages, and two Excursus or Appendices. Spiegel has found the subject of Pehlvi so enticing

that he has allowed himself to pause a little in the completion of the Zend Avesta; but he anticipated that the second volume of his great work would appear early this year, and the last with little delay thereafter.

Professor Westergaard, like Anquetil and his great countryman Rask, travelled to the East to form a personal acquaintance with the Parsis. He visited Bombay in 1841, and proceeded early in 1843 to Persia. He published last year the whole of the Zend Avesta in the original text. We say the whole, for Westergaard has been most desirous that no genuine fragment should escape him. Still, as the contents and arrangement of MSS. differ greatly in minutiae, it is not always easy to pronounce on any fragment that turns up. Westergaard supplies us with an interesting preface of 26 pages. His work is in quarto, in smaller type than Spiegel's, and extends to pages 486 of Zend. He will furnish a translation in English.

We are now, then, in a condition to study with all possible advantage the ancient Parsi writings. The Zend Avesta is before us, elaborated by men of learning, who have devoted to it years of toil. Surely this constitutes an era in Oriental research. The mystic oracle, has been silent long, or but fitfully vocal; now its utterances are becoming steady and plain.

The Zend Avesta consists of four great parts,—the Vendidad, the Yaçna, the Vispard, and the Khurda Avesta. The Vendidad is a dialogue between the god Hormazd (more familiar to our readers as Ormuzd) and Zoroaster. The Yaçna, or Great Sacrificial Service, is a liturgical work, and contains addresses to the various objects of worship. Nearly similar is the Vispard. The Khurda Avesta contains minor liturgical works. Another division of the entire Zend Avesta is into two parts,—the Vendidad Sadeh, and the Khurda Avesta. In this case the Vendidad Sadeh corresponds nearly to the three works first mentioned,—the Vendidad proper, the Yaçna, and the Vispard,—but not quite. The Vendidad Sadeh presents a different arrangement of the various chapters, disposed for liturgical use, and united by additional passages. It is on the ground of this difference of arrangement and form that we defend Anquetil's Dasturs, Dáráb and Káús, from the charge of falsehood which, as was mentioned above, he brings against them. The Khurda Avesta, or minor liturgy, differs exceedingly in various MSS. as to the succession, and even the amount, of its contents. The variety as to amount in the three first mentioned works is much less.

Speaking in general terms, we may say that the Zend Avesta

contains nearly as much matter as the Christian Scriptures. Westergaard was the first, we believe, who clearly brought out the interesting fact that some portions of it are in verse. These hymns—the most ancient portion of the Zend Avesta—bear a close resemblance to those of the Veda. Later Parsiism diverges from the form it assumes in these, as far as Puranic Hinduism diverges from Vedic. We may describe the Zend Avesta as a collection of writings exceedingly diversified in age, form, and character. Songs, prayers, laws, legends—some pieces perhaps several hundred years older than others—and the whole almost indiscriminately commingled;—such is the book as we find it.

The first thing which has to be done in the examination of any ancient writing, is the ascertainment of a correct text. The text of the Zend Avesta is in some confusion, as any one may see from a glance at Spiegel's enormous list of various readings. The two oldest known MSS. of the Avesta bear the date of 1323. The dates of 1258 and 1186 are given for copies now lost. Readers familiar with the criticism of the Christian Scriptures will be struck with the absence of ancient MSS. of the Zend. Still, the oldest Zend MSS. are nearly twice as old as any MSS. of the Vedas;—the modernness of the MS. by no means necessarily impugns the genuineness of the text.

The text of the Zend MSS. is essentially one; and only the spelling varies. Evidently a recension must have at some time taken place. Tradition points to the third century of the Christian era as the date when this occurred. The Zend writings are certainly in a very imperfect and disjointed state. Mutilations, uncouthnesses, unintelligible passages, are frequent. When we compare the Pehlvi version with the Zend original, great discrepancies appear. Passages occur in the latter which are not in the former; hence Spiegel regards them as interpolations. Westergaard, in the first part of his work, did the same, and omitted from his Zend text whatever did not appear in the Pehlvi version; but in the latter part he altered his view, and retained them. We deem Westergaard's second thought the more judicious. It is true, as Spiegel argues, that the Pehlvi version was rendered from older Zend MSS. than any now extant; but with our present limited knowledge of Pehlvi, of the standard of translation, and of the correctness of the Pehlvi text itself, it is safer to retain such passages *cum notâ*.

The scholars who labour on the Zend Avesta are driven sometimes to that very undesirable resource—conjectural emendation. "The MSS. of the Yashts," says Westergaard, "present a mass

of corrupt readings"; and so he proceeds to change them. Lassen and Spiegel do the same. We believe that nothing but necessity would have led them to this, for we have confidence in their caution as well as their learning. But the fact proves that there remains considerable uncertainty as to the readings of the Zend Avesta.

Fragmentary and chaotic, however, as the Zend text often is, we see no proof of intentional corruption. The priests who, under the early Sasanian kings, are supposed to have restored the ancient books, may have done their best to reproduce faithfully the original. That nothing was added, it would be as foolish to affirm as impossible to prove; but in what proportions the old and new commingled, no man can say. Here stands the Zend Avesta, pretty nearly as it stood in the third or fourth century after Christ. So far our ground is firm; beyond, it is a dim and perilous way that stretches out before us.

We should have rejoiced had it been in our power to trace the progress of the Zoroastrian faith from its first beginnings, in the same manner as we have traced the progress of discovery in connection with its sacred writings. But as yet such a thing is impossible. "On the early history of Zoroastrianism there rests a darkness as yet unpenetrated. We will not call it impenetrable, inasmuch as Orientalists are slowly collecting and classifying facts which may, ere long, afford some feeble rays of light. In the mean time our allusions to the earlier history of the religion will be, we fear, little more than a statement of the perplexities of the inquiry.

Who was Zoroaster? That problem is still as dark as ever. The Veda, which has shed light on so many names in the Zend Avesta, sheds none on this. The inscriptions at Behistun, as we have mentioned, do not contain the name. They are full of allusions to Ormazd, but they make no mention of him whom the Zend Avesta declares to be the great messenger of Ormazd. We are not sure even of the meaning of his name. The Zend form is *Zurathustra*, which Burnouf at first rendered *Zarath-ustra*, i. e. *possessing yellow camels*, and afterwards *Zara-thustra*, i. e. *golden star*. Dr. Martin Haug makes it to be for *Zarathar-tara*, the comparative form of *Zratar*, a *singer of praise*. *Zoroaster* would thus signify *greatest hymn-singer*, or *worshipper*. Rawlinson, in a recent paper, proposes the strange derivation *Ziru-ishtar*, i. e. *seed of the goddess*.

Rawlinson in that paper labours to prove that the name of Zoroaster refers to the Scythians, whose religion was opposed

both to idolatry and dualism. He identifies it with Magism, which seems to include the worship of the heavenly bodies, and of the elements, especially fire. He holds that dualism, or the worship of two principles, originated in India among the proper Aryan race, and that the portion of the Aryans which held this opinion separated from the rest, crossed the Indus, and migrated gradually westward; the enemies they successively encountered being enumerated in the first section of the Vendidad. He maintains that we have there "a complete and connected series of geographical names, extending from the frontiers of India to the Caspian gates." Other considerations tend to make it probable that the split in the Aryan race really did take place in India. Max Müller strongly supports this view. The separation, both religious and political, was complete; and we have already referred to the remarkable fact (of which there are many parallels) that the deities of the one race came to be held as demons by the other. The faith of the Vedas is doubtless the older, and that of the Zend Avesta an innovation—probably a supposed reformation of the ancient worship.

With regard to the place where the Zend Avesta was composed; Burnouf contended that it was Bactria, not Persia. The opinion of so learned a man, generally adopted as it has been by other scholars, deserves the deepest respect. Tradition, too, has connected Zoroaster with that country,—tradition, both classical and oriental, generally speaks of him as the "Bactrian sage." It would be presumptuous in us to seek to disturb an opinion so sanctioned,—and we shall merely note that the arguments for the Bactrian origin of the Zend Avesta have failed fully to convince us. Nor is it easy to reconcile it with the accumulating facts that point to an Indian origin of the early Zoroastrians.

Burnouf contended that the Zend Avesta might be as ancient as the Veda. Probably it was not written down when first composed, but, like the Veda, transmitted by oral tradition. When it was committed to writing, we cannot tell. Most Orientalists think that the Zend language in the Zoroastrian books is older than that of the rock-inscriptions at Behistun; but really, the evidence of this looks very shadowy, and no strong inference should be drawn from it. Rawlinson, too, we find, will not admit the higher antiquity of the language of the Avesta. On the whole, notwithstanding the authority of such men as Burnouf and Westergaard in favour of a high antiquity for at least the greater part of the Zend Avesta, we hold, in the present state of the inquiry, with Spiegel, that we have no satisfactory evidence that the Zend books

were written before the destruction of the Persian monarchy by Alexander the Great. But that portions of the books were orally current before that date, is possible, and even probable. The second part of the Yagna is probably the oldest portion of the Zend Avesta. It is in an older dialect of Zend, and chiefly in verse.

How the worship of Ormazd was adopted by the Persian kings, we are unable to say. To a considerable extent, the notices of the Persian faith which occur in the classical writers agree with what we find in the Zend Avesta; yet there remain differences that somewhat perplex us. Darius and his successors seem to have been zealous supporters of the faith they professed. We see their iconoclastic zeal in all their wars with the West, in Greece and in Egypt; and F. Schlegel tells us that their conquests were prompted by religious, as much as by political ambition. The faith of Ormazd was then in the ascendant; the empire of Darius stretched from the Egean sea to the Indus, and from the steppes of Scythia to the cataracts of the Nile. But the Macedonian conquest gave a rude shock to Zoroastrianism when it prostrated the power of the "great king." We do not know that Alexander persecuted the Persian faith; and, in spite of the tradition of the Parsis, we may hold that he did not, unless so far as political reasons may have compelled him to depress a priesthood that was closely connected with the native dynasty, and inimical to foreign sway. The question is one of some difficulty. On the one hand, we have the uniform tradition of the Persians and Mohammadans that Alexander did so; on the other, the large tolerance that he is known to have exercised in religion. Anquetil, Rhode, and Rask, all exculpate Alexander. Haug adheres to the Parsi tradition; Spiegel hesitates.

The five hundred years that succeeded the invasion of Alexander was a trying time for the Zoroastrian faith. Persia soon fell under the power of the Parthians, who, although their religion was elemental, certainly neglected the special worship of Ormazd. The old intolerance, too, and the intense nationality that had ruled under Darius and his successors, now disappeared; the Parthians were studious of Greek refinement, attended the schools of Athens, and affected the name *Philhellene*. Zoroastrianism seems to have become nearly extinct. Its history is a blank till we arrive at the commencement of the third century of the Christian era. At that period appeared Ardashir Babegan (called Artaxerxes by Greek and Roman writers), a man of no common character, bold and successful as a warrior, and skilful as an administrator. In three great battles he annihilated the Parthian power, and won for himself a kingdom not unworthy of succeeding the



empire of the "great kings" of ancient days. It extended from the Euphrates to the Indus, and from the Caspian sea to the Indian Ocean. Artaxerxes laboured to consolidate the whole into one homogeneous realm. He strove to revive a spirit of ardent patriotism, and instead of commingling East and West, Asia and Europe, as the Greeks and Parthians had done, he believed that his security lay in fanning their natural antipathy into irreconcilable hatred. He called religion to his aid. Perhaps it was solely from motives of policy ; or perhaps, like Shivaji, the founder of the Mahratta empire, he was himself devotedly attached to the faith of his fathers. At all events, the restoration of the religion of Darius was as much a matter of ambition to the new "king of kings" as the resuscitation of the ancient monarchy. The faith of Ormazd had been greatly corrupted ; the name of Zoroaster was held in reverence, but endless diversity of opinion existed as to the doctrines and the rites he had revealed. Ardashir (so runs the Parsi legend) summoned the priests of the ancient faith from all parts of his dominions. The call was responded to by eighty thousand holy men. The number was gradually reduced by successive deductions down to seven, who were supposed to surpass all the rest in learning and piety. The chief of these was Ardaī Viraf. He bathed, clothed himself in new garments, received from the hands of his six companions three cups of soporific wine, and was then covered over with a cloth of clean linen. He fell into a deep sleep, which lasted for seven days, during which time his soul quitted his body, the priests his companions remaining all the time beside him, in prayer and fasting. When Ardaī Viraf awoke, he declared he had been in the presence of God, and called for a scribe who might take down the marvels he had seen and heard. He then proceeded authoritatively to announce the articles of the Zoroastrian faith.\*

This wild story proves that the modern Parsis believe that their sacred books had been entirely lost when Ardashir Babegan restored the Persian monarchy.\* We must not lay too much stress on that opinion. We cannot doubt that a man to whom the traditions of the ancient kingdom were so dear as they were to Ardashir, would faithfully collect all extant fragments of the holy books, and cause to be committed to writing whatever had been handed down by oral tradition. We have already intimated that the Zend Avesta, as thus compiled in the third century, has been

\* See Hyde, chap. 21. He quotes from the *Ardaī Viraf Nāmāh* and *Shāh Nāmāh Nasr*.

handed down without essential alteration to our own day. But even to hazard a guess as to what may have been the form and contents of the Zend books previous to this date, is impossible. That sacred hymns existed previously, is surely probable; that some of these are in some way embodied in the Zend Avesta, is equally so; but that the Zend Avesta, as it stands, existed before the reign of Ardashir, is exceedingly improbable, and it is almost equally so that the Zend writings existed before his time in a collected form.

The revived Persian monarchy lasted about four hundred and fifteen years—from A.D. 228 to A.D. 643. Its political history is by no means devoid of interest. It maintained an almost perpetual war with the Roman empire, and with alternating success. The Emperor Valerian was taken captive by the son of Ardashir. Julian was slain in an expedition against the Persians. The long reign of Naushirvan the Just was so illustrious that Mohammad boasted that his own birth occurred in it. He compelled Justinian to accept a disgraceful peace; and embassies from India and the farthest East waited at his court. His successor Khosru Parviz was for a long time equally successful, and the Persian empire almost equalled in extent the territories of Darius. He seized on Rhodes, and kept a besieging army ten years before Constantinople. It was then that the Emperor Heraclius awoke to the magnitude of the evil. He invaded Persia, and, after six years of marvellous activity, utterly destroyed the power of Khosru, and gave a shock to the Persian dominion, which prepared the way for its speedy downfall. A brief period of confusion followed. Yasdegard IV., a youth of fifteen, ascended the throne in 632; the irresistible Arabs rushed in with the war-cry of "God and the Prophet," and, after two desperate battles, Cadesia and Nehavand, (the latter styled by the Arabs "the victory of victories,") the "white palace of Khosru" and the unsummed wealth of Persia lay at the command of the desert robbers.\*

During the whole of the four hundred and fifteen years that the revived Persian monarchy had endured, Zoroastrianism had been the religion of the State; and it had never once relaxed its character of stern intolerance. The faith which especially came in conflict with the paramount Zoroastrianism was Christianity. Even in the earliest days, we read of Parthians, and Medes, and

\* The last known coin struck under Yezdegard bears a date corresponding to A.D. 630. That year, then, might be taken as the last of the Sasanian dynasty.

Elamites as listening to the proclamation of Christ ; nor need we question the tradition that the Gospel was preached in Persia by Apostolic lips. The Parthian kings who then ruled would regard the progress of the new faith with indifference, and doubtless, before the accession of Ardashir Babegan, a considerable portion of the inhabitants of Persia were Christians. The Syrian Christians especially took part in evangelising Persia ; the influence of their celebrated academy of Edessa has been already referred to. At a later period—from before the middle of the fourth century—the influence of the neighbouring nation of Armenia powerfully tended to diffuse the Christian religion in Persia. But from the very commencement, the Sasanian monarchs (Ardashir and his successors) were<sup>u</sup> opposed to the spread of Christianity. We are not certain whether the great Ardashir was a persecutor of the Christians ; nor during the first hundred years of the Sasanian dynasty did the trials of the Persian Christians attract much notice, although instances of martyrdom did occur. But in the fourth century, under the reign of Shapur II., the sufferings of the Christians were terrible. The persecutions were three in number, and the last continued for the space of forty years ; in fact, his long reign of seventy years may be said to have been one continued persecution. Like Decius or Diocletian, the Persian monarch was determined to extirpate the hated faith. Historians have sought to explain the relentless barbarity of Shapur by supposing that he dreaded the effect of the unity of faith that existed between the Persian Christians and the Eastern Roman empire. However that may be, the Persian Martyrology, as collected by Assemani, is rich in examples of fidelity to Christ amid the most agonising inflictions. In the fifth century the persecutions sustained by the Christians from the Zoroastrians were equally severe. After the Council of Ephesus in 431, the Persian Christians, who all sided with Nestorius, fell from the communion of the Church Catholic. This entirely altered their relation to the Eastern Roman empire, and no political pretext could now be adduced for their oppression. The zeal of the Zoroastrians, however, against the Christian faith hardly seems to have relaxed. We have a remarkable proof of the extent to which the spirit of intolerance had taken possession even of public functionaries, in a proclamation which Mîhr-nerseh, a Persian Governor, issued to the Christians of Armenia. He enters at great length into theological argument, endeavouring to show that “all men who dwell under heaven and hold not the belief of the Mastesens, (Mazdiasnians, wor-

shippers of Ormazd,) are deaf and blind, and betrayed by the devil serpent." The Governor then proceeds to expound Zoroastrianism, and to attack Christianity, especially the doctrines of the Incarnation and Crucifixion. "Even demons cannot be forcibly imprisoned and tortured; and how can God the Creator? Do your detestable opinions really deserve an answer?" Our limits will hardly permit us to quote from the answer to this manifesto sent by Bishop Joseph—a document calm, full, and eloquent, and marked by a beautifully Christian spirit. After giving a summary of Christian doctrine, the Bishop proceeds:—"From this belief no one can move us; neither angels, nor men, nor fire, nor sword, nor any tortures. Our goods and possessions are before thee, to dispose of as thou wilt; leave us to our faith, and we will seek no master on earth but thee, and no God in heaven save Christ. If otherwise,—tortures are thine, and patience ours; thou hast the sword, and we the neck; we are no better than our fathers, who for their faith gave up goods and life." We know few things in history more interesting than the struggles of the Armenians in defence of their religion\* against the Persians. Vartan, and other Armenian leaders, seem to have been animated by a spirit at once Christian and heroic. It was while these wars were raging that Moses of Chorene wrote his celebrated history, which concludes in a strain of deeply mournful lamentation over the miseries which the fierce bigotry of the Persians had brought upon his country and his church.

During the sixth century, under the dominion of Naushirvan the Just, the sufferings of the Persian Christians must have been considerably mitigated. An interesting fact is related in connection with his family. The mother of his son Naushizad was a Christian, and both the prince and his mother refused to abandon their faith,—whereupon the king put his son into confinement. The prince escaped, and raised the standard of revolt. He was soon defeated and slain; and his dying request was that his body might be sent to his mother to receive Christian burial.—The weak and luxurious Khosru Parvîz rekindled the flames of persecution. He also made war on the Eastern empire, and solemnly vowed that there should be no peace between Constantinople and Persia until the Christians should reject the worship of the Crucified, and embrace the religion of the Sun. Vain boast! He who had marched for years from victory to victory, was soon

\* See St. Martin's *Mémoires sur l'Arménie*; and the *History of Vartan*, translated from the Armenian by Professor Neumann.

afterwards visited by a series of dire misfortunes, until he was put to death by command of his own son. In a few years more the faith of Zoroaster had to implore from the stern followers of Mohammad the toleration it had denied to the faith of Christ.

The victorious Moslem divided the religions of the nation they conquered into two classes—the proscribed and the tolerated. The religion of Zoroaster was amongst the latter, along with that of the Jews and Christians.\* Submission and tribute exempted the fire-worshippers from active persecution. No record remains, even among the Parsis themselves, of any remarkable suffering to which they were subjected. No Persian Vartan arose to vindicate at once the faith and freedom of his country; no Persian priest followed the example of good Bishop Joseph, and with calm persuasiveness asserted, in the face of authority, the claim of the ancient worship. The “religion of the Sun” cannot boast of martyrs. When violence arose, it seems to have at once succumbed; and when left to itself, it gradually sunk into insignificance, contempt, and almost extinction. The entire realm “from Shiraz to Samarcand” imbibed the faith of the Koran, save where the remnant of Christians declined the advances of the dominant creed. Two centuries sufficed to sweep every vestige of it from high places—the last Zoroastrian of rank being a chief who ruled near the Caspian Sea in the beginning of the tenth century.

One may fairly infer from such facts, that the religion of Zoroaster had never very deeply penetrated into the general mind of Persia. It was a State religion, maintained for State purposes,—it was doubtless the faith of a haughty, persecuting hierarchy; but we fail to see evidence that it had touched the hearts of the people. So far as Persia itself is concerned, the fire temples now glimmer with a flickering light, which must soon be quenched in darkness. Zoroastrianism is restricted to two spots, Yazd and Kirman; and there, according to Westergaard, who visited them thirteen years ago, “has dwindled, and still gradually dwindles, the last remnant of the votaries of the ancient creed—the few become fewer, and they sink deeper in wretchedness and poverty.” About two hundred years ago travellers estimated the Gabars (as they are called in Persia) at eighty thousand families; but Mr. Westergaard found them reckoned in 1843 at one thousand families in Yazd, and one hundred in Kirman—in all, five thousand five hundred individuals.

\* Gibbon, Chap. li.

Their insignificance does not shield them from persecution, and since 1843 not a few of the feeble band have been scattered. One might venture to predict that in the realm where Khosru ruled with unparalleled magnificence, his boasted "religion of the Sun" will be extinguished with the present generation.\*

But our Indian Parsis have been in more favourable circumstances. Unhappily, the *Kissah-i-Sanján*, the work which most fully details the circumstances in which they came to India, is of so late a date as A.D. 1599. It is written in Persian verse, by Bahram of Nausárí, after the narrative of "a wise Dastur." Westergaard remarks that it is not at all improbable that the Parsis came to India from South-eastern Persia, and that "it may very well have been the profits of their trade, rather than the persecution of their faith, that brought them to India." This remark may appear rather unkind, seeing that the Indian Parsis have always referred their expatriation to their love for their religion; but the fact that they speedily lost (or never brought) their religious books, does seem to indicate that their zeal for Zoroastrianism was not very warm. At the same time, it is exceedingly probable that the oppression of the Moslem was felt to be worse than exile.

The *Kissah-i-Sanján*, or *Tale of Sanján*, is interesting as a monument of Parsi thought as it stood two and a half centuries ago. It has been tastefully rendered by Mr. Eastwick, and our readers will find it worthy of some attention, although we cannot admit that the writer has (to employ a favourite phrase of his own) "pierced the pearl of intelligence excellently." As a record of the earlier history of the Parsi refugees, the tract is almost worthless. It tells us that the faithful remnant of the worshippers of Hormazd, after the Arabs had overthrown Persia, concealed themselves in the mountains for a hundred years; then they departed to the city of Hormaz (Ormus, in the Persian Gulf). Here they remained fifteen years; but still suffering oppression, they bethought themselves of Hind (India). They sailed accordingly, and landed at Dib (Diu or Diva, an island on the South-west coast of Katiawar). Here they remained nineteen years. They next proceeded to Sanján, a town about twenty-four miles south of Damaun. Here they expounded their faith to the Hindu Raja of whom they asked shelter.

● "O Prince of excellent fortune!  
We are the poor descendents of Jamshid;

\* To the celebrated fire temple of Báku, on the shore of the Caspian, several Parsi priests recently were sent. Some of them died, and by this time probably all may have left the place.

We reverence the moon and the sun.  
Three other things we hold in estimation,—  
The cow, water, and fire.  
We worship fire and water,  
Also the cow, the sun, and moon ;  
Whatever God has created in the world  
We pray to, for He has selected them.  
This Belt composed of seventy-two threads  
We bind on with the solemnity of vows.\*

Thus runs on the exposition ; it is remarkable as being almost exclusively a statement of ritual observances, and could its historical accuracy be relied on, it would prove that the refugees were both depressed and ignorant. Yet they had brought with them the “tools and skill of Khorasan,” and they prospered under the protection of the Hindu prince. They remained at Sanjân about three hundred years, and then gradually spread into the neighbouring towns of Gujarât. About five hundred years after their arrival, says our author, but probably nearer seven hundred years, they assisted the Hindus against their old enemies, the Muslims, and are stated to have fought gallantly. Their fighting men were fourteen hundred in number. The Muslims were victorious. The Parsis were scattered, and the sacred fire was neglected for twelve years. Then it was conveyed for security inland to the village of Bausadah, which became like a second Sanjân—a place where “every tribe of the true believers flourished.” This lasted for fourteen years, when the sacred flame was brought to the town of Nausâri, near Surat. Nausâri continues to be regarded as an almost sacred spot ; Sanjân has long been forsaken. Surat became a place of great attraction to the Parsis, from its commercial importance, as has latterly Bombay. It is not easy to say what their numbers amount to. A few years ago they would have been estimated at sixty thousand or so, in all Western India. Our Bombay census is unhappily not much to be relied on : we may perhaps say that the Parsis in Western India nearly amount to one hundred thousand.

Such, then, is the small remnant which still regards the Zend Avesta as the voice of the Divinity. It was the firm belief of the ancient Persians that the whole earth would be converted to the law of Zoroaster ; and when the “great kings,” Darius and his successors, had laid part of India under tribute, had overpowered the lesser Asia and Egypt, and were hurling their vast armaments against the coasts of Greece, it seemed as if the daring hope

might be fulfilled. But Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Salamis were not fought in vain : the torrent of Asiatic semi-barbarism was stemmed, and the civilisation of Europe stood secure. Five hundred years elapsed, and Persia again arose to grasp at the sovereignty of Asia, and dream of claiming at least the entire East for the resuscitated law of Zoroaster. Sternly, relentlessly she prosecuted the work of conquest and proselytism for four hundred years ; and then she fell—to rise no more.

It is remarkable that the Zoroastrians contributed almost nothing to the progress of human thought. No book has ever proceeded from the followers of Ormazd which “ posterity will not willingly let die.” The barbaric magnificence of the Sasanian monarchs, like that of the Archæmerian kings, passed and left no memorial. The nation of Armenia, closely kindred to Persia, after its conversion to Christianity in the fourth century, built up a national literature, which the Armenians to this day proudly point to, and try to emulate. The Christian Syrians also, to the west, who were continually mingling with the Persians, possessed numerous and excellent writers, and strove, but strove in vain, to arouse the mind of the Zoroastrians to independent thought. The wild Arabs of the desert ere long proved themselves to be as powerful with the pen as with the sword. The mind of Persia awoke, but not until Zoroastrianism had passed away ; for its graceful literature is wholly Mohammadan. Save the Zend Avesta itself—which is interesting and important, assuredly, for no literary merit,—Zoroastrian literature is of no account. The Pehlvi books that have come down to us, the Bundeshne, the Dinkard, the Wajarkard, &c., escape the condemnation of inanity only when they are wholly unintelligible. The Persian books of the Zoroastrians, the Ardaī Viraf Nameh, Zartusht Nameh, &c., are filled with the most childish legends. Almost the only names of learned men to which we can point among our Indian Parsis, are Neriosangh, who translated the Zend Yagya into Sanskrit, probably about the middle of the fifteenth century,—and Mulla Firúz, a learned chief priest in Bombay, who died about twenty-three years ago. In addition to a knowledge of Zend and Pehlvi, the latter wrote Persian poetry with some success.

How is this extraordinary dearth of intellect to be explained ? We hardly know. It may in part be accounted for by the fact we have tried to establish, namely, that the restored Zoroastrianism of the Sasanian kings was chiefly a State engine, which never powerfully affected the popular mind. Zend even was wholly unintelligible to the people ; yet, doubtless, under Ardashir and Shapur,



the worshipper of Ormazd was taught to mutter the mystic prayers which on the esplanade of Bombay our Parsis offer at this day—in equal ignorance of their signification, and with an equally deadening effect on the higher sensibilities of the mind.

But we must pause. There remains still untouched the entire subject of Parsi faith and rites. This, possibly, we may one day attempt. But while our great explorers are still in the midst of their labours—while Westergaard's work is but half, and Spiegel's but one-third accomplished, we had rather wait before essaying so high and arduous a theme.

And now one word in conclusion. We have spoken much of the past of the Parsis: who shall venture to predict their future? Yet, for wise and gracious purposes, we trust, have our Parsi brethren been brought, in the providence of God, to the land of Hapta Hendu.\* While the remnant of their co-religionists in Persia will infallibly be absorbed in the mass of the semi-civilised Moslem, and form, like all Moslem communities, but a dead weight on the onward march of things, our Indian Parsis are marked out, we hope, for a different and far happier lot. Daily coming in contact with European influences, our earnest hope is that they will not merely themselves be vitally affected by them, but help to transmit the quickening stream to their Hindu neighbours—repaying thus the old debt of kindness which the fugitives of Iran owe to the hospitality of India. Would it be a fond dream even to think that ere long, submitting to a far higher than the "new law" of Zoroaster, they may recompense the Moslem of Persia, at once their kinsmen and oppressors, for all the injuries of the past, by imparting to them the knowledge of that faith and that "new commandment" of love, which, when they penetrate the heart, not only prepare for heaven, but change earth into heaven's likeness? India, we rejoice to believe, will march at the head of Asiatic kingdoms, teaching the awakened East to emulate the West in all that forms the glory and defence of nations. And who shall be the leaders of India—the foremost of her sons in the career of improvement? We think the Parsis might be so—as a small, compact, conspicuous band, like the "Immortals" of their ancient kings. Will they rise to this high calling? Earnestly do we put the question to those younger men among them, (it is needless to mention well-known names,) who to the distinction of wealth and station are adding the far nobler honour of active well-doing. Will they—yea or nay? Not polemically nor tauntingly—God

\* "The land of the seven rivers,"—the Zend name of India.

forbid !—but with all affectionate solicitude, we tell them that it is high time to remember that civilisation in the nineteenth century is coincident with Christianity. It is high time to turn from the paling light of the “Golden Star,” to walk in the cloudless shining of the Sun of Righteousness. Else, the priceless honour now within their grasp, will to the Parsis, *as a community*, be lost for ever. India will still advance ; she will rise to claim her place as a member of the family of civilised and Christian nations ; but the vanguard of the regenerated and rejoicing East will not be the “remnant of Elam.”\*

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#### ART. IV.—THE FIRST WARS AND TREATIES OF THE WESTERN PRESIDENCY.

*Records of the Government of Bombay, from 1726 to 1740.*

A MERCANTILE Company transformed into one of the great powers of the earth, and driven by the force of circumstances to the conquest of an empire, is, like other effects which we do not trace to their causes, regarded as a phenomenon. This is merely because historians have been able to collect only a few facts relative to its earliest days, and those facts separated by frequent and large lacunæ. But an object of the present narrative is to show that the growth of English dominion, although fostered by a superhuman arm, was regulated by fixed and natural laws,—even by laws similar to those which regulate the development of the human mind. The East India Company was trained and gradu-

\* Many have written—and some have written well—on the subject of Parsi antiquities, whom, in our brief review, we have not been able to notice. Writers connected with Bombay might have required especial notice—for example, Mr. W. Erskine and the Rev. Dr. Wilson. The papers of the former are, for the time when they were written, admirable ; and the work of the latter on the Parsi religion is marked by research, and learning. The Parsis themselves have begun to write on questions connected with Zoroastrian antiquity ; we doubt not they will soon do so still more largely and successfully.

ally brought to maturity by a process parallel to that through which a little inmate of the nursery may have passed when first starting on the race for fame. The possessor of a wooden sword, a penny trumpet, and a diminutive drum, glows already with military ardour as a gay regiment passes by him, and the spark is fanned into a flame by hard knocks at school, struggles in manly games, and perhaps town and gown rows at the University, until he submits to the preliminaries of drill, enters on a real campaign, and in due time appears as a distinguished officer. So with respect to the East India Company: if its servants had been allowed to live peaceably in its nursery of Surat, without provocatives being offered to their military propensities, there would have been no more probability of their becoming a political power than there is at present of any Steam Navigation or Railway Company becoming one; and at the breaking up of the Moghul Empire they might have been found, like ancient Britons when the Roman legions were withdrawn, incapable of defending themselves against distant rovers or predatory neighbours. But they were very soon taught the necessity of self-dependence,—of looking to none but themselves for an assertion of their rights. The clamours of a ferocious mob endeavouring to beat down their Factory gates first induced them to keep a small establishment of peons as a domestic police; the oppressions which they endured under Native Governments then convinced them that a fortified Factory and an insular stronghold were required; next, because their trade would otherwise have been at the mercy of pirates, they built, equipped, and armed a fleet of grabs and gallivats; lastly, their very existence depended, not only on their maintenance of standing armies, but on their ability to cripple the strength of adversaries by invasions of their territories. We do not, indeed, assert that they have in every single instance been thus involuntarily led to aggression, or deny that they have more than once wilfully disturbed the comity of nations; but we maintain that they never contemplated the seizure of a province, much less of the Indian Continent, until compelled by the force of circumstances; and that the Anglo-Indian is the only empire in the world which has not owed its origin to a lust of conquest. And it is highly instructive to observe that the events of the Company's history form a regular chain, which was none of their forging. In welding the links together they were unconscious agents of Him who, holding nations in his balance, puts down one that He may set up another.

The perils in which the Company were involved by the aggressions of Native Chiefs were now rapidly approaching that

point at which it becomes obvious that one of two contending parties must be sacrificed for the safety of the other; and of all those who were preparing vengeance for themselves, none seemed so pertinacious as Angria. Although he had in 1728 made a proposition for a pacific settlement of disputes, he captured the Company's galley "King William" in the following year, and took prisoner Captain McNeale. This unfortunate officer, having made afterwards a fruitless attempt to escape, was loaded with irons, and so severely beaten that his life was despaired of. Only after many years was he released, with some other European prisoners; and then his ransom cost him five hundred rupees, which, however, were repaid him by Government in consideration for his severe sufferings. In 1730 a hope was indulged that, by an alliance with the Bhonslays of Sawunt Waree, the common enemy Angria might be effectually punished; but this proved visionary, although a treaty was actually made and ratified. Soon after this the death of Kanhojee Angria must have occurred.\*

Kanhojee left two legitimate sons, between whom his territories were divided; Sukojee, the elder, obtaining Colaba as his share, and the southern coast falling to Sumbhajee, the younger. The former made friendly advances towards the English Government, and the twenty-first of June 1733 being considered a fortunate day, two of his envoys presented themselves before the President in Council with proposals of peace; but death frustrated his good intentions. Manajee, an illegitimate son of the late Kanhojee, then took Colaba by escalade, with the assistance of the Portuguese, and successfully resisted all Sumbhajee's efforts to displace him. Forming an alliance with Sahoojee, the Maratha Raja, or rather with Bajee Rao, the Peshwa, whose power was becoming absolute, he endeavoured to gain the fort of Anjeenwell, under the guns of which lay the fleet belonging to the Siddee of Jinjeera. To prevent such a consummation, and check the growth of his power, the Government of Bombay sent Captain McNeale, who had recently gained his liberty, and Lieutenant Inchbird, with the "Victoria," "Bombay," and "Princess" galleys, to the Siddee's assistance; but for some reason not assigned, they did not sail until the following March;

\* Consultation Book of the Bombay Government, 10th February 1728, 1729, and April 1735. The Treaty is dated 12th January 1730. Grant Duff surmised that Kanhojee Angria died in 1728, but added in a note, "I am not certain of this date, as I have not observed it in the English Records." Kanhojee is mentioned in the treaty with the Bhonslay as still alive, and therefore this surmise must be incorrect.

and even then, although their force consisted of two ensigns, four serjeants, four corporals, forty European soldiers, and sixty topasses, with six nine-pounder guns, they were not empowered to take active measures, but merely to consult with the Siddee, and deliver to him sixty barrels of gunpowder and a hundred muskets. Such lukewarm aid was, as might have been expected, unavailing; and Manajee Angria having gained possession of his enemy's grabs and gallivats, was permitted to retain them on paying seventy thousand rupees to Bajee Rao, who also acquired for himself several of the Siddee's forts. Another of the same Angria's conquests caused more vexation and dismay to the English Government than all the rest: Rewanee on the river Pen, which flows into the harbour of Bombay, became his, and thus he held in his hand a key to the communication of the island with the continent. A passage boat plied regularly between the two places, for the convenience of the Brinjaries, who brought merchandise from the interior, and who, it was feared, might on their return convey to the pirate-chief intelligence of all that was occurring at Bombay. At first it was proposed that the ferry should be stopped; but on reflection, the Councillors of Bombay decided that its continuance was most important to their trade, that if this means of information were destroyed, still Angria could always learn all that he required, in some other way, from his countrymen who resided on the island, and that, after all, any advantages or disadvantages of keeping this communication open would be reaped in equal portions by themselves and their enemy; for, although their measures would be revealed to him, they would also be provided with an opportunity of seeing through his subtle designs.

● No symptom manifested more decidedly the growing importance of the English Government than the flattering letters and proposals which they received in the course of these affairs from Bajee Rao, one of the most sagacious and discriminating statesmen that ever adorned the Maratha empire. When besieging Rajapore, he wrote in the name of the Raja of Satara to the President and Council of Bombay, begging that they would not permit their fleet to interfere with his operations; and shortly afterwards he invited them to mediate between himself and the Siddee, sending an envoy of distinction to them, and another to Rajapore, who was met there by Messrs. Lowther and Dickenson. However, much as the English were disposed to be on friendly terms with the powerful Peshwa, they could take no part with him then, because he was in alliance with Angria, their unrelenting foe, against whose fleet they at once sent four cruisers;

and these little men-of-war, under the command of Captains Lewis Frampton and Tolson, intercepted the enemy as he was sailing from Colaba to Rajapore. As it was never the policy of Maratha sailors to risk a naval engagement, an exciting chase was the sole result. Divided counsels seem to have frustrated the efforts of the English officers, who were engaged in quarrelling with one another when their whole attention should have been directed to Angria's fleet, so that the whole of it escaped, with the exception of one large grab which ran ashore in the bay of Antigheria. In the mean while Messrs. Lowther and Dickenson had arranged with the several Siddees of Jingeera a treaty of alliance, afterwards ratified by their Government, according to which both parties bound themselves to act in concert against Angria, and not to treat with him except by mutual consent. They agreed that all prizes taken at sea should be allotted to the English, and to the Siddee all conquests made on land, with the exceptions of Khanery, which, if taken, should be delivered with all its guns and stores to the English, and the fort and district of Colaba, which should be demolished. The contracting parties were to divide equally between themselves the revenues of Colaba, and the English to build a Factory and Fort at Mhopal in that district, situated between the rivers Pen and Nagotana.\*

But the Siddees' prosperous days had passed; their power was on the wane, and of little assistance to the English in combatting the more formidable Angrias. So serious were the injuries inflicted by those pirates, and so heavy the expense of fitting out ships to protect trade, that the Company were prevented from making their usual investments, and in their alarm even began to anticipate an extinction of their commerce in Western India. Emboldened by success, and looking for support from the Raja of Satara, the Angrias aspired to bring all the Siddees' territories under their subjection, and possess themselves of every port on the coast between Bombay and Goa. Nor, in all probability, would their efforts have been fruitless, if family dissensions, which so often thwart the best-matured designs of Native powers, had not intervened. Manajer and Sumblajee became estranged from each other, to the great satisfaction of the President and Council, who

\* The above account of operations against Angria is imperfect, but as complete as could be compiled from the mutilated Records of Government for the months from June to December, inclusive, and March 1734. Grant Duff, who chiefly depended for his knowledge of the records upon extracts furnished him by Mr. Romer, the Political Agent at Surat, has not alluded to these events, which belong to Maratha history, and are only worthy of notice as exhibiting the first attempts of the English at offensive warfare.

at once resolved to foment their disputes. With that view, they sent to Colaba Captain Inchbird, who had become better acquainted with the customs and languages of the Natives than all his cotemporaries, and was in consequence the favourite diplomatist of the day. His instructions were simple; he was directed to assist Manajee with money and military stores, and "to take all opportunities of spiriting him up to carry on his resentments against his brother."

At the same time, naval operations were undertaken, and Commodore Bagwell, with four grabs, having cruised for long in search of Sumbhaje's fleet, and only caught occasional glimpses of them, was delighted on the twenty-second of December 1738 to see nine of his grabs and thirteen gallivats issuing from the port of Gheria, and creeping timidly along the shore. Disproportioned as his force was in numbers, he at once bore down upon them; but, anxious only to avoid a conflict, they stood into the river of Rajapore, where the gallant and impatient Commodore beheld them lying at anchor, and in bravado displaying all their flags and pendants. At a loss to account for what he called such "consummate impudence," he conjectured that they must be relying for safety upon a fort, or some hidden dangers of the navigation with which he was unacquainted. After a brief consultation, however, with his two Captains, he resolved to engage them at close quarters, and made all sail to approach them, as his crews gave three hearty cheers. But the enemy's defiance had been only vain show, and on seeing the English really bearing down upon him, his first aim was to run up the river. The eager Commodore used his utmost efforts to prevent him from carrying this into effect. "Before some of them could slip or cut," he wrote afterwards, "I was within musquett shott, and did really think I should have been on board one of them." As it was, luck did not declare in his favour; they scampered off under his heavy broadsides, until he found himself with only four fathoms of water, and locked in by the rocks. Ignorant of the navigation, he was compelled to give the signal for retiring, and had but the slight satisfaction of hearing afterwards that he had inflicted much damage upon the enemy's fleet, and killed his chief admiral.

Thus avoiding all encounters with the English fleet, Sumbhaje still contrived to prey upon their shipping. On the twenty-sixth or twenty-seventh of December 1735 he had inflicted a most severe blow on their trade by attacking the "Derby," a large mreehautman, with five of his grabs. After a severe engagement,

in which all her masts were shot away, he succeeded in making her his prize, and thus procuring such a large supply of naval stores that he was enabled to equip his ships as well as any on the coast. The same year in which his ships had fled so disgracefully before the little squadron under Commodore Bagwell, he was much elated by capturing the Company's grab called the "Anne," and several smaller vessels with rich cargoes. As though satisfied with such signal successes, he pretended to wish for peace, and in 1739 made overtures to the English Government; but as he demanded that they should provide all their trading vessels with his passes, and pay him two millions of rupees annually for the free navigation of the seas, his proposals were at once rejected as absurdly extravagant. The following January he fixed his eyes upon a larger prey than he had ever before ventured to attack. On the ninth of that month, as the "Harrington," "Pulteney," "Ceres," and "Halifax," four East Indiamen which had just arrived on the coast from England, were waiting for a convoy, they descried at sunset fifteen sail, which they soon knew to be Angria's fleet. Singling out the "Harrington," as she was some distance from the rest, the enemy formed their line abreast, according to custom, and, firing their prow-guns, bore down upon the Indiaman, which at first only replied with her stern chasers; then finding her weight of metal superior, tacked and delivered three broadsides. After a distant contest of five hours, the pirates sailed away; but, unwilling to lose such a rich prize, appeared again at five the next morning, rending the air as they drew near with discordant music. This time the "Harrington" accepted their invitation at once, and they were proportionately reluctant to engage at close quarters; but at last she came up with three large grabs, including their admiral's, and shortly after no fewer than six were within a few yards of her. At noon their admiral's vessel was crippled, and they sheered off, the gallivats which were impelled by oars taking him in tow, and thus getting to windward, where the large English ship could not follow them. Their repulse at that juncture was most fortunate, as the ammunition on board the "Harrington" was expended, and her commander could not have continued the fight longer. Knowing that it was his best policy to look his enemy in the face, he lay to for three hours, but they did not venture to renew the engagement.

As for Manajee Angria, he was a fast and loose friend, or an actual enemy, just as it suited him. Even his friendship was dangerous, and, to use the comparison of the Indian moralist,



he was like coal, which, when hot, burns the hand, and when cold, blackens it; when he professed to be a close ally of the English, his covetous nature could not resist the temptation, if one of their unarmed ships happened to be sailing near his quarters. At the very time his envoy was making protestations of friendly sentiments at Bombay, he seized two vessels laden with grain for the island, and before remonstrance could reach him, two other vessels belonging to the Factory of Surat. All complaints and threats he met with excuses and evasions. When, however, he had gone so far as to make English prisoners labour at his public works, such insolence could no longer be tolerated, and in March 1739 Captain Ingham, sailing with his little fleet to Caranja, which had just fallen into Manajee's hands, captured eight of his fighting gallivats, and thirteen fishing boats. In November Manajee took the Island of Elephanta, hoisting his flag there in defiance of the little English garrison of Butchers' Island; and although he had begun an amicable correspondence in April with the English, and showed a disposition to make restitution for past injuries, he detained in July four boats which they had sent across the harbour to open communications with the General of the Maratha Peshwa. As this last insult was offered at a time when a rupture would have been inconvenient, it was overlooked, and a hollow peace was made between him and the English Government. Sometime afterwards, misfortunes changed his disposition, and brought him as a suppliant to Bombay, where he represented that his brother Sumbhajeo having taken Choul, Alibagh, Thul, and Sagurgurh, had laid siege to Colaba, and cut off all the fresh water of the garrison. At his earnest request, the President and Council sent a few grabs, which conveyed a supply of water, scared Sumbhajeo's fleet away, and opened such a heavy cannonade upon his camp, as compelled him to remove it from the sea-side, and throw up entrenchments for its protection. The humbled invader then begged that the English commanders would permit him to retire quietly, and on that being refused, he made a disorderly retreat.

No sooner, however, had Manajee been thus delivered from his brother's gripe than the approach of friends threatened him with a worse danger. The Marathas were actually marching to his relief, which signified, in other words, that they proposed settling themselves in Colaba, and appropriating its revenues to themselves. Dismayed at the prospect, he deprived them of all excuse for any further advance by hastily patching up a truce with Sumbhajeo,

and the two Angrias having received a wholesome warning, lived for a time in fraternal concord.\*

As there was no hope that Sumbhajeo would ever cease to be a robber, or that he would honestly observe any treaties he might make with the English, they conceived it necessary to strengthen their interests by forming an alliance with his opponents. The power which of all others was every day becoming more formidable, not only on account of its great resources, but also of a certain mystery which, in the opinion of the English, hung about it, was that of the Raja of Satara, or rather of his ambitious minister. The active and marauding Sivajees, as the Marathas had been called, now mustered regular armies, with well equipped trains of artillery, and not content with levying black mail in the open country, were prepared to batter down walls, and capture their neighbours' fortresses. Their propensities were, indeed, feline rather than canine, and, preferring weak to strong enemies, they set their covetous eyes on the Portuguese possessions which lay at intervals between Goa and Surat, all of which they had sanguine expectations of acquiring. In the vicinity of Bombay their progress was more alarming than elsewhere. As they advanced, the Portuguese resisted—sometimes with desperate courage, like some wild beast at bay, which may for awhile stagger the hunters by the ferocity of its aspect, but unable to save its own life, can at worst only inflict mortal injury upon one or two of its numerous assailants. Year by year the power which, since the days of Albuquerque, had added romantic pages to Indian history; which, instead of being content, like the British, with the monotonous details of commerce, had been distinguished alike by the brilliancy of its heroism and the magnitude of its vices; by the sacks of cities, the plunder of helpless ryots, the establishment of the Inquisition and other such tender appliances for the conversion of heathen; by the multitude of its slaves, and the capaciousness of its hidalgos' harems,—year after year that power was being curtailed by the encroachments of its enemies, and ever and anon tidings reached Bombay that the Marathas had seized another Portuguese fort, or appropriated to themselves the revenues of another Portuguese district. In 1731 Tanna was threatened, and the Government of Bombay, disposed at the time to assist the weaker side, sent three hundred men to garrison it, but soon afterwards withdrew their aid, and rather countenanced the aggressors. How little the English

\* Consultation Book for the dates above specified, and 31st May, November and December, 1734, January and April 1740; Surat Diary, 22nd January 1736; Grant Duff, vol. i. chap. 16.

knew on that occasion of a people who were soon to be the terror of the whole peninsula, may be inferred from the fact, that the Factors of Surat, when forwarding a despatch to their friends at Bengal, deemed it necessary to explain who the Marathas were. "The Portuguese territories adjacent to Bombay," they wrote, "have been suddenly invaded by the Marathas, a people subject to the Squ Rajah, who have prosecuted their attempts so successfully as to render even our Honourable Masters' island in danger."\* In 1737 the Maratha army sat down before Tanna, and although the Portuguese repelled two assaults with bravery, the third struck them with a panic, and the place was taken.

The English anticipated that they would be the next objects of attack, but fearing to provoke the invaders by any resolute effort to protect their victims, were satisfied with despatching fifty men and some ammunition to assist in the defence of Bandora. At the same time, they declared their intention of remaining neutral in other respects, and were so inconsistent as not only to apprise the Marathas when the Portuguese were making great preparations for the recovery of Tanna, but even to supply the garrison with powder and shot ; in consequence of which the expedition failed, and its brave commander, Don Antonio Frois, was slain. In extenuation of such ungenerous conduct, the English pleaded that they were but retaliating on the Portuguese for the information which they had communicated, and the supplies which they had furnished, to the Siddee, when he invaded Bombay ; but surely forty years and the compassion due to a decaying nation ought to have obliterated that grudge from their memories. As it was, mutual feelings of distrust and hatred lurked in the minds of the English and Portuguese, and for some time manifested themselves in an angry correspondence. Martin d'Silveira, the General of the North, in abrupt language warned the Governor of Bombay, that if the Marathas gained a footing in Salsette, they would next look upon Bombay as their prey. In his communications the usual formalities of courtesy were laid aside, and he declared that as the English Chief had not shown him due respect in his misfortunes, he must retort by merely styling his correspondent *Vossa merce*, and withholding from him the more dignified title of *Vossa Senhoria*.

Soon after Tanna had fallen, Tarrapoor shared its fate. The Marathas scaled its walls, and entered sword in hand ; but we are proud to record how the commandant of the victorious army in-

\* Consultation Book, April 1731 ; Letter from Surat, dated 20th April 1737.

formed his superior that the garrison "fought with the bravery of Europeans," until they were overwhelmed by numbers. Already Ghinnajee Appa, the Maratha General, and brother of the Peshwa, had taken by storm the fort of Mahim Kellum, to the northward of Bassein, cut off all communications with the inland fort of Assercee, and made himself master of the district which surrounded Tarrapoor. With much apparent candour, he then announced to the Government of Bombay his intention of attacking Versova and Bandora, and recommended that from the latter place their feeble garrison should be withdrawn. This advice the English at first declined to follow; but on reflection, the fort appeared to them untenable, if assailed by a large force, and if taken, it would be a stronghold of their dreaded neighbours. So, as they had now re-established friendly communications with the General of the North, they urged him to dismantle his fortifications, and demolish the battery below the Church of Senhora de Monte, which commanded the channel in the narrow strait called the Mahim river. This was accordingly done, and an order also issued for blowing up all the buildings at Bandora. The Superior of the Jesuit College resisted this order to his utmost, proceeding from remonstrances to threats, and actually deterring De Souza Terras, the commanding officer, from the execution of his duty. The authority of the Divine was clearly superior to that of the Commandant, and the former would have gained his cause, if the latter had not now become dependent upon the Protestant Government of Bombay. For aid from Goa, which was itself distressed by Maratha invasion, John de Souza Terras had long looked in vain, and he now, in pathetic terms, represented to the English authorities the deplorable circumstances of his countrymen, remarking that, severe as had been their losses, never seemed to be in store for them; that Bassein would be immediately assailed, and that, through the negligence of the deceased commandant, it had been so badly provisioned, that in case of a siege it could not hold out more than fifteen days. He begged hard for a supply of rice, but as Bombay itself was threatened with famine, the Government were compelled to reject his appeals.

Situated at the northern extremity of that narrow arm of the sea which clasps the islands of Salsette and Bombay, is the ruined city of Bassein. It is a monument of departed greatness, and a love of splendour, as distinct from the love of money, for which the English were so famed. "Its fertile soil still rewards the fortunate cultivator; but its streets are scenes of utter desolation, its buildings roofless, its tombs of lordly bishops and governors

mouldering as the bones they conceal, and twisted roots struggle successfully to displace the stones of its massive walls. There, where a fanatically religious, irrationally proud, and coarsely dissipated people kept high festivals, led gorgeous pageants, toyed in wanton amours, and drowned the intellect of their species in Goanese arrack, or the heady wines of Oporto,—there silence and ruin sat supreme, until at last a speculator's drastic energies have introduced the creaking mill, and jarring voices of native labourers. For years the tenantless city was itself a monument of the Indo-Portuguese race, and a fertile theme for the meditations of romantic visitors. "It reminds me," wrote Bishop Heber, 'of some story of enchantment which I had read in my childhood, and I could almost have expected to see the shades of its original inhabitants flitting about among the jungle which now grows in melancholy luxuriance in the courts and areas of churches, convents, and houses.'

At the period of which we write, Bassein stood uninjured by an enemy, unshorn of its grandeur, having been for two centuries in undisturbed possession of the Portuguese, whose historian declares that it was the largest city which his countrymen had built in India, and comprehended the greatest extent of territory. Seven churches of an almost uniform style, had little to strike the observer, except their size and rather elegant façades; but surrounded, as they still are, by the ruins of tenements belonging to monastic orders, they testify that the Portuguese had a zeal for God, though not according to knowledge. The city was protected by a strong wall and ramparts, flanked with bastions, and so fearful were the inhabitants of a surprise, that for long no Maratha had been permitted to pass a night within the gates.

Inspired by success, the Maratha army at the commencement of the year 1739 invested the place, and having on the ninth of February taken possession of Versova, which had been abandoned by the Portuguese, pressed the siege with the greatest eagerness. John Xavier de Pinto, the commandant, endeavoured to appease the enemy by humble messages and an offer of tribute, but nothing short of absolute submission would be accepted. Soon after operations had been commenced in earnest, De Pinto was killed, and was succeeded in his command by De Souza Pereira, who repeatedly wrote to the Government of Bombay, stating the condition of the besieged, and joining his entreaties with those of the General of the North, that timely succours might be sent to them. When the enemy had approached the

wall by sapping, and were preparing a mine, he desired that the English would instruct him how their approaches should be destroyed ; upon which Mr. John Brown, Engineer, and Bombardier-Major Joseph Smith were called upon to give their opinions. Neither of these gentlemen had seen Bassein, or even a plan of the fortifications ; but reluctant to lose the opportunity of displaying some professional knowledge, they declared that, as the soil was sandy, the enemy could not dig mines of sufficient depth to injure the walls, and that as their works must be superficial, the best way to annoy them would be “ by sally, or raining shells plentifully upon them.” Deriving small benefit from such sage advice, the besieged next supplicated for what was far more needed. In March their ammunition was nearly exhausted, their money spent, and the greater part of their church-plate melted down to purchase supplies. Summoning the senate of the city, the heads of religious orders, and principal inhabitants, the General of the North called upon them to devise means for averting the danger now imminent ; but they could only recommend that fresh appeals should be made to Bombay for military stores, and a loan of a hundred thousand rupees. The President and Council, on receiving this request, were in some perplexity ; for a little sympathy had at last been awakened in their breasts, and they felt as men usually do when the house next their own is in flames ; but on the other hand, they knew the repugnance which the Company had to advancing loans, except on approved security, and remembered how they had visited Governor Horne with their severe displeasure when he had lent money to the Siddee. At first, therefore, they resolved to send “ a handsome excuse,” as they called a sorry evasion, and when delay would be ruin, to tell the besieged that a definitive answer must be deferred until the arrival of a ship from Great Britain, of which they were in daily expectation. But, contrary to usual precedent, more generous impulses, a sense of shame, or reasonable apprehension, succeeded. What, they reflected, would the world say, if they should refuse to assist, in the hour of its greatest peril, a European nation which was in close alliance with their own ? And was it not notorious that the interests of Bassein and Bombay were interwoven, for the fall of the former would assuredly be followed by encroachments upon the latter ? Might not the Portuguese be enabled by a little assistance to hold out until the annual rains should wash the besiegers out of their trenches,—until the onward march of the Persian invader, Nadir Sháh, might call them to meet a more

formidable enemy,—or, lastly, until the Raja of Satara might be appeased by an embassy from the Viceroy of Goa? Influenced by such considerations, they at length agreed to lend fifteen thousand rupees on two securities. One security was the remaining church plate, which the commandant had, after some vain efforts, induced the clergy to resign, and which was to be redeemed at the end of one year. The other was remarkable: it was some brass guns which the Portuguese officer, with a chivalry amounting to Quixotism, determined to remove from his defences. “It should be known to the world,” wrote this gallant blockhead, “how, for the preservation of their king’s city, it was stripped of its artillery, the principal instruments of its defence, whilst they put their trust more in their personal valour, in their constant fidelity and zeal, than in the extraordinary force or hardness of metal.”

In the mean while the siege was carried on with such extraordinary vigour, skill, and perseverance, as perhaps Marathas have in no other instance displayed. They sprang twelve or thirteen mines, and at last made a practicable breach in one of the bastions. Here their troops rushed in many times with unwonted fury, and seemed to have securely established themselves, but they were as often driven back with great slaughter, and hundreds were blown into the air by the explosion of one of their own mines. With singular alacrity, the besieged repaired their defences; but at last their assailants secured a position on the walls, from which they could not be dislodged. Even then the brave Portuguese disputed every inch of ground, until, after a contest of two days, the commandant, seeing that there was no prospect of aid, that eight hundred of his best officers and men were slain, his ammunition was exhausted, his surviving troops were worn out by continued fighting, enfeebled from want of provisions, and dispirited, held out a white flag, and offered to capitulate. Chinnajee Appa, rejoiced to possess a city which he had conquered with a loss of no fewer than five thousand men, according to his own admission—of twenty-two thousand, according to reports current at Bombay—offered most favourable terms to the garrison. The brave commandant showed a liberal anxiety to secure the safety of all who had lived in the district, and stipulated that high and low, Christians, Mussulmans, and Hindus, should continue to reside there, if they pleased, and be allowed to worship God according to the forms of their religion. Such as did not wish to remain in the city, were to have free egress with all their

moveable property, and the garrison were to march out with all the honours of war.\* The articles of capitulation were signed

\* “*Translate of the Capitulations on the part of Caitano d'Souza Pereira, Commandant of the City and Fort of Bassain, for the surrender of the place to Chinnajee Appah, General in Chief of the Sow-Rajah's Army now before the town, under the following conditions :—*

**ARTICLE 1st.** The said Chinnajee Appah shall permit free passage out of the town to all the troops, as well regular as auxiliaries, with their arms in order, drums beating, and colours flying, also with four pieces of cannon and two mortars.

2nd. He shall likewise grant free passage out to all the noble families that are now in the town, with all their moveables and effects, as also to all the Christians, Gentoos, and Moors who do not choose to remain in the place, and that with all their goods and effects

3rd. He shall permit free and unmolested passage out of the port of this place to all vessels of war now in it, with their artillery, and provided at all points for defence, as well as to all other embarkations, gallivats, &c., whose owners do not choose to remain in the place.

4th. He shall furnish all the vessels that may be wanted (charges paid) to convey away to Bombay, Choul, or Damann, as well the noble families as the common people, with all in general that choose to leave the place, with their goods and effects, which they shall carry with them; and shall engage that Augria shall not rob or strip them of what they carry, upon the sea, until they have arrived at their destined port

5th. He shall likewise grant free passage to all in religious orders, and to the priests in general (who do not choose to remain in the place), with leave to carry off their goods and effects such as they may not sell beforehand.

6th. He shall permit the shipping off and carrying out of the place all victualling stores and munitions of war in the town, belonging to the inhabitants and defenders; and in general all treasure in gold or silver, with every one's provisions and moveables, as likewise anything belonging to the churches, of whatever sort or value.

7th. That the Christians who remain voluntarily in the place shall enjoy the liberty of worshipping God, in the faith they profess, as likewise all over the district belonging to that jurisdiction, without being robbed or stripped of what they have got; the same is to be observed in every respect with the Gentoos and Moors that shall choose to stay behind, each according to his law.

8th. The said Chinnajee shall forthwith release all the prisoners in his power, that they may have the benefit of coming away in my company. And I will restore all them I have got, for him to dispose of as he thinks proper, in return for those of our side.

9th. On the day appointed for the garrison's evacuating the place, which is the 23d of May (N. S.), his army shall retreat to Madras, that I may with my troops go over the walls and embark free of any fear of molestation from his army.

10th. Chinnajee Appah shall purchase whatever provisions, moveables, or effects, the inhabitants or others in the place may have and want to sell, by the means of persons of credit or trust, and to that end shall send into the town thirty such, or banyans, to agree the price, paying the value to the proprietors, and receive the things so purchased.



on the fifth of May, one week being allowed for the evacuation of the city, and fulfilment of all the conditions.

Thus fell a European city in India, as a stately tree the growth of two centuries, which falls never to flourish again ! Melancholy as was the issue, yet no contest had been so glorious for the Indo-Portuguese—in none had they earned such unsullied fame since the days when Pacheco, with his four hundred countrymen, repelled the Zamorin's army, and Albuquerque twice conquered Goa. Gallant as many of their deeds unquestionably were when they struck boldly for supremacy in India, yet their one motive was then a thirst of conquest, and desire of gaining by robbery what was beyond the reach of honest industry ; their triumphs were usually stained with cruelty, and their sole plan for enlightening a conquered people was the simple process of a violent and unscrupulous bigotry. But no one who ever told the tale of Bassein's

12th • That whilst Chinnajee Appah shall be in possession of this city, he shall for ever maintain the privilege of three churches within it, one in the district, and one on the island of Salsett, for the Christians that shall remain in the said city or places stipulated for, where they may freely exercise all the acts of religion. And the said churches shall have their curates, subject to the most illustrious and reverend Primate of India, for him to settle their proper jurisdiction for the cultivation of the said Christianity. And whatever images I may leave behind, of them I cannot carry with me, or at my discretion, shall be suffered to remain in the said churches, with the most necessary ornaments for adorning them.

And for the security of the performance of all the above articles of Capitulation, the said Chinnajee Appah shall sign the same, according to his custom, and shall likewise firm and ratify them with his own seal, and that of Badjerao, General of all the Sow-Rajah's troops, which being executed, the said Chinnajee Appah shall send one of his principal commanders, to my satisfaction, to remain as an hostage on board a vessel of war in the channel of the barr of this place, out of the reach of the artillery ; and for the security of such an officer, I will send him one of mine to stay in his army till these stipulations have been performed, when I will return him his officer in exchange of mine.

And likewise, as soon as he has ratified these capitulations, he shall order his people to retire from the foot of the walls into their batteries and trenches, to the distance of twenty paces ; evacuating also the breaches, leaving in each the number of twenty men. In the interim there shall be no innovation on either side, or any new work be carried on.

CAITANO D'SOUZA PEREIRA.

Bassain, 16th May, 1739 (N. S.)

I (CHIMNAJEE APPAH) accept of the above articles of surrender, except the sixth, relating to the munitions of war, which I will purchase ; and the ninth, which I will not engage for ; and for ratification thereof I set my seal to them, in my Camp before Bassain, the 16th May, 1732 (N. S.)"

last days breathed an insinuation against the honour and courage of its Indo-Portuguese defenders; and this portion of Anglo-Indian annals would have had a brighter hue for us, if the English had not been restrained by their calculations and mercantile propensities from rendering the unhappy city more prompt and valuable assistance—if for the sake of England's ancient ally the Government of Bombay had expended some of their increasing treasure, and responded to the moving appeals of the chivalrous Caitano de Souza. The history of this memorable siege has almost escaped the notice of English historians; even now, we are in possession of few details, and know none of the episodes which, after such occasions, pass from mouths to mouths of contemporaries. But if we had no further particulars extant than the conditions of the capitulation, we might be sure that a garrison which, after being closely beleaguered for three months, when all hope of succour had vanished, when it had been reduced to a state bordering on starvation, and driven from its crumbling bastions by infuriated assailants, could yet negotiate and obtain for itself fair and honourable terms,—that garrison any country might be justly proud of, and its commandant deserves to obtain from us the name and fame denied him by his ungrateful countrymen. Hitherto Anglo-Indian history has only recorded the dastard acts of zealous Portuguese, when at Domus or Surat they intercepted our merchantmen and were ignominiously defeated; but our unprinted records have numerous allusions to one event which goes far to redeem the reputation of a people, and they enable us to preserve the memory of a day when Indo-Portuguese lost all but their honour at Bassein.

On hearing of this disaster, the Government of Bombay made some compensation for former backwardness by the alacrity with which they assisted the unhappy survivors of the siege. After receiving an application from Bassein, they sent immediately a number of boats, under a strong convoy, to bring away the garrison. To the commandant they paid the attention which his courage and misfortunes deserved, permitted his officers and men, to the number of seven or eight hundred, to remain on the island during the monsoon, and advanced a monthly allowance of four thousand rupees for their maintenance. Nor are these kind offices to be lightly appreciated; for they involved the Government in many troubles and expenses. The Portuguese soldiers were turbulent, and constantly quarrelling with the inhabitants, and with one another. De Souza Pereira had a dispute with the Jesuits, which he referred to English arbitration. They

had given a promise at Bassein, he affirmed, to contribute forty thousand xeraphims for the payment of his troops, and as they now took advantage of their position in Bombay, and refused to abide by their agreement, he prayed that the English Government would compel them to do their duty. This request was so far acceded to that the President and Council became mediators with the refractory Order, and their gentle hints were, as might have been expected under the circumstances, successful. Still the ejected commandant had fresh applications to make. The commandants of Choul, Damaun, and Diu were in want of provisions and ammunition. The Company, it was hoped, would supply all that was required, and be a prop to the falling nation. Then, when the rainy season was over, the Portuguese troops refused to obey the orders of their officers, and quit Bombay, unless their claims for arrears of pay were liquidated; until the Government, finding it necessary either to use force or advance more money, preferred the peaceable alternative, and at length their claims on the Viceroyalty of Goa amounted to fifty-three thousand rupees; for which they only retained as securities six brass guns, valued at little more than twenty thousand.

At last all was arranged for the departure of the troublesome guests: small coasting vessels were secured for their accommodation, and even a convoy was ordered to protect them. Pereira, at parting, acknowledged in handsome terms the service rendered to him and his unhappy followers by the English, declaring that the Governor's spirit was generous and magnanimous, that the maintenance and subsistence of the King of Portugal's troops were entirely due to his Honour, and that all his expressions must fail to convey his sense of the benefits received. Similar acknowledgments were also made by the Viceroy of Goa. On the twenty-ninth of September the drooping remnant of the defenders of Bassein sailed and arrived safely at Choul; but, then, a fresh series of misfortunes commenced. For some reason unexplained, they were led by a toilsome march overland, instead of sailing to Goa. Their fatigues, however, were nearly surmounted, and on the fifteenth of November they were within two hours march of Aguada, where they were sure to find security and repose, when a hostile army was seen approaching. Khem Sawunt, leading three hundred cavalry and five thousand infantry, attacked with fury their small and disorganised ranks, utterly routed them after a contest of two hours, and slew two hundred of their best men. The English Commodore, being with his fleet at Goa, beheld the broken band of fugitives enter

their own territory, and the deep commiseration of his manly heart for their afflicted country found expression in his official despatches. "The Portuguese are really in a miserable condition," he wrote; "I can see care and grief in all their faces."

And what reward did the gallant De Souza Pereira obtain for his services, for a patriotism which could not be surpassed, for strenuous and partially successful applications to the English, for obtaining terms on behalf of the defenders of Bassein which they could not have anticipated, for close attention to all the wants of his broken army—in short, for giving a momentary vigour to the expiring flame of his nation's glory? Like Themistocles, he became an exile; like Belisarius, a beggar. He fell into disgrace at Goa, and took up his residence at the French settlement of Myhie. There we meet with him years afterwards, engaged in conducting negotiations between Angria and his new protectors—a proof that his character had not been forfeited with his fortune, and that if his countrymen had not, others had confidence in his integrity.\*

Ceasing to struggle with their adverse destiny, the Portuguese prepared to yield the possessions which had been hitherto under the government of the General of the North, with the exception of Damaun and its little territory. Although no enemy was before the forts of Choul and Maira, they proposed to abandon both, and offered the former to the English. The Government of Bombay did not of course prize very highly a gift which was only offered when the donors had themselves ceased to prize it; but hoped that by accepting Choul and transferring it to a Native power, they might gain a neighbour's good will. They considered that they had neither men nor resources sufficient for the defence of an outlying fort, that if it were suffered to fall into the hands of Sunbhaice Angria, that treacherous and inveterate thief would have an additional means of injuring trade, and if given to the Sirdce he would not have the strength to retain it; but that by presenting it to the Marathas they would deepen an impression which it was ever their object to make upon that people, and by resigning to them such a fine seaport, convince them that the English did not intend to hold more fortified places in India, but simply desired to live as peaceable merchants, without any views of making conquests, or in any way extending their dominions.

Under these circumstances, a way was already paved for a mediation which the Portuguese now requested the English to

\* Diary of the Factory at Tellicherry, 36th January 1742.

undertake. The Marathas, on being invited to propose their terms, showed none of that moderation which had astonished even their enemies at the capitulation of Bassein ; but assumed the haughty tone of Oriental conquerors, and treated the prostrate Portuguese with indescribable contempt. At first they not only demanded the cession of Choul, but also of Damaun, and insisted upon having assigned to them a portion of the customs at Goa, which they were to collect by stationing a guard at the port, thus hoping to insert the thin end of the wedge by which they would eventually obtain the whole of that small, but most fertile, territory. Captain Inchbird, however, having been deputed by the Portuguese, with the consent of the English Government, to treat for them, obtained for them more favourable terms, and induced their scornful enemies to show some forbearance. On the fourteenth of October 1740 articles of peace were signed on behalf of Bajee Rao, the Peshwa, on the one side, and the Viceroy of Goa on the other. The Portuguese engaged to deliver up to the Marathas the forts of Choul and Maira, which were to be temporarily occupied by the English, until the Marathas should have fulfilled their part of the conditions by withdrawing their forces from Salsette in the Goanese province and Bardes. A brief delay occurred in consequence of the repugnance which the Portuguese priests of Choul felt for any measure by which the possessions of Christians would be delivered to heathens, and they seditiously excited their people to resist the transfer. Their own envoy, perplexed by their obstinacy, admitted that he had discovered in them “ a malignant spirit,” and Inchbird, throwing aside all restraint, exclaimed in disgust, “ Sure such unheard-of villains and inconsiderate men are hardly to be met with !” However, this clerical opposition was hopeless from the first ; in November Choul was delivered by the English to the Marathas, and all parties expressed themselves satisfied with the honourable manner in which the conditions of the treaty were fulfilled.

But who were these Marathas, upon whose minds it was necessary to make favourable impressions, and whom the English were constantly coaxing and conciliating ? We have said that a certain mystery hung about them ; few of the Natives could fathom their designs, or speculate upon their destinies ; and ignorant as the English generally were of Indian history and the actual state of the interior of the country, the progress of the Maratha kingdom was to them a source of constant perplexity. It had taken them many years to comprehend the true character of the Moghul Empire, and even after they had observed signs of its weakness,

they were slow to believe its utter and hopeless prostration. So, also, the real state of Maratha power dawned upon them gradually; they knew not whether they should treat the ruler as a freebooting chief or independent monarch; and, when the Rajas of Satara were becoming like the *insensati* of the Merovingian race, whether the Peshwa was to be regarded as a rebel, a royal minister, or a sovereign prince. The chief who resided at Satara was esteemed the Prince *de jure*; but was he such *de facto*? If he were, was his power limited by some other person who exercised an irresistible influence over him, and whom it was necessary to conciliate? Being in such perplexity, they could only think of compromise, and they approached their dangerous neighbours by offering a little present here, and another there, hoping thus to soothe them all, until they could tell which must be courted, and which might be neglected with impunity. A policy which in the ordinary relations of private life would have been pronounced mean, shuffling, and unworthy of gentlemen, was then, in international communications, regarded as astute diplomacy, and statesmen all over the world shunned the straight course of manly candour, preferring always to wriggle through a complication of wiles and intrigues.

In order that they might feel their way to the supreme authority of the Marathas, the Government of Bombay sent Captain William Gordon in May 1739 to the Raja of Satara, with a complimentary letter; giving him secret instructions to concert measures with the enemies of Bajee Rao, the Peshwa, and to use all possible means of undermining that minister's influence. At the same time, they agreed it was "expedient to try what effect a cautious and well-managed compliance" might have upon the Peshwa; so they sent also a letter and a present to him by Captain Inchbird. But then again, it occurred to this cautious Government that Bajee Rao might attribute this complimentary embassy to a fear of his encroachments, and the victorious progress of his arms. They took pains, therefore, to inform him that they did not trouble themselves about the affairs of Native States, that they had never aimed at territorial acquisition, and that such Natives as lived under their rule could testify how carefully they abstained from all interference with the politics and religions of India. All this was but a thin veil intended to conceal their real anxiety. The Marathas having obtained a footing in Salsette, could easily have raised batteries which would effectually prevent armed boats from passing up the Mahim strait; there would then be no impediment in their way, if they chose to invade

Bombay; the town wall was only eleven feet in height, and could easily be breached by heavy ordnance; there was no ditch before it, and near it were still standing trees and houses which would afford shelter to an enemy. There seemed no reason why the rapacious army which had battered the lofty walls of Bassein, blown its bastions into the air, and overpowered its courageous defenders, should not march triumphantly into the ill-protected city of Bombay, and crush with one blow the English commerce of Western India.

In a hundred and twenty years the power of the English had grown slowly, and almost imperceptibly; in seventy years the power of the Marathas had waxed great. The first passage of arms between the two races was at Surat, when the Factors closed their doors, and defended their bales against Sivajee and his highwaymen. The Marathas had now formed a kingdom which was rapidly swelling into an empire; the English were still at their side, but only as lords of a barren island, apprehensive of their neighbour's increasing strength, and most afraid lest it should be known that they were afraid. The one was a tree; the other still a sapling. The one had thrown out branches far and wide, and spread them over the other which lived under its shadow. Yet the larger tree struck no deep roots, and its trunk was hollow; the lesser one was strong and hardy. At this time, however, this difference was not apparent. Bajee Rao was a wise ruler, whose ambition was controlled by singular prudence; his military qualities and talents for administration were considerable; and his energies had been successful in suppressing opposition, conciliating friends, and uniting jealous chieftains under his standard. In the whole peninsula of India no prince had been so successful as him, no Government had been so strong as his; even the Nizam having been compelled to accept unfavourable terms at his dictation. The invader Nadir Shah, who at first was bent upon usurping the Moghul throne, and whose hordes seemed fully capable of establishing his supremacy, had now withdrawn to his native Persia. The Portuguese, the only European nation which had rich districts and a series of strong fortresses, were now thoroughly humbled, and there were no signs that an age of European conquest was approaching. Yet a profound statesman, if such there had been in India, might have observed that all the plans which Bajee Rao's wisdom could devise were only those of a man whose tenure of office is insecure, and Government unstable, and who consequently cannot look far into futurity, or lay up greatness for future generations; whilst the East

India Company was drawing in the wealth of Bengal at Hooghly, making itself at Madras important to the rulers of the Carnatic, entrenching itself strongly at Fort St. Davids, trying an experiment in cultivation on the island of Dhurmapatam, near Tellicherry, creating a fleet at Bombay, and bringing the principal inhabitants of Surat into a state of dependence. It had thus on the two sides of the Peninsula a chain of posts, the communications between which were constantly kept open by its maritime superiority; and these posts, acting afterwards in concert, formed an alliance which, by its wealth and intelligence, made India conquer itself, overcame Maratha brigands with Maratha mercenaries, and reduced the unsettled kingdom of Bajee Rao to become a province of its well-cemented empire.

We have said that Gordon and Inchbird were sent on separate missions to the Marathas. Their reports of their proceedings are very different, the one keeping a regular journal, the other only noting down such matters as related to his mission. Captain Gordon entered into details. Leaving Bombay on the twelfth of May, he arrived the following day at Danda Rajapore, where he was courteously received by the Siddee, and furnished with a guide, who accompanied him to Bancote. On the fifteenth he had a strong hint of the minister's power; for as he was quietly sailing up the river, a Maratha officer stopped his boat, demanded his passport, and on finding that his mission was not authorised by Bajee Rao, put him under arrest. After a short detention and an examination of his despatches, he was suffered to prosecute his journey; but on the nineteenth narrowly escaped being seized by some troops of Sumbhajee Angria. The next day he ascended the Ghats for the first time in his life. To a man whose ideas of India had been derived from the moist air, rice fields, and palm-clad shores of the Concan, and who could never have hoped to enjoy a holiday-trip to the Hills, a novel scene was now opened. Probably he was the only English resident of Bombay who, exhilarated by mountain air, and standing above the scarped rocks, had amused himself by looking down upon the uneven plains where they stretch towards the sea, intersected by half dry river-beds with glittering pools, studded by patches of cultivation, and endowed with life by the men and animals of tree-clad hamlets,—who had whiled away an hour in watching birds of prey as they wheel round those naked crags, tower high in air, or again swoop into the gloomy ravines, with a rapidity which often dizzies the spectator's brain. With such a new world Gordon was inexpressibly delighted, and it is not a little to his credit that his admiration



peeps out from an official despatch in an age when Englishmen had not learned to appreciate the lovely panoramas of their own beautiful lakes, or the wild grandeur of the Scottish highlands.

As Gordon proceeded, he found with pleasure that the English name was held in honour by the officers of Government, and wherever he came, met with a polite welcome. The Raja was not at Satara, but engaged in the siege of a place called Myrah, at a distance of five days' journey. Thither the envoy hastened, only stopping occasionally to inspect the large towns on his route, some of which were well populated, but others he was surprised to find deserted. The Raja's tents were pitched in a dilapidated village about one mile from Myrah, and two hundred and forty miles from Bombay. Sirpat Rao, his chief officer, received Captain Gordon on the third of June, and at once put to him a series of questions, which show how little one part of the country was known in those days to the inhabitants of another part. Friendly as were his professions, the thoughts of the predatory Chief were evidently turned towards the well-stored warehouses of the English merchants, and he was anxious to know how far Bassein was from Bombay, what was the breadth of the river which flowed between them, whether it could be forded, whether the English had withdrawn from Bandora, whether Bombay was surrounded by a wall and moat, if any fort was within the confines of the town, and lastly, whether the visit with which his Highness was then favoured, might be attributed to a dread of the Marathas. To all these questions Gordon made suitable replies, and concluded by affirming with unabashed countenance, that the motive of his visit was only friendly, and that it was but a compliment paid on the arrival of a new Governor at Bombay. The Maratha Chief having satisfied his curiosity, admitted that the English were "a good sort of people," and especially praised their liberality in tolerating all religions. Thus ended the day's conference.

On the eighth of the month Gordon had an audience of the Raja, whom he found in a temporary and mean dwelling which he had erected with his own hands. The *Roi fainéant* expressed a childish delight on beholding the presents which the President had sent him, and was particularly charmed by some curious birds. At that moment an officer placed in his hands letters from Bajee Rao, who had been led into the error of supposing that Nadir Shah was marching southwards, and therefore earnestly pressed for reinforcements. The comments of the Raja on this request were an honourable testimony to the resistance which the Portu-

guese troops had offered to his army. With vehemence he declared that it would be impossible to make good the severe losses which the Marathas had sustained, and plucking, in his excitement, the turban from his head, asked whether Bassein and all their new acquisitions were sufficient compensation for the twenty-two thousand brave men who had perished. A third visit which the envoy paid afterwards to another Chief, the son of Bajee Rao, who happened to be with the Court, required more delicate management than the two previous conferences. The inquisitive youth was particularly anxious to know the motives which induced the English to send a mission there. He had some suspicions that there was an intention of secretly injuring his father, and cross-questioned Gordon so artfully that he satisfied himself the English diplomatist was guilty of evasion, and Gordon, as we conclude from his own account, was thoroughly ashamed of his duplicity.

Facts which shed some light upon the age are noted in Gordon's diary. Thus, on the fourteenth of June the fears of the Marathas were dissipated by hearing that Nadir Shah was on his way back to Persia, upon which the Rajah distributed congratulatory presents amongst his officers, and offered ten thousand rupees at two sacred shrines, vainly boasting that the terror of his army had driven the invader from his spoil. Three days after this we have the strange information that Sirpat Rao was detected for the third time in supplying the besieged with ammunition, and his treachery does not appear to have been visited with punishment. On the nineteenth, Venkat Rao, the brother-in-law and general of Bajee Rao, returned from a plundering expedition in the Goanese territory, and afforded the English a fair opportunity of observing how completely Sivajee's successor was humbled by his ambitious minister. By way of courting Venkat's favour, the Raja of Satara advanced a little way to meet him; but the haughty soldier roughly declined the proposed honour, and declared by a message that he owed no subjection to the ruler of all the Marathas. Unable to revenge this insult, the helpless Raja endeavoured to conceal his mortification by turning aside in the pursuit of game, and it was to the credit of Bajee Rao's son that, after much persuasion, he prevailed upon Venkat Rao to attend the Raja's Court, and apologise for his insolent behaviour.

After permission to return had long been withheld, Gordon at last took his leave of the Raja, who at parting made the fanciful request that his friend the Governor of Bombay would send him a curious collection of presents, including eight guinea-hens, two pairs of turkeys, some Bussora pigeons, any other kind of curious

birds, and a little mummy. Altering his route, the envoy traversed the territories of Bajee Rao, and was everywhere favourably impressed with a belief in the wise administration of that enlightened ruler. The rent of land was on a reduced scale; consequently cultivators migrated from the surrounding countries, and settled in the districts which flourished under the Peshwa's sway. In Poona and its vicinity traces of improvement were distinctly visible. The crowded streets of that capital were lined with handsome houses, instead of the hovels which usually disfigure Hindu cities. It contained a large foundery, where was the form of a thirteen-inch mortar, and where considerable progress had been made in the art of running iron for shot, and casting shell, small colboms and great guns. Encouragement also had been given to weavers, the fabrics of whose looms were transported to various parts of India, and especially in large quantities to Bombay. In short, Poona was emphatically the city of the Peshwas, rising with them and growing with their growth, enriched not merely by the economical and political skill of their industrious family, but more by their ill-gotten gains, by the immense wealth which their organised plunderers ravished from effeminate princes and helpless ryots, by the produce of distant fields now left, in consequence of their ravages, to wild deer and boars, of homesteads now reduced to cinders, villages ruined and deserted, towns where manufactures had been suddenly stopped, and the busy hum of men hushed into silence. Poona flourished, because India was pillaged, languishing, and desolate.

The result of Gordon's mission was satisfactory. He brought a complimentary letter from the Raja, and had become convinced that Bajee Rao would not molest Bombay, as he knew how much he was indebted to it for the prosperity of his own territory. All the counsels, indeed, of the sagacious Peshwa were under a veil of secrecy; his own officers knew little of his designs, and submitted to his orders with blind and ready obedience; but it appeared that throughout the country feelings friendly to the English were prevalent. The Saho Raja had even disapproved of the attack upon Bassein, because, although he had been glad to see the Portuguese humbled by the loss of Tanna and Salsette, he was unwilling that they should be crushed. Much more was a continuance of the English Government and their trade desired. The Raja, Peshwa, principal Chiefs, and especially the Yogeas, whose advice was then highly esteemed, coincided in the opinion that the English were a blessing to the country, and ought to be respected. All this information, which must have had such a

tranquilising effect upon the European population of Bombay, was furnished by Captain Gordon, at a cost which in these days we cannot think of without smiling. The bill of his expenses amounted to two hundred and ninety-six rupees, and his reward was the presents which he had received, which were valued at two hundred and forty rupees, and which he was permitted to retain.\*

Of more immediate importance was the mission of Inchbird, the first as regards time of those distinguished men who have since conferred celebrity on the diplomacy of the English and Marathas—the forerunner of Mostyn, Malet, Malcolm, and Elphinstone. His object was to negotiate a treaty in the name of President Law, with the victorious Chinnajee Appa, who acted on behalf of the Peshwa; and for this purpose he proceeded to Bassein. Even before the negotiations were opened the Maratha General, following the established precedents of his country, demanded from the English a pecuniary contribution, but must have been not a little surprised by the firm stand which the envoy wisely made at the commencement. The sturdy beggar was promptly told that the Honourable Company would never permit their servants to give him money, and would rather see the island of Bombay sunk in the sea than comply with any such request. Under the disappointment of this refusal, the Marathas then began to show their teeth, and complained bitterly that an envoy had been sent from Bombay to the Saho Raja before they had been consulted. Inchbird was conscious that they had means of penetrating English secrets which he could not discover, and were aware of Gordon's instructions to undermine the influence of Bajee Rao. His position was embarrassing; but having extricated himself with singular skill, he succeeded in arranging the terms of a treaty, dated the twelfth of July 1739, which was ratified at Bombay. According to this, the Peshwa conceded to the English free trade in his dominions. The contracting parties mutually engaged that debtors endeavouring to evade their responsibilities should be either delivered up, or compelled to pay all that was due; that runaway slaves should be seized and restored to their masters, and that if the vessels of one power should be driven by stress of weather into the ports of the other, assistance should be rendered them; that such vessels as were wrecked on the coast should be sold, one-half the proceeds of sale being paid to the owner, the other half to the Government on whose coast the wreck might be thrown.

Marked as had been the success of these transactions with the

\* Manuscript copy of Captain Gordon's Journal.

Marathas, the feeling of security which they brought to the inhabitants of Bombay was but transient. Harassing reports were continually current, and no sooner had the little fleet sailed away from the island, with merchant vessels, under their convoy, than the Government became painfully sensible how exposed they were to the designs of their unscrupulous allies, particularly if Manajee Angria should once more prove treacherous, and convert his vessels into transports for the Peshwa's plunderers. It was said upon good authority, that a large force was being mustered at Tanna, and the tone of Manajee's letters was becoming insolent. Mischief, they thought, must be brewing. The alarm spread, and in a short time became a panic. Numbers of the inhabitants fled, carrying away their valuables, or hiding them underground. This great excitement subsided after a time, it is true; but, the Governor and Council gloomily called to mind how the wretched Portuguese had so often been alarmed, how at last they heard all reports with incredulity, were lulled into a false security, and surprised by a Maratha army when the means of resistance were not within their reach. It was then a question, whether the armed vessels of the Company should be used as convoys, and whether it had not become necessary to sacrifice their trade of Bombay, in order that the island itself might be preserved. How both were to be protected they could not devise. The Government's dilemma was appalling; and a terrible crisis seemed to have arrived, when intelligence of a sad disaster reached them. On the ninth of November the southern coast was devastated by a frightful storm, in which three of their finest grabs, completely armed and equipped, and commanded by three experienced Captains, Rigby, Sandilands, and Nunn, foundered, leaving not a fragment to tell of their fate. Instantly Sumbhaje Angria seized the opportunity, and sallying out, carried away fourteen fishing-boats, with eighty-four of their crews, from the harbour. Remonstrances were made in vain, and retaliation was for the present out of the question.\*

There was not as yet any sensible diminution in the number of pirates, which for centuries swarmed more on the western coast of India than perhaps in any other part of the world, not excepting the Bay of Bengal. In 1733 a short, but most active, sensation was created amongst the trading community by some stout Dutchmen, the officers and men of a ship in which the retinue of

\* These accounts of the Portuguese and Marathas are compiled from a vast mass of official correspondence and diaries.

a Persian ambassador, long resident at Surat, had been conveyed to Sind. Three days after leaving the mouths of the Indus, these fellows having mutinied, resolved, like Kidd and others of earlier days, to speculate in piracy. Seventy-nine sailors composed the crew, some of whom were reluctant participators in the others' crime; but on twenty-five natives of Java, resolute and desperate fellows, the mutineers could place entire dependence. When about seventy leagues from the Persian Gulf, they met with two other Dutch vessels, which they immediately encountered, and although their commander, boatswain, gunner, and ten more of their comrades, deserted during the engagement, and swam to the two merchantmen, the rest succeeded in sheering off and making their escape.\*

The native pirates were called by the English Sivajees, Kemp-saunts, Malwans, and Coolies. Under the name Sivajees, were included Marathas of all descriptions, but chiefly the subjects of the two Angrias. The word Kempsaunt is a corruption of Khom Sawunt, a name given to several of the Bhonslay family, who had been rulers or Sir Desaees of the Waree State. The first Khom Sawunt with whom the Government of Bombay had any correspondence was succeeded in 1709 by his nephew Phond Sawunt, with whom, as we have seen, in 1730 that Government made a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, against Angria; but it does not appear to have been respected for any length of time.† With the Malwans, the Government had a long dispute on account of their having seized the wreck of an English ship called the "Anglesea." A claim for restitution was promptly rejected by them, as the arguments on which it was based appeared to them quite unintelligible. All property cast upon their coast was sent to them by Providence, and they alone were entitled to it. So far from having injured the English in appropriating the wreck to themselves, they maintained that they had acted a most friendly part in setting the crew at liberty without ransom, and thus enraging Sum-bhaje Angria to such a degree that he had declared war against them. As they showed a disposition to cultivate an English alliance, and there was no hope of recovering the "Anglesea's" cargo, it became good policy to meet their advances half way, and a treaty of peace was concluded between the East India Company and Sivajee Sunkur Punt, styling himself Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Sindeedroog or Malwan.

\* Surat Diary, 8th April 1733.

† Memoir of the Sawunt Waree State, by Mr. W. Courtney and Major J. W. Auld.

The Cooly rovers infested the coast of Guzerat. Their stronghold was Sultanpore, on the small river Curla, where they lived under an organised Government, countenanced by persons high in authority, who, as a return for secret protection, obtained a share in the produce of their depredations. The Government of Bombay having for some time had paid spies in their country, and ascertained the most favourable time for an expedition, sent against them in 1734 a little fleet composed of the sloop "London," a bomb-ketch, and five gallivats, under Captain Radford Nunn, who, after eight days, returned in triumph with five of the Coolies' guns, and fourteen of their boats, three of which had cargoes, whilst his own loss included only two European and two native soldiers. The expedition had also burnt five boats, and the Coolies themselves had burnt fifty more, rather than that they should fall into the hands of their enemies. Captain Nunn's success was most important, on account of the moral weight which the English derived from it at a time when they were particularly anxious to have their maritime power acknowledged at Surat, and respected by the Natives generally. Six months afterwards two more boats were taken, and ten burnt. All the prizes were then sold for the small sum of Rs. 3,650, which the Government of Bombay resolved should be divided amongst the captors, but the Court of Directors meanly reversed this order, and claimed a moiety for themselves.\* Six months afterwards the pirates took their revenge by employing the same spy-system which had been so efficacious against themselves. Acting in collusion with them, the pilot of an English gallivat called the "Antelope," which was convoying some richly freighted boats to Cambay, steered his charges through a wrong channel, where they ran aground, and then, after giving a preconcerted signal to the Coolies ashore, made his escape by leaping overboard. The "Antelope" was speedily assailed by a strong force of pirates, and although gallantly defended for a time, further resistance was rendered hopeless by the explosion of her magazine. Ten Europeans, two lascars, and two sepoys, perished. The master and one other were the only Europeans that survived.†

Tellicherry had now become the most important settlement of the English under the Presidency of Bombay. So numerous were the relations it maintained with Native Powers, so constant its struggles with trading communities of other European nations,

\* Surat Diary. Consultation Book, 20th and 28th of March, and October, 1734.

† Consultation Book, 28th March 1740.

so valuable the produce of the surrounding country, and so numerous the garrison required for the defence of its fort and various outworks, that a larger expenditure was lavished on it than on the Factory of Surat. Moreover, it was the only station on the Western Coast, with the exception of Bombay, which was thought worthy to enjoy the services of a Chaplain, and as one was sent there soon after this period, the Chief and Council had to settle the weighty matter of placing his name in their table of precedence. Finding at last that this was beyond their capacity, they were compelled to bring the matter before the President and Council of Bombay, who bluntly told them that they ought to know he ranked after the Factors, and grumbled at being pestered with such trifling references.

The town of Tellicherry was built on a rising ground near the sea, in a country consisting, like all Malabar, of low hills and narrow valleys, and was in the petty kingdom of Colastry, though closely bordering on that of Cotiote. Moderate land-winds, with cool and refreshing breezes from the sea, made the climate celebrated amongst Europeans for its salubrity, and they were in the habit of styling Tellicherry the Montpelier of India. To the west of the town, on a neighbouring hill two hundred and twenty feet in height, the English had a large oblong ill-constructed and worse situated fort, containing a place of worship for themselves, and also for Roman Catholics, a handsome residence for the Chief, warehouses, offices, barracks, and other public buildings. Opposite the fort, at the distance of a mile from the land, lay the shipping, where the water varied in depth from ten to twelve fathoms; and between the fort and shipping, on some rocks about four hundred yards from the shore, a small battery was annually raised for protection of the trade, and as regularly removed before the monsoons set in. Overlooking both town and fort was a tower called Cockan Candy, and a redoubt called Codoley, which could only have been rendered capable of defence against a regular army by a large outlay of money. Several other outworks also had been built on the land side: a mile and a half to the southward, and close to the sea, was the fort of Moylan, belonging to the English, and at one time or another they raised fortifications on the small island of Dhurmapatam, two miles and a half north-north-west of Tellicherry, between the territories of Colastry and Cotiote; on the island of Madacara, about three quarters of a mile from the main land; on the hill of Edecant, near the sea, four and a half miles north-west by west of Dhurmapatam; on the hills of Andola Mala and Tera Mala, and at Maltany Point,



which commanded the entrance to the river of Billiapatam, about twenty-one miles from Tellicherry. Dhurmapatam, of which they obtained possession in 1734, was extremely fertile, so that the lowlands yielded two crops of grain annually, and from such as were near the sea, salt was procured. The Chief and Factors at first attempted to cultivate the ground themselves, but unsuccessfully, and afterwards, by letting portions on lease to a Captain Johnson, who much improved it, and to some Natives, they raised an annual revenue of 13,880 fanams, in addition to 6,598 fanams which Tellicherry and Moylan yielded. The cultivation of the coffee plant, which was early introduced from Mocha, soon became highly remunerative. Dhurmapatam would have afforded a much better site for the Company's Factory than Tellicherry, as it was encompassed by three rivers, had a bold front towards the sea, a fine sandy road for ships, and was not commanded by any neighbouring hills. No fewer than five fortified works were built upon it, two of which protected the entrance of the river. Near it, and in the sea, was Grove island, two hundred and fifty feet in length, on which also was a battery. We should observe, however, that the English were only now commencing to raise these fortifications, and that in enumerating them all, we have a little anticipated events; but even in 1730 the monthly expenses of the garrison required to defend them all, amounted to seven thousand rupees, and the Company groaned under such a burden, which in those days appeared almost insupportable.\*

Subordinate to Tellicherry, and in constant correspondence with it, was the small Factory of Onore, established for the purchase of pepper which grew on the lowlands, and of sandal-wood indigenous to the rocky hills. The transactions of the two Factors who resided here were for long suspended, in consequence of ravages committed by Bajee Rao, who, having plundered the capital of the Raja of Sunda, and levied black mail in the Carnatic, had spread alarm so far and wide, that the quiet inhabitants of Bednore and Biljee deserted their fields and left them uncultivated.†

The English were, on the whole, more secure at Tellicherry—freer from the exactions of native princes and the raids of plundering tribes, than elsewhere. They were, indeed, surrounded by a number of petty Chiefs, ever endeavouring to involve them in their incessant quarrels; at one time coming to them as suppliants for the aid of a military force, or at least some guns and gunpow—

\* Records of the Tellicherry Factory. Manuscript Report of a Survey made by Captain Jacques de Funek in 1755. Forbes' Oriental Memoirs.

† Letter from Onore to Tellicherry, received 9th January 1727.

der ; at another threatening retaliation for assistance given to an enemy, and countenancing their undisciplined followers in committing aggressions upon English property. It was therefore necessary to keep them in good humour by occasional presents, complimentary *olus*, as native epistles were called, from the palm-leaves on which they were written, and a plentiful use of such expressions as your majesty, your highness, or your lordship ; but the Factory chiefly derived its security from their disunion, and the fact that no one was sufficiently powerful to subdue the others, or induce them to unite their arms against British fortresses. They were, in truth, not capable of inspiring the Factors with any dread of their enmity, until they became dangerous through the intrigues of an European power.\*

The French were now not content with trade in India, but anticipated an acquisition of territory. As the English had three Presidencies, so also the Isle of France and Pondicherry were each the seat of a French Governor, who, as in the English and Dutch settlements, had a Council under him ; but as he was the representative of an absolute monarchy, was less controlled and checked by his subordinates than such Chiefs as represented the republican States and constitutional England. To the island at which the one Governor resided the Portuguese had given the name of Cerne, the Dutch that of Mauritius, from their Prince of Orange ; but the French, when they took possession of it in 1720, styled it The Isle of France. Subordinate to it was the smaller island of Mascarhenas, thenceforth called Bourbon. To the Government of these portions—usually styled in India for brevity's sake “ the islands ”—La Bourdonnais was appointed in 1733, and so indefatigably did he labour for their improvement, that the inhabitants testified their warmest gratitude ; and the author of Paul and Virginia affirms in the preface to his work, that whatever he had seen in the Isle of Franco most usefully devised, or most ably executed, was the work of La Bourdonnais. The other Government was that of Pondicherry, which the French had obtained and fortified about thirty years before the time of which we are writing. The city, containing seventy thousand inhabitants, was regularly and beautifully built, and so strong were the fortifications, that when the Marathas invaded the surrounding districts, the principal Natives sent their wives and children to its

\* One of these. His Majesty the King of Colastry, having been deposed by his subjects, on account of his imbecility, and neglected by them, received from the English a monthly pension of twenty rupees. *Diary of the Tellicherry Factory*, 28th February 1741.

walls for protection. Dumas, the Governor, obtained in 1734 permission to coin money, and from fifty to sixty lakhs of rupees were issued annually from his mint. He was also declared a Nawab of the Empire, and three fine districts were ceded to him. Thus French influence was progressing rapidly, even before the advent in 1741, of the ambitious Dupleix, who is ordinarily supposed to have given it the first impulse. Under the Government of Pondicherry were the Factories or *comptoirs* of Chandernagore in Bengal, Karical on the coast of Coromandel, and Myhie on the coast of Malabar.

Hitherto we have only met the French on the Western Coast of India as rash and extravagant, but yet peaceably disposed, men of business; or as missionaries at Surat, where the Capuchins, though labouring unsuccessfully amongst the natives, were occasionally rewarded by the conversion of a stray Englishman.\* In 1722, however, the French were invited to settle in Malabar by two Chiefs styled Boyanores, the elder of whom had formerly been Governor of Cadutinada, under the king of Colastry, but had lately made himself independent. Alarmed at the increasing power of the English, he looked about for a counterpoise, and introduced the French, who, selecting an admirable spot for their new settlement, showed, as usual, far more judgment and discrimination in such matters than the English. They pitched on a fine eminence near the coast, between three and four miles from Tellicherry, overlooking a river in which small craft could find shelter from the prevalent winds, and which is navigable for boats to a considerable distance inland. Here they built their Factory of Myhie, and the English long afterwards practically admitted that it was a better situation than Tellicherry, by transferring to it their Residency. In 1725, however, the French quarrelled with their allies, the Boyanores, who having forcibly cut down their flagstaff, compelled them to abandon their little settlement, and retire to Calicut.†

The Chief and Council of Pondicherry immediately determined

\* We find them reconciling Robert Lynch, a Factor of Surat, to the Church of Rome, on his death-bed. The Chief, hearing that the friars had administered the sacraments to him, visited him, to learn from his own mouth whether he had become a Romanist or not. The dying man faintly denied that he was, but when further pressed with questions, replied "that he was not answerable to man for his actions in this life." He died the same night, and the Capuchins, supported by the French Chief, applied to have his remains interred in their burial-ground, but were refused on the ground that he had not made any profession of Romanism.

† Anquetil du Perron.

to revenge this insult, regain the footing which they had lost, and further those views of Indian conquest which they had just begun to entertain. Accordingly they fitted out an expedition, embarking a sufficient number of troops on five merchant vessels, well-equipped, and carrying a large supply of military stores. The command was given to M. Pardaillan Gondrin; but under him was an officer who has been already mentioned, and who on this occasion laid the foundation of a good and high reputation.

Bertrand François Mahé de la Bourdonnais\* was born at St. Maloes in 1699, and in 1713 appointed an ensign on board a vessel bound for India. Having after his return entered the service of the French East India Company, he sailed in 1719 to Surat with the rank of second lieutenant, again in 1723 with that of first lieutenant, and in 1724 to Pondicherry with that of second captain. On this last occasion, when he arrived at his destination, the fleet was just leaving for Myhie. Having supplied the defects of his education by snatches of study and extraordinary energy, he had gained some literary reputation as a naval pamphleteer, and was known to be acquainted with fortification and military engineering, as well as distinguished for deeds of daring; so he was at once appointed second in command. Arrived at Myhie, he is said to have been the life and soul of the expedition, and he invented a new kind of rafts, in each of which three hundred troops were sheltered behind bales of cotton. They were thus enabled to disembark in face of the enemy almost in order of battle, and without the loss of a man.†

Although there was peace between the two Crowns, the English Factors were extremely jealous of the French, considering the formation of a new settlement an invasion of their rights; and expecting that hostilities would probably ensue, they hastily repaired a battery which had been injured by floods in the previous monsoon, taking care also to keep their garrison ready to act on any emergency. Still there were on both sides professions of amity, as may be seen in the following correspondence, which was

\* There seems a curious coincidence of names. La Bourdonnais was named Mahé, and so was the place, according to his own autobiographical memoirs, and English and French historians. But in the contemporary records of the English the word is written *Myhie*, and both La Bourdonnais himself and Pardaillan Gondrin date their letters from *Mihie*. Certainly the name was so called in 1723, before La Bourdonnais had distinguished himself there. It appears, therefore, that historians are wrong, and that the coincidence is imaginary and false.

† *Biographie Universelle. Mémoires de B. F. Mahé de la Bourdonnais; par son petit-fils.*

opened by the commandant of the expedition, and which, as it has never before been printed, we quote on account of its inuendoes, diplomatic evasions, and other curious characteristics. We would have the reader observe that Mr. Adams is the same Chief who eight years before made the Chaplain a present of plate, on which was an inscription in classical Latin ; but if he ever had any scholarship, his letters would show that it had been long ago rubbed off in the warehouse of Tellicherry.

The Frenchman is at the commencement all politeness and courtesy. He writes thus :—

“On board of Ship *La Vierge de Grace*, November 29th, N. S. 1725.

“MONSIEUR,—I am charmed that the affairs which have conducted me to this coast have given me this day the pleasure of your acquaintance. It will not be my fault, if there is not a perfect union reciprocally between us.

“The subject of my voyage to this place has no other view than to revenge the insults and perfidiousness that the French nation have received from the Prince of Burgorah, and I shall go directly about making him repent it, if he won't submit to reason. I hope, through the perfect union that is between the two nations, if I should want any succour, to find it from you, whom I address preferable to any other. In return I offer everything that depends upon me, and am perfectly, Monsieur,

“Your very humble and very obedient servant,

“PARDAILLAN GONDRIN.

“P. S.—I am desired by Monsieur Perier to assure Mrs. Adams of his respect, and I have the honor to assure her of mine.”

To this polite letter the English Chief replies in a matter-of-fact style :—

“Tellicherry, November 20th, 1725.

“MONSIEUR,—It was with the greatest satisfaction imaginable received the honour of yours by Monsieur Louet, and shall on all occasions take the opportunity of cultivating and strengthening our new acquaintance, promising on my part, it shall not be my fault if there is not a perfect union between us, congratulating your safe arrival on this coast.

“Am obliged to you for the notice you give me of the occasion of the voyage you have undertaken ; the Malabars have always been perfidious, which the English have very often experienced, and was designed for these three years last past to have made

Boyanore sensible of their resentment. The reason why they did not unknown to you. However, may depend shall observe a strict neutrality, and serve you what we can, consonant to the perfect union between the two nations in Europe. But cannot but complain of the usage we have received from Monsieur La Tuet of the "Triton," to whom have sent twice, to admit our boats to go into Myhie river, and fetch out the Hon'ble Company's goods lying there, but he would not permitt it. As heard of your coming was not pressing with him, but hope to receive better usage from you, in which request your possitive answer, that may accordingly take measure to gett those goods, and advise my superiours. Your concurrence in this will demonstrate your resolution to keep to the good union and harmony between the two Crowns, and lay me under the obligation of serving you with all readiness.

"My wife and self are highly obliged to you and Monsieur Perier for kind remembrance, and in return tender our services, and am, Monsieur,

"Your very humble, &c.,

"ROBERT ADAMS."

The French having landed, captured Myhie and fired the bazaar, after losing forty men, and destroying a hundred of the enemy. The commandant still observing courtesy, but indulging in two or three sly insinuations, wrote as follows on the evening of the same day :—

"From the Camp at Mihie,

"December the 2nd 1725, N. S.

"MONSIEUR,—The gracious letter which you had the goodness to write me obliges me to give you an account of the descent I made to-day, and forced the intrenchment, which appears to me different from what the Indians are accustomed to make."

"Where I took two pieces of cannon. I believe this will give you pleasure from the regard you have to what relates to me. I shall not fail acquainting you of what happens for the future in this expedition, having the honour to be perfectly, Monsieur, &c. &c.,

"PARDAILLAN GONDRIN."

"P. S.—Suffer me, if you please, to place in this my respects to Mrs. Adams.

"One came and assured me, Sr., that they saw very nigh this morning, in the time of action, ten Englishmen. I would not believe it to be true, but I am obliged to tell you, Sr., that all Europeans which I find with arms in their hand I shall hang."

The reader will of course have observed that the object of this letter was to hint that the inimical feelings of the English were understood, that the Boyanore's entrenchments had evidently been made under their superintendence, that the captured guns had been theirs, and they had been assisting at least with their counsels the Natives on the battle-field. The reply was this:—

“ Tellicherry, November 21st, 1725.

“ SIR,—This night was honored with your favours of this date, and am obliged to you for an account of your success against Boyanore, in which wish you joy.

“ Am sorry any one should inform you that any English were under arms against you this day. That would be acting the same that have so often complained of; therefore you will harbour no such thought.

“ In my last wrote you about some merchandise that lyes in Mihie river, belonging to my Hon'ble Masters, to which you have not been pleased to reply. Begg the favour futuramente you will please to write your mind on that and other public affairs to John Braddyll, Esquire, who is here a Commissary for the Hon'ble English Company on this coast.

“ My wife and self are obliged to you, and in return she gives her respect, and I am, Sir, &c. &c.,

“ ROBERT ADAMS.”

After this the Chevalier's tone is changed. Forgetting his politeness, and scorning the implication that he can have any interest or concern in merchandise, he writes thus briefly and abruptly:—

“ To the Coucail for affairs of the English nation at Tellicherry.

“ GENTLEMEN,—I received the letter you had the goodness to write me. You tell me of boats of merchandise which you have in the river. Give me leave to tell you that 'tis talking Greek, for I neither understand, nor will I embarrass myself in affairs of commerce; for I meddle in nothing but matters of war. You may for the future, in such like cases, apply to Monsieurs Mollandin and Tremiset.

“ I have the honor, &c. &c.,

“ PARDAILLON GONDRAIN.

“ *From the Fort at Mihie, December 4th, N. S. 1725.*”

So the English apply to M. Mollandin and the Council for the affairs of the French Company on the Malabar Coast, who reply

that they know nothing about the merchandise in question, that they are too much occupied with the war to make inquiries about it, and that in any case they would not be competent to decide the matter which had been referred to them. They therefore request that their correspondents will carry their complaints before the gentlemen of the Council at Pondicherry, whilst they themselves devote their whole attention to the construction of fortifications at great cost, and the opening of such a trade in pepper, cardamoms, sandal, ginger, cinnamon, pearls and precious stones, sharkfins for China, and calicoes, that their settlement of Myhie brings in a little time to the French Company larger profits than even the extensive conquests which they subsequently made in the interior.

It may be supposed that no neighbourly feeling was excited by this correspondence between the occupants of the two Factories. For long they held none but official communications with each other, and those were rendered difficult by their ignorance of any language but their own vernacular. In emergent cases delays had frequently arisen, because no interpreter could be found, and letters remained for some time unanswered. It was therefore agreed, at this stage of the correspondence, that for the future it should be conducted in the Portuguese language, and thus two European establishments remained within a few miles of each other, without being able, if they had been willing, to exchange their ideas freely; not having as yet even paid to each other formal visits; as strange to each other as to the semi-barbarous Indians amongst whom they dwelt; and mutually dreading each others' designs much more than those of the heathen Chiefs with whom they were both intriguing. It was the business of these Chiefs to inflame European jealousies, and that with two objects: firstly, that they might have powerful allies in the prosecution of their own feuds; and secondly, that they might prevent a commercial combination of the two nations, and preserve the competition by which the prices of their pepper and other produce were enhanced. So the Boyanore egged on the English; and it was the business of a Nair, styled Curringhoda, or Cunx, to embitter the minds of the French. Thus the two parties stood in hostile attitude; and if the followers of one were found straying into the territory of the other, it was immediately suspected that they were spies, and they were ordered to depart. English vessels were forbidden to enter the Myhie river, and when a French *munchua* approached too near Tellicherry, she was warned off by the guard. The crew of the *munchua* retorted with scurrilous language; so the French Chief was formally called upon to apologise for the rudeness of his men, and explain why they had been in such dangerous proximity to the



English. For the uncourteous behaviour of his countrymen he readily expressed regret, but observed a prudent silence as to the real ground of complaint. In truth, the less said about it the better for him ; as the manchua had been laden with a supply of ammunition for the Raja of Cotiate, in order that he might invade the Boyanore's country, and cripple that new ally of the English.\*

In the following year a collision between the two European establishments was even more imminent, as the French actually attacked the Boyanore. The English at first assisted him with a hundred Nairs who were kept in their pay, but as he was already largely in their debt, and had no real intention of satisfying their demands, their support became so languid that he was compelled to arrange a truce with his enemies. Then followed an affair which we will narrate in detail, as it pictorially illustrates Native manners, as well as the singular position of all the parties concerned.

In their account of this transaction, the Factors commence by stating that it was an ancient custom throughout the country of Malabar to observe the twelfth and thirteenth of October as holidays, but probably they are referring to the Hindu Dussera, a moveable festival, falling about the time of the autumnal equinox. On these occasions the Chiefs held hunting parties, mustering their retainers, following game over their own lands, and, when they dared, poaching on those of their neighbours, by which means they hoped to establish in time a prescriptive right to their property. An authenticated report had reached the English that it was the intention of their enemy, Curringhoda, to seize the opportunity at the next festival of thus hunting upon Potella and Putinha, two hills which had been ceded to them, and which were of the greatest importance to them, as they overlooked the fort of Moylan. Believing that his object was to advance a claim for possession of the land, they resolved that he should not be permitted to trespass, and despatched a party of European soldiers, with guns, mortars, some Nairs and Namburis, to occupy the hills. Possibly their suspicion was groundless, their intrusion with a military force upon a party of pleasure a wanton provocation, and their subsequent conduct in itself a disturbance of the peace. Such it was represented to have been by their rivals—we may not call them enemies, as the relations of the French and English nations were friendly,—but they themselves declared that throughout they were merely acting on the defensive. They affirmed that Curringhoda's followers, accompanied by some Frenchmen, approached

\* Diary of the Tellicherry Factory, from 7th November to December 1725.

the hills as anticipated, and after holding a conversation with the English detachment, fired a volley into them. No longer troubling themselves about inferior game, both parties were engaged from eleven in the morning till four in the afternoon with shooting at each other from behind bushes, and a few stragglers were killed or wounded.

Next day the French, who, as we infer from their mild language and futile complaints, must have been conscious that they were the weaker party, and had no intention that their intrigues should end in actual fighting, sent to remonstrate with the Chief of Tellicherry for having made war upon their ally. The reply was an indignant protest, in which the French were charged with having advanced their garrison, until they were within range of the English guns, and with not only encouraging Curringhoda's aggression, but, as the English officers solemnly affirmed, rendering him active assistance. In their rejoinder, the Chief and Council of Mylio denied that an attack had been first made upon the English, maintained that the object of their officers in being present at the scene of the affray was to enjoy the chase, that the English had proved their hostile intentions by coming with heavy guns, and concluded by avouching that they eagerly desired to live with their European neighbours in "perpetual peace" and "loving harmony." What opinion the English formed of their sincerity will appear from Mr. Adams's reply, of which the following is an exact transcript :—

"To M. TREMISOT and his Council.

"GENTLEMEN,—We just now received yours of this date, by which you acknowledge the receipt of ours of the 16th instant. By this we find, as we have always done, commit what you will, are never at a loss for an evasion, which treatment is grown so old, that it will hardly pass for current at this time of day." It is with satisfaction find you confess to have had some of your people out those days we hunted, which we designed for our recreation, till obstructed by you and your accomplice, Cuny Nair, who of himself would never have dared to have broken the peace with us without your inciting and assisting him as he did in conjunction with your people, by firing on us first, which was a good reason for us the next day to go with more caution and preparation in our own limits and conquest. It is very unaccountable you of the French nation should not only with your money and ammunition encourage the country against us, but appear personally yourselves in an hostile manner, and till you can deprive us of the evidence of our senses, we shall not fail to continue to charge

the French with the breach of the good harmony between the two Crowns in Europe, as expressed in our officers' and soldiers' narrative sent you of the actions of the 12th and 13th instant.

"We did in ours of the 16th, reply to all you wrote, and did then signify that Cuny Nair to the 12th instant was esteemed by us a friend, and might have continued so, had you not beguiled him with vain promises of protection and charges to disturb us. If this is your meaning of loving tranquility, we are strangers to it, and shall be proud of being accounted so. As to the contents of what you wrote, we are, and always have been, observers of the peace and good harmony between the two Crowns, and find with concern our patiently bearing all your insults, both by sea and land, has not only given you the opportunity to proceed as you have in this hostile manner, but has encouraged you to do what you have lately done with Cuny Nair; but your design not taking effect, are resolved to deny it. Otherwise, might have been as open as Monsieur Boisron of the 'Lyllie' was, when he not only seized and detained, but plundered the 'Deury' grab of Mangalore.

"These your treatments are so plain and obvious, that we need not enlarge on them, and that now you sho'd begin, as did on the 12th and 13th instant, to give us new testimonys of your continuing to disturb us, does not at all answer your expressions of this date, not to give us any disturbance by land or sea. We sho'd think ourselves very happy, did your actions answer your writing; then we co'd be able to say, as we have always made it our study and endeavours to be in good harmony with you; but while you agitate, assist, and excite the country people in friendship with us, not only to take up arms, but appear with them against us in an hostile manner as above, you must pardon us if, in making the just and true representation, we occasion you any uneasiness or confusion, for we cannot but say, your usage, for these three years last past, has been without regard to laws of nations or nature; and as to Cuny Nair, who has broke his faith with us, whenever we think convenient to call him to an account for it, shall not, we hope, find any of your people with him; which will induce us to be, Gentlemen,

"Your most humble and most obedient servants,

"ROBERT ADAMS.

"JOHN JOHNSON.

"STEPHEN LAW.

"WM. FORBES.

"HUGH HOWARD.

"Tellicherry, October 21, 1736. O. S."

Although the tone was very different in this correspondence, the spirit which animated both parties was the same. Each was resolved to occupy such positions and establish such influences, as should render its authority paramount, and proportionately depress the other. Certain intelligence again reached the English that Cuny Nair would attempt to raise a fortification on Putinha, and thus place Moylan in imminent danger; so they once more resolved to anticipate him, and sent a military force to occupy the hill. The French then made a move, which was but a counterpart of this, and established themselves on a hill called Caria Cunu, under the guns of the English fort. Then were re-opened on both sides batteries, not of cannon, but uncourteous letters and angry recriminations; until, like the two British Houses of Parliament, when differences have put a stop to their business, and only one resource is left, they proposed a conference. Accordingly, Monsieur Louet visited Tellicherry on behalf of the French; in return for which Stephen Law and William Forbes went to argue the question at Myhie. Neither party admitted itself to be in the wrong, nor was apology or retraction offered; but they had at last written and talked themselves into weariness of the subject—perhaps also had been softened by their mutual hospitalities,—and they permitted their dispute to die a natural death.

By this time the Factors, and, which was far more important, the Court of Directors, had looked over their accounts, and found that the large item of military expenses at Tellicherry had very much reduced their balance sheet, which made them reflect that it was silly and unprofitable to be engaged in constant bickerings, and to keep up a war establishment, when it was nominally a time of peace. The Court, therefore, sent out strict orders that their garrison should be diminished, and a good understanding cultivated with the gentlemen of Myhie. Civilities were consequently interchanged between the two Factories, and the Major who commanded the French troops having with some of his officers passed a night with the English Chief, expressed himself highly pleased with his reception. The Chief and Factors then, by way of making some recompense for the sums they had expended in warlike preparations, turned their attention to the business of extracting money from certain creditors of long standing, and their applications to their Majesties the Zamorin, the Kings of Cotiote and Puniture, and his Highness the Boyanore, as they styled these ragged Chieftains, became most importunate. Although they never continued long on good terms with their French neighbours, temporary ebullitions of feeling were suppressed until, in 1728, a

treaty of peace and alliance was signed by the Governments of Pondicherry and Bombay.\*

But English Factors were now ceasing to be solicitous for peace, and becoming too ready to involve themselves in the broils of others. When war broke out between the Malabarese and Canarese, the English of Tellicherry ranged themselves on the former's side, and indeed became in a little time the principal combatants. Their troops, under Captain Sterling, and a party of seamen under Captain Nunn, attacked a pagoda called Cheria Coonay on Christmas Day 1738, and having carried it after a short struggle, succeeded in intercepting the communications of the Canarese army with their fort of Madday. Alarmed lest he should be hemmed in, Rugonath, the Canarese general, after bursting some of his guns, throwing others into wells, and setting fire to his camp, abandoned with precipitation a strong position, and sought refuge under the guns of the fort. Here he entrenched himself; but his troops suffered considerably from the English skirmishers and the fire of their guns, whilst the Malabarese remained inactive spectators of a contest which had originally been undertaken on their behalf. However, as it was thought good policy to conciliate him rather than drive him to despair, he was permitted to enter the fort without being assailed, and Captain Sterling, beating a retreat, closed the campaign. The Chief of Tellicherry afterwards wrote to Rugonath, declaring that if the English forces had not shown singular moderation and forbearance, his whole army would have been destroyed; and the following April, the Canarese, sensible of their inferiority, made proposals of peace. Thus the first war in which the English of Western India showed any military skill, or contended with field-artillery and what was called a regular army, was brought to a favourable termination. Captain Sterling gained a few laurels, but, unhappily, did not preserve them; his subsequent conduct proved him to be as deficient in the firmness and decision, as he was in the ordinary acquirements, which are essential for a commander.†

During this time the disorders which so frequently prevailed in all the European Factories had found a place in the little establishment of Mylie. M. Bunet, who had succeeded Tremisot as Chief, had been guilty of such misconduct, in which his Members of Council participated, that an order arrived from Pondicherry for the supercession of all. In April 1739 M. Dirois came with a commission to act as Chief, and was accompanied by three

\* Tellicherry Diary, 1726—1728, inclusive.

† Tellicherry Diary, 1739.

new Members of Council. Bunet was immediately placed under arrest, but during the night succeeded in making his escape.

The bickerings of the two Factories, which had been for awhile lulled to sleep, were now again aroused, as hostile feelings were growing up in Europe between the French and English, and threatening to interrupt their political relations. In 1740 intelligence that England had declared war with Spain, and in all probability France would take up the latter's cause, having reached Tellicherry, found the two Chiefs of Factories engaged in an exchange of threatening letters, and apparently quite eager to proceed from words to blows. The French, seeing the importance of the hill called Andola Mala, which the English had fortified, threw up entrenchments within a short distance, that so, as soon as war should break out, they might dispute its possession; and the English Factors, on the other hand, taking upon themselves an extraordinary responsibility, ordered a party of Europeans and Natives, under the command of an Ensign, to drive the intruders away, which they succeeded in doing with a rush, although met by a sharp fire. In other places, such an overt act of hostility would have been the commencement of a regular war; but in all these affairs the French displayed much of their usual gasconade, little of their usual gallantry; so that the only results were increased acerbity and more active intrigues with native Chiefs. Troops from Myhie invaded the territory of the late Boyanore, which was now governed by his sister. The English, on their part, encouraged her to resist them, and were so fortunate as to gain over Cunhi Homo, Prince of Cherical, who had inherited the country of the King of Colastree, and whom they engaged to assist with arms and ammunition to the value of four thousand rupees *per annum*. Thus these European rivals, endeavouring to strengthen themselves by alliances with the petty States around them, and secretly doing each other all the injury in their power, remained crouching and ready to spring the instant they should hear that war was proclaimed in Europe. On the whole, the influence and power of the English were steadily gaining a preponderance.

The Dutch held at this time the Cape of Good Hope and Table Bay, the securest haven between Europe and Asia, for want of which the possession of St. Helena was no compensation to the English Company. Their spice islands enabled them to supply the world with cloves, and, combined with the prodigious fertility of Java, seemed an unfailing mine of wealth. They exercised absolute authority over the whole sea coast of Ceylon; had

established forts and factories in Behar, Orissa, Bengal, and at Negapatam and other places on the Coromandel coast; possessed on the coast of Malabar the strong fort and city of Cochin, with the forts of Quilon, Cranganore, and Cananore, and Residencies at Paponetty and Porca; and retained their ancient Factories at Surat, Ahmedabad, and Agra. Many of these places had been wrested by them from the Portuguese, against whom they had waged continual warfare; and as supplinters of that intolerant despotic race, they had been welcomed by native princes, who suffered political power and influence to pass quietly into their hands. Probably, if we had lived at that time, we should have considered that in the scramble for the wealth of India their chance was the fairest; but we now see that, as the Directors of the Company were expending their zeal in quarrelling with one another, and becoming negligent of their real interests, so they were suffering their opportunity to pass by; and soon, by a reduced demand in Europe for spices, one main source of their wealth was so dried up, that when threatened with hostilities, they were unable to support the increased forces which their position required. In the meanwhile, they were as desirous as the French of appropriating the whole trade to themselves, and their tone was more offensively haughty. When the master of an English sloop had detained and searched one of their manchuas at Tongapatam, no apology would satisfy them. Although, when they remonstrated, the offender was dismissed from the English Company's service, still they grumbled and complained. Their presumption knew no limits, and they insulted the English Factors of Anjengo by maintaining that, as the supremacy of the contiguous seas had been conceded to them by the native powers, no vessels could trade in them without their permission.\* Their internal discords were more frequent and violent than even those of their European neighbours, inasmuch as their temptations to defraud one another were more powerful—the fortunes which they made being immense, and Governors General returning, in more than one instance, from India with sums exceeding the original capital of their own Company.

Soon after Lowther, the English Chief of Surat, had been ejected for his dishonesty and defalcations from the Factory, the Dutch also discovered that Mynheer Phonsen, their Director, owed a hundred and thirty-five thousand rupees to his Company, which he had no means of paying. At first he was permitted to resign office quietly, on account of his increasing

\* Letter from the Factory at Anjengo, dated 18th February 1740.

age and infirmities; but as the Second in Council and Factors afterwards suspected him of concealing property, they expelled him from their Factory, and kept him a close prisoner in a private house. Both the English and the Native Governor, however, sympathised with him, and the latter placed at his son's disposal a body of peons, with whom the young man broke into his father's temporary prison, carried him and his mistress away in triumph, and deposited them in safety under the protection of a municipal officer. A long and disagreeable correspondence followed, in consequence of the part which the English had taken in these transactions. Their interference could not be justified on any ground of international law, but some excuse for it was to be found in the harshness with which old Phonsen had been treated. The Dutch Company condemned all their servants for their conduct in the affair, and ordered that both the Directore and his Second in Council should be dismissed from their service. Phonsen soon afterwards died, and the new Directore applied to the English Chief for his personal effects, styling him "a late deserter" from their Factory. In defence of his claim the Directore quoted, according to Dutch custom, much law and latin; but the English persisted in delivering Phonsen's property to the person they styled his wife, and who, the Dutch said, was his concubine. The old man had only left some wearing apparel and household furniture, the proceeds of which were soon expended by the woman, who was then compelled to live on charity.

Still worse were the distractions of the Dutch at Surat in 1740. Mynheer Van den Laer, a Member of Council, was accused of fraud by the Secretary, and immediately absconded. On this occasion the English did not interfere, further than by affording the refugee an asylum in their Factory. The English Chief did not pretend to defend Van den Laer's conduct, but urged as a plea for protecting him the truculent disposition of the Dutch Factors, declaring that he only did it "to free him from making a tragical end, which could not be avoided had he fallen into their clutches."\* Two months after this, Mynheer Van den Berg, Chief for affairs at Mocha, fled from the hands of justice, and also found refuge in the English Factory at Surat. The Dutch Directore demanded his tradition, according to instructions received from his superior at Batavia; but when this demand was refused, a mild protest was the only result, and the culprit made his escape, as probably his fellow-countrymen at

\* Surat Diary, 28th January and 11th February 1740.



Surat intended that he should.\* Three months later the Director himself was ejected by his subordinates from his own Factory, and although Teg Beg Khan, the Governor of the city, begged the Chiefs of other Factories to use their influence in order that he might be reinstated, they declined all interference. Mr. Hope, the English Chief, who had learnt from late occurrences that there is a time to meddle and a time to abstain from meddling, firmly replied to the Governor that it was not customary amongst his countrymen "to concern themselves in any transactions foreign to their own business." In fact, the Dutch Factors had already too long a list of grievances to produce against the English, and when the moment appeared favourable, they did not fail to sum them up, complaining bitterly that their European neighbours had received with open arms the three distinguished criminals whom we have mentioned, besides any soldiers and sailors who chose to desert their colours.†

India was now a prey, for the fattest portions of which the Lion, Wolf, and Bear were prepared to fight. To conquer the Peninsula, indeed, to reconstruct the shattered throne of the Great Moghul, to occupy it and stretch a sceptre over provinces which had even lain far beyond the all-grasping ambition of Imperial Rome—this dream had not yet charmed the imaginations of British, French, or Dutch. But it is certain that now the Companies and Crowns of the three nations were desiring not only an exclusive trade, but also taking rank amongst the princes of India. Sailing along the two sea-boards of the great territorial triangle, they eyed from time to time its fairest ports, calculated which would be the strongest positions, or the surest outlets of commerce, and even cast long wistful glances up the country to those districts which, after supplying the wants of vast populations, poured their surplus produce on the coast for exportation. Feeble Portugal could not hold her own; but the three other European powers were full of hope and vigour. As merchants, the French were usually inferior to their rivals, but having lately managed their affairs with more skill than formerly, had so prospered, that in 1740 their sales at L'Orient produced twenty-two millions of livres, whilst they were also bringing to bear on India their military strength, which, when put forth to its utmost, has more than once threatened the liberties of the world. Designedly attempting as they were to enrich themselves in the East, they

\* Letter from Surat, dated 7th April 1740.

† Surat Diary, 3rd August 1740; Bombay Diary, 10th March 1841, 13th August 1742, 8th January 1743.

were undesignedly preparing a struggle for life or death with the British. The Wolf and the Bear stood eagerly waiting to ravin on the prey, and, as they approached too near, the Lion would utter a suppressed roar. The British had much to dispirit them, and seemed feeble; but there was not the least reason to fear that the French and Dutch would begin the work without their interference.

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#### ART. V.—ROADS AND IRRIGATION.

1. *Despatch of the Honourable the Court of Directors, No. 32 of 1852, on the new organisation of Departments of Public Works.*
2. *Despatch from the Supreme Government to the Government of Bombay, No. 110, dated 26th January 1855.*
3. *Statement of new Projects of Works submitted for sanction in the Presidency of Bombay; No. 1, for 1856-7. Printed by order of Government.*

WE need scarcely recall to our readers' minds that our *Review* was inaugurated with an article on Mr. Mackay's "Western India Reports"; and having much to say on a work of so great importance to the Presidency of Bombay and the Government of the East India Company, we intimated our intention of recurring to it as opportunity might offer. We are now about to attempt something more positive, and we trust of more use, than a mere criticism, as we propose reviewing the past efforts which have been made by Government to improve the channels of traffic and the means of irrigation in the country, and shall offer certain suggestions for the conduct of future operations; but in noticing one division of Mr. Mackay's book—that on Roads and Water Power—we shall find an appropriate introduction to our subject.

We regret to say that our pleasure in looking back upon Mr. Mackay's labours is far from unmixed, as we must point out great and serious disingenuousness of purpose in his work, combined

with a certain cleverness and tone of confident assertion. He causes statements, which, if not altogether false, are at least of doubtful verity, to assume the colour of well-established facts, and thus builds them in to work up a case which, although it could hardly deceive a person at all acquainted with India, might yet suit the party views of the author's employers, and minister to the ignorant confidence of a mere English declaimer or agitator.

In proof of this we shall digress a little from our main subject to notice his panacea for the creation of landed proprietors, and his lament that the main objects of the Revenue Survey did not tend to this end. His scheme is so perfectly Utopian as to excite a smile on the part of any European acquainted with India, and to be at once seen through by disinterested Natives who know well their own countrymen. Is there a single district throughout the Presidency where we do not at the present moment find many peasant proprietors holding grants in "fee simple," and free from the payment of any rent whatever? Yet nearly in every case their land is so deeply mortgaged as to be irredeemable. In many instances it has passed, and under the new Survey is passing more rapidly than ever, into the hands of the griping Banyan or the stern Brahman money-lender, to whom the lords of the soil become as mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, eking out a scanty subsistence by what they can steal from the corn as it ripens in their own fields, and from time to time plunging deeper and deeper into difficulties by renewal of bonds with interest.

Turn also to Guzerat. There do you not see a set—and a very numerous set they are—of Grassia landholders enjoying their holdings at a very small, or even at no rent? Yet these, to a man, are in perpetual bondage to hired creditors.

It were a waste of words to say more on a point which is so patent to every casual observer; so we thus leave the Manchester School to enjoy their idea of "fee simple," and to the laughter of the general public for having been weak enough to suppose that such trash could serve their cause. We could discuss this and kindred subjects at much greater length, but the balance attraction leads us away from these musty axioms and doubtful facts to the more tangible realities of our road system.

We begin by admitting that there is much truth in the statements of Mr. Mackay as to the want of roads in Guzerat, but if he had pointed out the sources from which these could be constructed, the value of his information would have been greater. Roads must have a substratum of firm material, which is not to be had in the country between the Sabernutti and Nerbudda,

and still less north of the former river towards Deesa, and the Runn on the west. In plain truth, the construction of a good macadamised road through this large section of Guzerat becomes a physical impossibility. If it could be shown that even old brick material existed anywhere in sufficient abundance to aid in the formation of anything larger than a mere cantonment drive, then might the matter be looked on as worthy of being taken up, and the rulers of the land be held responsible for their neglect of this important duty.

The Rail, if it can but be led across the immense estuaries and high-banked rivers which it has to encounter, and where foundations must be dug to something of a fabulous depth, is the only form of arterial cart-way applicable to Guzerat, and even this would fail if carried to the sandy countries to the west and north of Ahmedabad.

Leaving Guzerat, we travel south with Mr. Mackay, and in his route we find that his remarks exhibit the same spirit of disingenuous carping and sacrifice of truth for the sake of effect, whenever it is deemed necessary to do so. Thus he states, "That with the exception of the Poona road, and a little piece leading to Domus, there is not another piece of metalled road in the Presidency." Before making this assertion he should have informed himself more fully, when he would have found that there are in Salsette several long lines of excellent metalled road; that the road from Belgaum to Dharwar is metalled throughout. In other parts of the country, roads are metalled when metalling is required, which is not generally the case when they pass through laterite soil, as then the nature of the subjacent rock renders upper metalling unnecessary. He could also, in case he had been in search of truth, have mentioned a metalled road of fifty miles leading from Poona to Joonere, and more than one in the sub-collectorate of Nasik.

In treating of the line which runs from Nasik to Khandesh, his idea of roads for purely military purposes leads him astray again. This road was not made to serve any military purpose. Had it been so, surely the most difficult part, viz. the Ghat of communication leading to Maligaum, with its approaches, would not have been left unmade for twenty-five years. The fact is, this useful piece of road was made solely with a view of giving bread to starving thousands of people in 1826, a year of scarcity.

Again, we have,—“Commercial thoughts were not uppermost in the plans of Government in constructing the Poona and Sholapore roads.” We say (and we speak advisedly) that these

thoughts were uppermost. Poona has always been the emporium of these eastern districts. Moreover, it was surely an object, in a commercial view, to have a road which should pass entirely through British territory, instead of traversing for three quarters of its extent the dominions of a Native Prince who had not even abolished the transit duties at the time it was proposed. It also fell directly into the best road in the Presidency, instead of threading a tedious and still untried way to the top of the Koombaree Ghat along the Quoina valley. All these were surely reasons quite sufficient, independent of military ones, for projecting this line, and their solidity has been abundantly proved by the immense traffic of which it has become the channel.

Take again this specimen of "fair reason." Of the Mahableshwar road he says :—"To a portion of the limited district of Mhar this road may be of some use;" and again, "When you reach Mahableshwar you at once perceive the object in constructing this road, which was neither military nor commercial, but *solely* to facilitate access to an agreeable and cool retreat during the hot season." He fails to tell us, as he might from the most common information have been able to do, that this line of road is, during the whole of the dry season, covered with droves of pack bullocks, conveying produce from the eastern districts of the Deccan to the river's outlet at Mhar; that this traffic is so extensive as to be continued by night as well as by day. We triumphantly appeal to the return of bullocks which unload at Mhar for proof of this fact. Had the nature of the country allowed of the formation of a cart-road here, the cart must long ago have superseded the pack-bullock; but the formation of a road for cart traffic is physically impracticable. Fie! Mr. Mackay,—a little less smartness in your assertions, and a little more honesty in your statement of facts, would have rendered your book more valuable. It is now the mere broadsheet of a party.

Once more shall we proceed to show how a plain tale may put down the elaborate statements of Mr. Mackay. We allude to his assertion, that "The whole line, *i. e.* from Joonere to Belgaum, is the most useless, in a commercial sense, that could be constructed." Of a part of this line—that from Joonere to Poona—we have already written, and have showed the circumstances from which it had its origin. We have also pointed out that, so far from being useless, it affords an exit to a very large quantity of produce. With the portion from Poona to Belgaum and Dharwar we have now to deal. The comparatively rich soil and greater certainty of the seasons in those southern provinces, leaves them very often

with a great surplus of grain even in years when the more northern provinces of the Deccan are suffering under the misery consequent upon short crops. Thus we have known on more than one occasion that while grain was selling in Poona at forty-seven pounds for the rupee, the same grain was being retailed in Dharwar and its eastern districts at ninety pounds. We have ascertained that at such times the despatch of grain carts from Dharwar to Poona often reached the number of three hundred per day. Need we say more in refutation of the audacious assertion of this young man? and have we not made good our word that a plain tale would put him down? Had he been less hasty in making out a case, he might have seen that the name which stood next to his own in the travellers' book at Kurar, availed nothing to show how valueless this line of road is at present for traffic of any kind. However strongly it might indicate the unfrequented nature of the road as a means of military communication, it had no bearing whatever on the question of its being a road for native traffic, seeing that (in as far as we are informed) native cartmen do not insert their names in the travellers' book of the bungalows which they may happen to pass.

One little squib more may be quoted, as showing the animus of the author, and having done this we leave him and his book fearlessly in the hands of honest and Christian men. They can judge whether we have not succeeded in convicting him of perversion of facts, and suppression of truth, for the miserable end of serving the views of a party, instead of making his book a standard which might be hereafter referred to for information as to the real state of things at the time he visited India: "The Deva Mune Ghat, too," he writes, "by which the Concan is gained, although not quite so bad as the Ram Ghat, is another formidable impediment." This Ghat happens to be one of the easiest and best chosen in the whole line, of some length doubtless, but remarkable for its gentle slope.

We have thus disposed of the road division of Mr. Mackay's book, which we have taken up in this separate form merely as an introduction to the scope of our article; somewhat on the principle of a builder who, before he begins to lay the foundations of a new house, clears away the rubbish of the older one in order to give his hands working room.

Up to the time when the extensive provinces of the Deccan had been acquired from the Peshwa, we had little or no country in which roads could be made, as we possessed only a small

part of Guzerat, the island of Salsette, and some twenty villages in the neighbourhood of Fort Victoria or Bankote. We have already shown that the formation of metalled roads in Guzerat was a physical impossibility. For some twelve years after the Deccan passed into our hands, attempts at road-making were few, as we had, at least up to the conclusion of Sir John Malcolm's rule, to struggle, not only in bringing into some order a turbulent and idle population, but to contend with a revenue falling very far short of the expenses which the new acquisitions entailed on us. As to the disturbing causes arising out of an unsettled population, the reader need hardly be reminded of the successive Cooly bands in the Concan, of the long and harassing operations resulting in the subjugation of the Ramosy leaders there; and the not less troublesome risings of the Bheels in Khandesh, when General Outram earned his first laurels. We need only advert to all these occurrences to show that, up to 1830, Government had their hands too full of little wars to allow of their cultivating to any extent the arts of peace.

In the days of the Earl of Clare the country had subsided into a more satisfactory state of quiet, and the chief struggle of that hard-working Governor was to reduce the expenditure, which had hitherto been necessarily somewhat on a war scale, to dimensions more befitting a state of peace. The deficient state of the revenue was met, as indeed it still is, by large supplies from Bengal; but such supplies were doled out from the imperial exchequer with a grudging hand, for it is to be remembered that Lord William Bentinck was then at the helm of Indian administration. He had seen the reckless system which prevailed in the Western Presidency, and, great administrator as he unquestionably was, drew the reins perhaps too much in the other direction, to the occasional stint of even necessary requirements. The Earl of Clare faithfully seconded his efforts, so that up to the period of his departure we had no funds to spend in any improvements.

Then came into operation the new Charter, which held the subordinate Governments as to expenditure at the feet of the supreme authority; so that with our annual deficit, however willing Governors might be to improve the country, nothing could be done, as an allotment of the minutest sums required sanction from Bengal.

Sir Robert Grant, having succeeded the Earl of Clare, came out with a prestige of superior power,—as brother of the President of the India Board, and as one who had long and carefully studied Indian affairs. It was thought that by the weight of

his name he could over-ride the minute stepmother-like expenditure annually sanctioned from the Eastern seat of Government. He, however, found that the chains, in the forging whereof he himself had no small share, sufficed thoroughly to bind even him down, and to frustrate some of his fondest projects. The whole mind of Sir Robert—and every one knows what a benevolent and capable mind that was—was turned to the improvement of the country in its roads and its irrigation, and the education of the people, and generally in ameliorating the condition of the masses.

At an early period of his rule Sir Robert penned the minute which resulted in the establishment of the Road and Tank Department. He most fully pointed out the solid advantages likely to arise from its extended operations, and in fact made out a case so strong as to convince even the Calcutta financiers ; and the work of improvement may be said to have been from this time begun.

It is true that during the rule of Sir John Malcolm, the isolated labour of the Bhoie Ghat was carried through ; but this was rather an exceptional fact than part of a general system, whereas the plans of Sir Robert Grant were framed to meet all contingencies relating to the improvement of the country. These embraced not only roads and tanks, but the reclaiming of land from the sea, the construction of wells for the people, of Chowries, or town houses, for their villages, and other minute points connected with the improvement of the districts, such as the building of bunds, and making water-courses. A Superintendent, one of the ablest of our English officers, was appointed on an ample salary, and under him were numerous assistants, also engineers, whenever available, with subordinate serjeants, carcoons, &c. &c. To each of these assistants was allotted particular districts, with the capabilities and wants of which he was directed to make himself fully acquainted, and this by being continually on the move throughout the fair season ; never returning from a journey by the same route where he could find another to travel by.

Provision, however, does not seem to have been made for the extension of the system to our richest districts, such as Guzerat and Dharwar. It was probably thought that in the first instance the Superintendent would find quite enough to do in keeping his eye on the operations carried on in the Deccan and Concan, and that afterwards, as the system became more perfect in its workings and the wheels of the machinery moved with the ease incident to use, it could be extended to the other provinces. The Depart-



ment having been organised, the assistant officers were in 1835 spread over their respective districts. The extensive province of Khandesh was placed under a separate officer, responsible to, and corresponding direct with, the engineering branch of the Military Board.

During the first six years of its existence the Department showed considerable signs of life and vigour. New roads were begun, and in some instances completed. The very impracticable road line from the Thul Ghat to Bhewndy was surveyed, altered, and improved, and a foundation was laid for the very successful attempt which was afterward made by the late Major Peat and Captain Chapman, to ascend the Thul Ghat. Several improvements were also effected in the line of communication between Nasik and Maligaum. The road approaches around Poona were multiplied, and Salsette was intersected by a network of roads.

Nevertheless, it does not appear that the Department, even at this early stage, attained the main objects of its institution. To say that this was done by the roads which were made, and the few cross roads which were opened, would be an error, seeing that one great use of the Department was deemed to be less the construction of particular lines of road than the opening of the country generally to carts, which could be readily in many places effected simply by smoothing and cutting away the numerous gullies and khunds which intersect the cross ranges. This would have been a measure of comparatively small expense, but of vast importance to the direct communication of one side of a district with the other.

In the Tank and Bund division of the Department the progress was even more chequered than was the case in that of the roads. Although some progress was made in Khandesh towards renewing the magnificent system of irrigation which had been organised by the Mahomedan sovereigns in their palmy days, it is not easy to point out anything permanent in this respect which has been effected elsewhere. A work on a large scale, involving the shutting-in of a mountain gorge at Kussoordie, and the distribution of the supply of water which would thus be collected to irrigate the land of the lower-lying villages, was first undertaken. Dams, sluices of excellent and solid masonry, were built. Immense earthworks were added to these, as a continuation, at parts where the pressure of the water was deemed to be less. But the work remained incomplete from the want of a conduit to convey the water to the level land. The villagers were not in a position to

incur the expenditure necessary for constructing this through broken soil, intersected and cut up by natural water-courses; so that the undertaking, after an expenditure of about thirty-five thousand rupees, seemed likely, instead of affording the magnificent return of fifteen thousand rupees of annual revenue expected from it, to yield nothing at all; when the knot was solved by the hand of Providence, for in one night, during the autumnal rains, the whole of the earthwork was swept away. The masonry remains, a monument of the Road and Tank Department.

Another undertaking in a different quarter was equally hapless in its results. A large quantity of land near Bassein was to have been converted into that valuable soil called "salt batty land," as *lucus a non lucendo*, because the sea, and consequently the salt, is kept out. This was to have been reclaimed at a great advantage to Government, for wherever there is such land, especially near Bombay, cultivators are never wanting. The work had made good progress: the flood-gates were constructed, and were lying in the verandah of the travellers' bungalow at Bassein. The fact is, that here, as at Kussoordie, nature had taken the matter into her own hands, and the tide of one night had swept away the labour of many days.

The unprofessional man may be forgiven if he surmises that in these and other cases which will probably occur to the reader of this, there has throughout been too rigid an adherence to mathematical formulæ, and too small an allowance made for the action of disturbing forces always unequal. Often in the tropics these forces reach a height which must make the calculations of the most scientific officer incorrect, unless based on practical experience. A little excess in strength can at no time be a fault in a tropical country, and hence the solidity and enduring nature of many of the works constructed in the Mahomedan period. Probably the constructors of these based their calculations on the actual observation of the depth of the adjoining current-beds and ravines, rather than on any scientific rules.

Such, with the exception of one or more tanks in Khandesh, said to have been equally fruitless in their results, compose the main works executed during the existence of the Road and Tank Department. The cleaning out and repair of the Kalraj tank, of the Khandala tank, of the Goreegaum tank, were neither very important or very happy in their results. All these and other shortcomings were, it is believed, made the subject of a rather severe review by the Honourable Court in 1844 and 1845; and this blow was followed up by an able minute which the late

distinguished Chief Engineer, Colonel G. R. Jervis, submitted to Government about the same time. At that period the extinction of the Department was, it is believed, seriously contemplated. But Sir George Arthur, the then Governor, determined to give it one more trial; so it continued to struggle through its maturity and decrepitude until 1854, when it finally merged in the Works Department, under direct control of the Chief Engineer.

The reports from 1846 downwards will be found to be mostly confined to the repair of old roads, the opening out of some lines of new ones, the construction of travellers' bungalows and byo-roads of access to them, and such like matters. They are hardly worthy of being chronicled in a public report, except to show (which they effectually did) that the per-centage for superintendence was, as might be naturally guessed, excessive; for when the works undertaken are of small value this per-centage proportionally rises. More money was also engulfed in a great lattice bridge, built on the American plan, between Maligaum and Nasik. This, after much correspondence, had finally to be removed. We are not sure that even the repairs of the Church of Tanna was not a work of the declining years of the Road Department; for its title of Tank Department may be said to have been virtually thrown aside from 1845.

It must, however, in justice be added, that the construction of the Thul Ghat line, and the numerous irrigation extensions by means of repair of dams in Khandesh, had demonstrated how much could be done by energy applied under the control of judgment and local experience. Still, it is now an admitted fact that the Road and Tank Department proved a complete failure.

On the causes of this (which, by the way, lie on the surface) we may dilate at some length, for the benefit of succeeding generations and future Departments of the kind. The first of these causes has already been hinted at, viz. the obstinate adherence to mathematical forms in making calculations, when a minute survey of the features of the surrounding lands might have afforded more certain aid in estimating the power of water currents and other forces. A second and most important cause is to be found in the officers who were too often selected as subordinates in the engineering charge of extensive districts. The untoward occurrence of the Affghan war took off the flower of our engineer officers towards the north-west. Their places had often to be supplied from the line, and filled by men who had only some knowledge of surveying, no local experience; and some of whom

were in other particulars quite unfit for the important duties they had to perform. It were invidious to be more minute. Suffice it to say, that in many cases the curse of patronage was, as usual, fatal to the interests of the public service, particularly at the most critical period in the existence of the Road and Tank Department, during the administration of the late Sir James Carnac. A third cause is to be sought for in the abomination and folly of the contract system as it formerly existed. Happily, this is now only a fact in history ; but we could show that in many, if not in most cases, contracts were sold over and over again, and the wretched holder of the last transfer could not afford to make his work of any solidity. How else can we account for the perpetual mis-construction of small bridges, and even waterways, which renders our provincial engineering so often an object of laughter even to the unlettered native? Here may be seen a bridge having its foundations undermined by the first autumnal torrent which occurs after it has been erected ; there another, to keep it company, standing proudly erect like an island in the middle of surrounding sea.

Could these failures occur so frequently as they do, if more care were taken, and a large amount of local experience applied to such works? This local experience was, in the case of the great Poona dam, gained only after several successive overthrows, and turned to advantage by the minute attention which the late Captain Studdert bestowed on the work in its last progress.

This brings us to a fourth and all-pervading cause of failure throughout the works which have been undertaken by European officers, viz. the too great trust which they put in their maistrees or head men, and the comparatively slight personal inspection which they themselves give to the works in progress. In many cases it is believed that the maistrees have some personal interest, direct or indirect, in the work, and that they will thus inspect and report on unserviceable constructions which do not stand the test of a single monsoon. Are we to blame the unfortunate officer for this? No ; the same moral blot runs throughout the whole of our public departments ; and it were not too much to say that the rottenness in the subordinate department of the revenue and judicial lines is to that in the engineering branch as three to one.—So much does a European officer feel himself trammelled by harpies who look on the plunder of the Government or of the ryot as a mere spoiling of the Egyptians,—a spoil to be buried and hoarded up for the happy day when the “*Mlencha*” shall be driven from India.

A fifth cause of the total failure (with the exceptions above

mentioned) in our intended district improvements, has been the defective education of our civil officers, which rendered them in most cases incompetent (even supposing they had possessed the time) to recommend the construction, or when constructed to judge, of works suited to the province over which they ruled. We have before adverted to the fact that much might have been done by making short pieces of road through cross ranges of hills; and we need not add that still more might have been effected by the timely direction of attention to points where water could have been usefully turned to account.

Here we must, however, say, that much of the fault in this matter rests with the Government themselves, in withholding from officers of high position the power of expending by their own motion in moderate sums for the furtherance of irrigation in particular spots. This power could easily have been conceded without any clashing of interest or duties with those of the Road and Tank Department. It would have sufficed that such and such a piece of work had been reported as having been undertaken by the Collector in person, and the accounts thereof been rendered by him along with his own annual budget.

Mr. Mackay gives a table, showing the very meagre amount of advances which had in successive years been made for purposes of irrigation, but of these it is believed that the greater part were issued, not through the Road and Tank Department at all, but by an officer who had a specific grant for the purpose.

It is to be hoped that the present system of examination for the Civil Service may be made to include more subjects of practical utility than it now appears to do, else we are likely to have a future as hopeless as the past has been fruitless. That we are much behind both Bengal and Madras in our appliances for irrigation, cannot be denied; but it seems probable that the works now in progress in Sind may raise us somewhat nearer to their level.

We do not concur in the view taken by those who believe that by damming up some of the great rivers in Guzerat we can add to the riches of that already highly-cultivated country. The physical obstacles are, in our opinion, too numerous to allow of this ever being done to a profit, or even with advantage. These obstacles are—broken raviny ground, the want of the stone required as a foundation for such constructions, the rifted black soil through which many or most of the canals must be carried. Guzerat has been, and is again becoming, a great country for irrigation by tanks and wells; and when the time shall arrive that the

numerous works of that description which existed in the flourishing period of the Mahomedan rule shall have been repaired and set in action, that province will not be behind any district in India in provision for the comfort of its population, nor in the amount of revenue yielded from a given surface of country.

In the former part of this paper we have pointed out the shortcomings of the Road and Tank Department, and have endeavoured to investigate the causes out of which these failures have arisen. Under the new order of things, with an increased allowance for expenditure on public works, and with the errors of the last twenty years to serve as a beacon for our guidance, we have good reason for hoping that something solid and tangible may be effected, and that in the period which has to elapse between 1856 and 1876, the fruits of new works on roads, tanks, and wells may be visible in the increase of revenue and the people's wealth. It is of the first importance that the more liberal grant now placed at the disposal of the Bombay Government for carrying out public improvements be not frittered away, as heretofore has sometimes been the case, on objects of no public importance, such as making roads to travellers' bungalows, and other trifling matters. It is also of great consequence that it should be expended in such a manner as to give certain returns, either in increased commerce or in augmented revenue.

We may here cursorily glance at some of the modes in which the grant may be most usefully applied, and at the most promising localities for its expenditure. The works for irrigation in Sind, if continued on their present scale and the same basis as that projected by Colonel Turner, the late lamented Chapman, and others, may be safely looked to as affording an immediate return—a return increasing annually as a population flock from other countries to these new lands of Goshen. This afflux of the industrial classes has made the improvement of canals, projected and carried out by the genius of Colonel Jacob, already a solid and remunerative undertaking. As to Guzerat, we have before stated it as our opinion that stream irrigation is inapplicable, at least to the British portion of that country, but the remote districts to the West, all of them under the rule of *quasi* independent Chiefs, may, it is thought, admit of a good deal being done, especially in the higher forks of the Sabermuttee, Myhie, and other rivers. But this question we for the present set aside as not within our province; at some future day this *Review* may have to record improvements here, but the time has not yet come. The great

water resource of Guzerat Proper consists in its tanks and wells. From the former certain valuable crops, such as rice and wheat, are furnished with the water they require beyond that which the annual rains of the season afford. For wheat, generally, a regular course of irrigation throughout its growth is not needed, but one or two waterings as the ground begins to dry up after November, which it does with peculiar celerity under the influence of strong easterly winds. For rice, again, probably all that is necessary is a single watering, to replace the evaporation caused by drought in October. Besides these principal products, numerous others are raised by means of the water from tanks. Cotton, carrots, coriander, fenugreek, Indian corn, or jowarie, grass for the food of cattle in the hot season,—all these have their turn in the rotation of Indian cultivation. We believe the records of the present Revenue Survey in Guzerat will show that by an extensive repair of the tanks, the quantity of these articles raised might be with ease quadrupled, to the great benefit of the poorer classes, and unquestionably also of the revenues of the State.

As to wells, already numerous in the more highly-cultivated parts of the Kaira collectorate, in a short year, 1832, fourteen lakhs of revenue were raised chiefly, if not entirely, from the well cultivation. They might be increased tenfold in other parts of the country; and when it is considered that sugar-cane universally forms a crop under the rotation system of well culture in Guzerat, and that tobacco, for export to Sind and other places, is another produced, it will be apparent that this branch of irrigation is not less important than that of tanks.

A third most necessary improvement for this rich province will be a series of roads, carried, as far as the material for making them can be found, from the hill range on the northern border to converge at some points where the railway traverses the country. The importance of these communications for the supply of timber and bamboos, which are found in quantity on the hills from Godra west, can be best appreciated by those who know how scarce and dear building materials are throughout all the flat country from the Myhie eastward, and how much of the present supply is due to imports by the sea-boards. Such roads need not extend beyond the limits of the rugged country, which stretches in a line from Champanee to Aboo, as without that boundary carts find no difficulty in passing anywhere.

A fourth great work to be expected from the department now organised, is the provision of shipping-stages, piers, or any other

feasible means of embarking produce from the shores of the muddy and sludgy creeks and rivers which indent the sea talooks in so many places. It may be thought that the railway will supersede the necessity for much shipment ; but this is by no means the case. The cotton of all the flat country from Dholka westward, at least, will continue to be exported by these seaports, as after January it can, under the influence of north-west winds, be delivered in Bombay in a shorter time than it could be by the railway, and at a much less cost.

The remarks we have just made apply chiefly to Guzerat, north of the Myhic. To the south side of this great river we fall on a province considerably different in its features. We have the Baroda country, with its rich garden land in a sandy soil, trusting solely to wells for irrigated cultivation, the tanks, such as have been in the olden time, being generally near the last stage of ruin, and little calculated to increase the area of ground artificially fertilised. It must, however, be allowed that here garden cultivation is carried to a high pitch of perfection, and the heavy crops of turmeric, garlic, tobacco, and other esculents and stimulants grown, even under the unequal gripe of Native rule, show how much more might be done under a system of settled tenure and moderate exaction. Water near to the surface, the material for wells, viz. brick-earth, brushwood, manure, and lime, in the utmost abundance, with a dense population for the purposes of labour,—all indicate the capabilities of a country where industry is at present rather tolerated than encouraged, and where the husbandman can never lie down at night without the fear of seeing his homestead blazing before morning, owing to the loose population who have the liberty of enforcing their undefined and often undefinable demands from the ryot, independent of those made by the State. We allude to “Guzas”—or the share of produce originally demanded by tribes of plunderers—and many other claims shrouded in names unintelligible to the European reader, but well known in the woful experience of the industrious farmer. In fact, they recall to the memory what “our Ireland” was but a few years ago. A roughly-written notice is stuck with an arrow to any post near the dwelling, and a cake of cow-dung appended to the missile gives to the householder unerring warning of what he has to look for unless certain claims are forthwith settled or compounded for.

The Broach pergunnah next meets the eye, and here of artificial irrigation, there is little or none, except towards the sea border, where the soil and the tanks admit the culture of rice and wheat



(both of superior grain), raised by the aid of a few overflows from the tanks. It would, however, appear that up to 1788 irrigation was also extensively practised here in the cotton lands ; as appears from the tour of Hove, the Polish traveller, printed in 1855 and published under the auspices of Mr. Gibson, Conservator of Forests. It is not, however, clear that those reservoirs were more than mere earthen excavations, *carefully* made, and calculated to hold a supply of water until the March sun rent the soil ; but such as they were, they subserved a great purpose, and there is no reason to doubt that, under a renewal of similar industry, the cotton crops of the province might be doubled.

It appears to be a question open to discussion, whether very light taxation, hitherto held as a panacea in Indian husbandry, is not too often an incentive to laziness ; and there may be, as will afterwards be seen when we review the garden land of the Southern Mahratta Country, some reason in the argument that pretty heavy taxation, provided the proceeds be mainly expended in improvements on the spot, may be preferable to a very light impost, not an anna of which is returned to the soil in the shape of local advantage. We throw down the apple for argument, leaving others to pick it up or to discuss the question as they please.

The Surat districts, extending from the Taptee to the Damaun river, may next come in for a small share of attention, as affording a bright picture of successful irrigation by means of numerous tanks and wells. The country is in a state of growing prosperity, and requires but little engineering aid from the State to render it equal to the most fertile parts of India. Mr. Bellasis, in his Report, states (para. 30) :—" There is not a village which does not contain two or three tanks, and from ten to thirty, or even more wells, used for irrigation. Tanks are here made at a small cost." By taking advantage of the natural undulations of the country, and by observing the direction in which the natural drainage flows, large and fine tanks are made by simply raising an embankment, so as to connect two ridges of elevated land, and thus form a basin into which the surplus water accumulates."

Here, however, we have again the incubus of a Native Government intersecting the most fertile parts of the province, inasmuch that in some of the pergunnahs belonging to the Gaekwar, and administered by his " Sursoobha" at Nowsarie, seven-tenths of the lands are in a state of nature, or kept as grass preserves. If we look at the pergunnahs of Murolie and Mhowa, this fact will be painfully apparent, for in these, with soil of first-rate quality, and water near to the surface, not a green blade is raised except

under the influence of the annual rain ; and the population, which once was dense, has long ago migrated to other holdings, where the reward of industry is more sure. We grant that in Nowsarie and Gundevvee (both of them close to the centre of the Soobha) there is no little of successful industry and of careful garden cultivation ; but these are rather the exception than the rule throughout this division of the province.

We have spoken of the want of engineering aid in our own or the British portion of the Attaveesy. To what points should this be directed ?

*First*,—To the formation of a broad central road leading from Surat to Damaun. In calling for a *broad* road we speak with a purpose, for no one who has seen the country can be ignorant of the immense extent of its cart traffic. Hardly is a foot passenger to be seen on the main roads,—all ride in carts, and those of the most varied construction : many so small and light as to hold only two passengers, while the labour carts, and those laden with commercial produce, are as solid and large in their construction as the bullocks which draw them are powerful. It is a cheering sight, and no mean indication of the prosperity of the country, to observe in a day of the cold season this extent of cart traffic.

*Second*,—Some large bridges are required, particularly near Kotiawarree, where the river is dangerous, and the approach very trying to cattle. It may be doubted whether some of the other rivers or creeks could be bridged, except at a great expense ; however, the suspension bridge would be very applicable here, on account of the abundance of rough material, viz. wood. But all these are points for the consideration of a regenerated Public Works Department, and need not be enlarged on here.

*Third*,—A large and strong road leading from the eastern forests to the coast. Strong it must be, on account of the great weight of material which will have to pass over it, such as timber logs of the largest size. Fortunately, there is in this division of Guzerat no dearth of material for roads—at least it is always obtainable within a few miles of the deepest parts of the black soil country.

*Fourth*,—Jetties, either of stone, of wood, or of date-tree trunks (the latter most abundant here), for the shipping of produce at Balsar and other bunders, that of Balsar being one of rising importance, and likely at no distant period to form an outlet for much of the produce of Berar.

We have devoted thus much of our space to Guzerat, firstly because of its importance as a commercial and agricultural province,

—the richest in the Presidency ; and secondly because it is one which has hitherto been of all the most neglected in an engineering point of view. In fact, excepting the great bridge at Baroda, the work of our present gallant and accomplished Chief Engineer, and the water supply of Ahmedabad, there is not another indication of engineering skill in the province.

We may now ascend the Taptee, and turn into Khandesh. The works in the western part of this Soobha have already been partially noticed in speaking of the defunct Road and Tank Department. As to the general features of the province, in its adaptation for roads it has every natural advantage; but as the Rail will traverse it in an oblique direction, to reach Julgaum near the Taptee, it is not probable that our future engineers will be called on to form a main road. Roads of communication with the Rail must, however, be formed, from the rich districts to the north of the Taptee, from the cotton country to the east of the rail line, from the Adjunta Ghat, and from the Kunhar Ghat above Bhal Bhingam ; also a line of communication with the made road by Khondabaree Pass now under projection. None of these lines, with the exception of the first, are likely to cause any great outlay, or to demand much engineering skill, the features of the country being especially favourable for lines from the East to the West, and *vice versa*.

In respect to the irrigation requirements of the province :—the western talook, or Baglan, has long been famed for its water capabilities, and due advantage was taken of these by the Mahomedan monarchs who held sway in Khandesh, as may be seen by the numerous dams and canals which yet remain to attest their efforts. The solidity of these works is such that often a very trifling repair suffices to spread the blessings of irrigation over hundreds of acres ; and of this facility advantage has been duly taken by the engineers Scott, Hart, and Bell, who have produced solid results at an expenditure comparatively small, the direct money return on the outlay having been such as might satisfy the most eager capitalist. Not a little yet remains to be done ; and should the present Collector, Mr. Mansfield, remain in office a few years longer, there will be no reason to complain that the agents of Government have been backward in turning the resources of the district to account. It must, however, be apparent that the supply of water in these western rivers and streamlets is less abundant than was formerly the case, a fact which all the natives point out. This has been attempted to be accounted for (by Mr. George Inverarity, the

present Collector of Broach, and long ago distinguished by his services in Khandesh) from the forest near the sources of the streams in the western Ghats having been in a great degree encroached on by cultivation and otherwise recklessly destroyed. The evil seemed a necessary one, owing to the number of Bheel cultivators located there, who had abandoned the sword for the plough; but it would have been far better if other situations could have been chosen for the settlement of these tribes, and it may now be difficult to bring about a more sound policy as to the forest in those mountain gorges. That Mr. Inverarity has indicated the true cause of the decrease of water in the streams, the analogy of other countries in India, particularly of the Mysore districts, where the same practice has been pursued, and with an effect precisely similar, leaves us no reason to doubt.

The rest of the province of Khandesh is little fitted for stream cultivation, and the rivers being confined within high banks, give no scope for great works; but the wells, which have been at one time most numerous, may again aid in increasing the productiveness of the country. Hitherto, however, a very short-sighted and uncertain scale of taxation on these has greatly tended to keep down the number of old ones repaired, or of new ones opened, but it is probable that this cause of backwardness, if not already removed, is in process of being so. Much has been effected by the present Collector in the construction of village wells in the rugged country to the West, and more is annually being effected. In fact, in a collectrate so rich as this is, any measure which economises the lives of the population is a direct gain to the State.

In speaking of the eastern districts as those where alone stream irrigation is carried to any extent, we should not omit to indicate, that in the range of hills from Adjunta westward there are many situations where the streams will in future years be taken advantage of for the irrigation of the lands which lie below them. So also in the countries below the Satpora range of hills, much may be looked for likely to reward the efforts of a zealous engineer; but in these latter the desolation which has been the result of many years of waste and war, has thinned or exterminated the population, and left a solitude so deadly in its climate, that it is only under the pressure of a dense population in the more salubrious districts that settlers will be driven hither, and the gradual amelioration of the climate will admit of such works being taken up.

Dividing Khandesh from the Deccan to the South, we have the Chandore or Unkye range of hills, and everywhere in their gorges (except at Unkye) the means of passage to the southern

country are narrow and difficult. True, the Chundore Ghat has been opened by a tolerable road, but numerous others, both to the east and west, some of which may be noticed in the map marked "passable for laden cattles," (we may here ask, *par parenthèse*, who does the English in the engineer's map office in Bombay?) are yet in a state of nature, or, if a road has been made, it is allowed to go to ruin. This is painfully observable in a small Ghat made by the late Mr. Stuart when Sub-collector of Nasik. It is now in utter dilapidation. In all those passes the amount of labour required is very small, and the length of road to be made need not exceed three miles. The convenience for traffic which such a pass opened out by a road gives, is very great, as the country both to the north and south is level. So here is one point for the attention of our future engineers as they enter the Deccan from the North.

If the engineer will now take his course through the country skirting this range of hills to the South, he will find numerous streams, most or all of which have a sufficient fall to allow of advantage being taken of their contents for the irrigation of the rich soil which surrounds all these villages. To the West, especially in the Kadro river, these streams have been most fully taken advantage of, insomuch that the whole of that country, from the Godavery to the skirts of the hills, is a sheet of rich garden cultivation; but to the eastward the numerous broken dams and dilapidated water-courses of the olden time attest how much remains to be done, and how much could at little expense be done by an active Engineering Department fully supplied with the sinews of labour. Lime and stone of the best quality abound, and often may be observed a dam broken in the middle, but otherwise serviceable, where, by the expenditure of a few hundred rupees, as many acres of wheat or carrots might be extended over plains now under the dominion of the thistle. We hold that until these feasible and practicable improvements shall have been completed, it is premature to think of engulphing immense sums for banking up the great rivers.

To the eastward in this, the Ahmednuggur zillah, there is a great field for engineering skill in furnishing a supply of drinking water to the people. Thus, even in the populous and rising town of Yeola, so famous for the manufacture and dyeing of silks, the scarcity of water in the hot season is very great. The shallow tanks dry up, so that cattle are driven to great distances for water, and even the people obtain but a scanty measure. The undulating country which lies between the town of Chundore and the

hills may be found to afford capabilities for an aqueduct, or some of the lesser valleys leading from the hills may be shut in so as to give a large supply. We believe that were capital supplied, numerous Natives would be able and willing to undertake a scheme of this kind, guaranteeing the duration of the work for a certain number of years previous to payment. The aqueducts and water-courses which yet remain of the olden time show that such works can be done, and well done too, by Natives. Take the example of Teesgam Murce, in the same collectorate, where a series of aqueducts still remain which must at one time have made that part of the country, now little better than a stony desert, a smiling sheet of garden land. The repair of a work of this kind may form another of the feasible and practical improvements above referred to. The Soonere and Sungunnere talooks of this collectorate, enjoying as these do the advantage of streams from the neighbouring hills, show much of good garden cultivation; but here also a great deal remains to be done in the way of extension, as is also the case around Ahmednuggur itself.

Our time is limited, otherwise we could point out in detail how great is the scope for engineering efforts, and the extension of water supply in the south-eastern part of the zillah, and how rich are the natural resources both as to water and soil of the hills and the slopes in the Samkheir pergunna. By taking advantage of the supply of water in these, we have the full sweep of the water-shed from these heights towards the Bheema, while on the eastern slope of the hills towards the Bheer frontier, and from thence along north into the Sowgam pergunna, the water supply which falls towards the Godavery is equally available for irrigation and agricultural improvement, affording one more example of a safe investment of capital in works which individually are of little cost, and where an occasional failure in one place is sure to be more than atoned for by favourable results elsewhere.

We now proceed to give a short sketch of the possible improvement as to roads and water supply in the adjacent collectorates of Poona and Sholapore. Much of the soil in these countries is naturally so arid and inferior, that great irrigation works, even if undertaken, could find scope sufficient only to ensure a moderate return. It is only by detail work, by taking advantage of a fertile valley here and a good spring-source or water-head there,—that the cultivation resources of the collectorates will be materially augmented. It is true that some of the smaller rivers

afford great facilities for dams, but the cultivation area below them is often either limited by rocky rises, or the soil is a mere *débris* of the subjacent strata, or of such a strong aluminous character that it would require many years of cultivation before it could be reduced to a proper fertility. Hence, as above observed, capital and skill will find a more profitable field in the details before alluded to than in any one great work. Much has been said, and some little has it is believed been written, regarding great works on the Bheema, or Krishna, destined to irrigate many thousand acres lying far below them ; but let us first exhaust the really profitable and certainly feasible sources of improvement before we adopt those grand ideas of which the result is more uncertain.

In the Sholapore country, the natural formation—long waving barren downs, with strips of fertile valley between—at once point out how much can be effected on the detail plan ; for in every one of these either a streamlet can be turned to advantage or wells may be multiplied indefinitely. The Sassore or Poorundhur talook shows much of this detail work.

It may be doubted whether in the course of the late Revenue Survey in these collectorates, it might not have been better to have kept the rates on dry land (particularly in the rich black soil villages) somewhat higher. The Government would then have been able altogether to dispense with the tax on land watered by wells and small streams, especially in those where the water supply is not available beyond February or March ; the more so as this well-tax or “*viheer hoonda*,” as it is called, had been held in abeyance from 1830 up to 1848—the period when the new survey arrangements were sanctioned. Why was it so held in abeyance ? Hereby hangs a tale.

The fact is, on the institution of Mr. Pringle's survey, the measure of a well-tax was introduced, based on principles of political economy, instead of practical experience. Complex calculations were entered into to show that wells in which a certain amount of capital had been expended should be more lightly taxed, or be free from taxation altogether, while the wells more cheaply constructed were taxed at a much heavier rate. Elaborate tables were framed, showing the exact returns of garden land irrigated by wells ; but one fact was totally left out in the calculation, viz. that while the higher class of wells are mostly dug in ground where the soil and water supply afforded a rich return, the cheaper excavations are often in inferior rocky land, where crops of the lower class only can be raised ; and yet in the tables

sugar-cane, the most profitable of crops, appeared as a rotation-crop applicable to all. As might have been expected, immediately the new measure came into play, remonstrances became so strong and so fervent, that the Revenue Commissioner, Thomas Williamson, at once saw that a false step had been taken, and accordingly recommended the Government to hold the tax suspended. No ; we certainly ought to leave all those little wells and streams, enjoying but a beggarly supply of water, untouched by the tax-gatherer, and confine our fiscal measures to those of a higher quality as to supply and soil.

Out time hardly permits of our saying more regarding these collectorates, but we may indicate *en passant* that the formation of the country admits of tanks being in many places formed by making dams in valleys leading from the hills. Let us hope that these, when undertaken, may be more fortunate in their result than that of Kussoordie, which we have before mentioned as one of the earliest efforts of the Road and Tank Department. In fact, it were more desirable that this standing reproach to British engineering were removed, which might at no great expense be effected, as the earthworks rather than the masonry yielded to the violence of the elements ; and unless the stones have been removed or stolen (contingencies sufficiently probable), and the flood-gates and sluices made away with, the work might be put into serviceable condition with a moderate outlay.

By studying the features of the country here a young engineer could apply the same principles to other parts of the zillah, where the formation is similar.

On one point, applicable to all these countries above the Ghats, and very important in an economical view, we may just say a word, as indicating one more branch requiring but trifling skill and a moderate application of capital. We mean the subject of "thals" or end walls to the rice and other fields in many situations, particularly in the western districts. By restoring these from the state of dilapidation in which most of them now are, the productive powers of the soil which lies behind them would at once be materially augmented, as not only is more water thus retained for the nourishment of the growing crops, but the finest particles of soil, which are carried in suspension by the water, settle down in the form of a natural manure, applied without trouble. These matters, however, as well as that of occasional drainage, are sufficiently extensive in their bearings to be considered in a separate article. Meanwhile we may state our belief that the



cultivators, left to themselves, will not, under a tax however light, put forth their strength or capital to make these repairs. Brahman or Banyan capitalists might do so, but they prefer hoarding. At some future day a well-educated Native, or a European, settling in these Western districts, may, by a limited expenditure of capital, reap large returns, and at the same time add to the comforts of those around him.

Of roads in these collectorates we need say little. That of Poona appears to have already more than its due share, if we consider the expenditure made in other parts of the country for this object ; while of Nuggur we shall only observe that the greatest desideratum remaining to be fulfilled is a good cart communication from the south-eastern corner of the collectorate, in the Bala Ghat, towards the Blicer frontier.

The Satara collectorate next engages our attention in marching south. Of it we may say that it is still in a state of transition. Not a little of accumulated balances has been spent in road communications, with the greatest benefit ; but this might have been still greater had the whole expenditure been made on objects of strictly public utility, instead of being diverted, as it has occasionally been, to endless improvements and reconstructions of the roads leading to Malcolm Poth, which were already sufficiently good for the normal traffic of the country. We have in a former paragraph had occasion to point out how unjust the remarks of Mr. Mackay were in regard to the opening of the first great road to the Hills. We should be careful that by subsequent proceedings we give no handle for similar aspersions in future.

Of the capabilities of Satara for irrigation, we may remark that they partake of the same detail character as those of Poona and Admednuggur,—a fact which indeed might be predicated from looking at a map of the country. The dry crop land being (much of it) superior black soil, running close to the foot of steep hills, and trending gently towards the larger rivers, the Krishna and Yena, might give a vast return were it once subjected to the influence of water diverted from the rivers ; and the great black plains to the east might be rescued from the periodical sterility to which they are now subject from the frequent failure of the rains in the open country ; so that here there is scope for, and certainty of return from, some great work on one or more of the rivers.

Going from Satara in a southerly direction to Belgaum we see much of the intervening country in the hands of Native chiefs, while the British talooks of Baugulkotta, Budamee, Hoongood,

Uthnee, &c., are altogether dry crop countries, the amount of irrigated land in the two former not exceeding three hundred acres. Captain Wingate had projected a plan for damming up the Krishna at Gulgulla. Had this been carried out, it was computed that thirty thousand acres of land could have been turned into garden ground. We lament, however, to learn that on examination of the levels of the line proposed, it was found that the work was impracticable; so the hope only is left to us that subsequent search may discover a locality in which the required conditions can be fulfilled, and in the mean time rest contented with opening up these great grain-raising and manufacturing districts by means of roads, of which the most important is that already projected, if not commenced, viz. the road from Hooblee in the Dharwar collectorate, to Sholapore. This is the great line of passage for the spices—cardamoms, pepper, and betelnut—from the gardens of Canara and Soonda to Sholapore and Barsec. Roads to the coast, by the Phoondda and Combharlee Ghats, will also it is believed be soon completed, and can easily be made to form junctions with the roads from these eastern talooks at the points most advantageous to transit.

We shall say now but a little on the two collectorates to the South, viz. Belgaum and Dharwar, of the former of which, by the way, the talooks which have been just noticed form a subdivision. The two collectorates in question have in their western and southern aspects features sufficiently varied, and capabilities so numerous, that they may fitly in themselves form the subject of some future remarks, which may also include the countries below the Ghats, from Damaun to the border countries of Goa, on which in the present paper we have been unable to bestow even a passing glance. Suffice it then for our present purpose to say, that while Belgaum in its western division shows much of rich garden land, the means of irrigation are on a much less advanced scale than is the case in Guzerat and the Attaveesy.

Dharwar, on its north-western border, makes but little show as a garden country, but to the East and South, at Hungul and Kode, towards the Madras limits, the breadth of cultivated garden land is, or rather has been, most extensive. This cultivation is wholly due to tanks, excavated probably during the flourishing rule of the Anagoondie kings. These tanks stud the surface of the country as far as the eye can reach, and were they but in full action, might afford a return equal to any that is realised in the Bombay Presidency; but the falling away of the embankments, the crumbling and decay of revêtements, the gradual filling up of

the area, have all tended to reduce the cultivation carried on under them to a tithe of its former extent. Thus we find Captain Wingate stating, in page 59 of his "Report on certain Talooks of the Dharwar Collectorate," that in Kode, "these (the garden lands) have been gradually deteriorating for many years past in many villages, and in some have been nearly destroyed by neglect." The same is the case in Hungul and the other districts to the east.

It is not a light assessment which will remedy this growing and almost accomplished evil, and the suggestion thrown out by Lieutenant Fanning is probably correct. This officer observes, in page 96 of the aforesaid compilation:—"These reductions and remissions seem, however, to have had little effect in causing any improvement in the state of the garden cultivation. To fix an assessment which is certainly not too high, but is still sufficiently so to render imperative exertion on the part of the cultivator to raise produce enough to meet all demands upon him, is perhaps what in most cases should be done."

Again, Lieutenant Fanning observes (page 97):—"In by far the majority of cases, the garden cultivators with whom I am acquainted will rest satisfied with the condition of their gardens, however poor it be, if the profits derivable from them are sufficient to enable them to pay their rent without inconvenience, rather than exert energy enough to draw from the soil all that with proper treatment it would yield. If the rent is high, but still within the capabilities of the garden, the land will in more cases be made the most of than will happen when a quarter of the burden is imposed on it."

Yes—we think that Mr. Fanning has here hit the right nail on the head, and enunciated a principle which should, as observed in a former part of this paper, be kept in view in all our survey arrangements.

What then can be done for these once rich but now impoverished districts? Let us proceed as we have reason to believe is even now being done. We observe in the *Government Gazette* for the twelfth of June last an advertisement for experienced masons and maistrees. Seven maistree goindies, to be employed as superintendents of repairs to tanks, are there called for. This is a good beginning. The works to be executed are not such as demand great engineering skill, but simply the application of honest labour under the direction of men of some experience in such matters. Look at what has been done in Mharwara and Ajmere by Major Dickson,—by Major French in Nimar,—under circumstances much more unfavourable.

The tanks once built up, cleared out, and the grounds under them given for cultivation on the principle enunciated by Lieutenant Fanning, must not be left to mere Native agency. In such a garden district it is important that a European assistant should be permanently stationed,—an assistant who has a pride in his work, and who can do something more than merely “get up cases nicely for the Sudder.” Such an assistant will have to settle many disputes,—to repress the continual encroachments of the moneyed and sacerdotal class on the industrious cultivator,—and in fact he must be such as French and Dickson were in Nimar and Ajmere. True, that the pressure of our judicial system, of our Regulations and our Acts, will too often render his efforts abortive ; but the very knowledge that such an officer is on the spot, ready to take up the case of the ryot when he is pushed to the wall under the gripe of the usurer, will do something towards keeping matters square. We have lately seen, in the case of the Santhal population, how seldom the soundest maxims of political economy can be unreservedly applied to a Native community, and the warning ought not to be lost on us. ●

The roads and openings to the coast in the Dharwar and Belgaum collectorates demand a separate consideration, as the subject is much interwoven with that of the roads and ghat lines of the adjacent Presidency. We hope also to take up on another occasion the consideration of several districts which have been partially or not at all noticed in the present article. Some which we have now in our eye present many features of interest to one who is watching and consulting how the country may be improved, and they differ in many respects from the districts, the physical aspect of which we have here attempted to describe.

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## ART. VI.—BURTON'S PILGRIMAGE TO EL-MEDINAH AND MECCAH.

*Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El-Medinah and Meccah.*

By RICHARD F. BURTON, Lieutenant Bombay Army.  
Longman ; 1855-6.

THOSE overland travellers who passed through Egypt in the early part of 1854 will remember the mysterious rumours that passed current at *tables-d'hôte* of an Englishman who had performed the Haj in Mussulman disguise. The adventurer was described with a mixture of wonder and repugnance. His subtlety and bravery were beyond question. He had carried his life in his hand, but he had bowed in the house of Rimmon—he joined in the Anti-Christian rites of Islam—he had “turned Turk.” Some were even fortunate enough to get a sight of the interesting renegade at Cairo—a dark-browed bearded personage in exceedingly dirty long clothes, and with a guttural pronunciation—oriental enough, in all conscience, as it appeared, to defy discovery by any one or more of the five senses. We have now before us the authentic account of this gentleman's Pilgrimage ; and we hope that the good persons who whispered doubts of his Christianity will accept his assurance that (though, to be candid, in many respects he prefers Mussulman to Christian institutions) he has never *ex animo* embraced the tenets of Islam. Othello therefore, having washed off his paint, divested himself of his turban, kicked away his yellow slippers, and hung up his crooked scymitar, becomes again plain Mr. Brown, unconscious of great emotions and untainted with the blood of Desdemona (Miss Smith), and sits down in vulgar Wellington boots and trousers to write a criticism of his own performance. Hence three handsome volumes published by Longman, adorned with lithographic views of Arabic localities, and portraits of the author “as he appeared” in various phases of his oriental masquerade.

We think that Mr. Burton has a claim upon our notice, as being an officer in the Bombay army. Literary activity is so very rare in India, that wherever it is found it deserves indulgence and encouragement, and we particularly acknowledge our obligation to all authors who are connected with this Presidency. So

provincial newspapers in England and elsewhere love to dwell with patriotic exultation on the achievements of "our talented fellow-townsmen." This is a natural, and, if not exaggerated, a wholesome feeling, and we shall always be ready to indulge in it; but we are far from wishing to confound Mr. Burton with the troop of amateur writers who may at any time demand our consideration solely because they are connected with Bombay. Indeed, he is no mere soldier author—his subject is unique, and his book is no common book.

Of Mr. Burton's literary qualifications he had given ample proof before the production of the work before us. Goa and Sind supplied him with materials for books, which, if somewhat slighted by professional critics, were full of cleverness and promise, and at all events were the means of training his pen to write with fluency and point. When he entered the military service of the East India Company, he was already furnished with a knowledge of books and a knowledge of men such as cadets do not commonly bring from Addiscombe. He had spent years of his life in France and Italy, and thoroughly acquired the languages of those delightful countries. With a view of taking orders he had received the somewhat discordant training afforded by the University of Pisa, and the University of Oxford,\* and, with views of rather a different kind, more congenial to his temperament, he had accomplished himself in the arts of boxing, fencing, and wrestling—we are quoting from his own account of himself—and imbibed a taste for caricature, both with pen and pencil, and dabbled, so he tells us, in medicine, in falconry, and, we are not jesting, in astrology and the mystic sciences, whatever they may be. It was not to be expected that a young gentleman furnished with these various accomplishments—who had dipped somewhat deeply into the peculiar pleasures of modern Europe, enough to give him the privileges of an *homme blasé*—who was blessed with an energetic temperament, considerable self-esteem, and a craving for novelty and excitement, should rest contented with the monotony of a regimental life in India. He soon singled himself out from his comrades, by a process infinitely creditable to him, and which showed that he was not the *dilettante* pleasure-seeker that he

\* He says that he could not succeed in anything in the latter academy. Certainly (if he will forgive us for saying so) the exceeding badness of his Latin notes to the "Personal Narrative" justifies the dissatisfaction with which the Alma Mater seems to have regarded him. In a second edition he should get some competent scholar to re-write them, or at least to strike out some ludicrous and grotesque blunders which at present appear in them.

appeared to be. Unobservant friends might perhaps shake their heads with misgivings at the danger of his falling into the idle and dissipated habits supposed to be appropriate to the military profession in peace, and contrast his prospects unfavourably with those of the steady, hard-working, home-bred youths who are now so frequently sent out to join the Company's service. It might indeed be expected that he would be a good soldier in the field—"fast" men generally fight well—but the Afghan war was just over, there was no hope of active service, and Ensign Burton had to withstand the more dangerous trial of out-station life in Guzerat and Sind.

The risk, however, was not quite so great as might be supposed. It does not require powers of very keen observation to discover that Mr. Burton is subject to one or two little tricks of affectation, which veil his real character, and which probably he will get rid of as he grows older. One of these is a disposition to play the part of *mauvais sujet*. This pervades all his writings, where it can be made to appear. He is perpetually telling us, like Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that he expects he's awful wicked—a Mephistophiles in a shell-jacket. He makes daring jokes, which oscillate between the styles of the late Monsieur de Voltaire and the living and flourishing Monsieur Paul de Kock—just the happy mixture of profanity and indelicacy which proclaims the wit and the man of the world. In fact he would have you believe that he is a very wild, bad boy indeed. No such thing. He has picked up the *costume de démon* at some Carnival ball at Paris. The black is nothing but good broadcloth, the teeth are harmless, the horns and divided hoof designate a herbivorous, not a carnivorous animal. The smell of brimstone is nothing but a lucifer-match used in lighting a cheroot. Notwithstanding all this air of levity, he has as clear a view of the duties attaching to his professional life as the most anxious parent could desire; as much or rather much more self-control than a cold-blooded child just loosed from the apron-string of his mother; as much genuine love of study and information as the pet pupil of a College Don; and, if we may venture to use evidence which does not appear on the flickering surface of his writings, as good and true a heart as if he had never learned in Italy to scent corruption, and Paris had never taught him how to sneer.

Another of the little airs which he assumes with amusing self-consciousness is a contempt for "civilisation." We don't believe a bit more in the reality of this disposition than in the other. Every *blasé* man is apt to talk so. We assign little importance

to gloomy views of life delivered in a fit of indigestion after a dinner at the Café de Paris. "Locksley Hall" has settled this controversy, and if Mr. Burton is sincere in preferring barbarism, he is behind the fashion—a reflection of some importance in St. James's Street, though not perhaps so much so at Meccah. But he *is not* sincere. He has a much more healthy and reasonable feeling on the subject than he is willing to admit. He likes a ramble among semi-savages just as a Chancery barrister wants to spend his long vacation at Ems or Pau—for the sake of a temporary distraction—not to live there for ever. No man would be less satisfied than he to live devoid of the "glorious gains" of modern Europe. No man has a greater relish for intellectual society, where he may barter his *bon-mots* and quotations, pique with his sarcasms, and startle with his paradoxes—which, alas! would gain him little applause among Arab Shaykhs or Sindian chieftains. Quite consistently with this "civilised" disposition, he has a curious eye for every kind of human nature—a strong sympathy with the manly, independent spirit which the nobler semi-savage races cherish and honour, a great fancy for adventure in strange countries, and that love for open air, field sports, and natural history, which distinguishes, and we hope always will distinguish, the English gentleman.

So we venture to strip Mr. Burton of the ill-fitting and ill-favoured disguise in which he is apt to envelope himself, and present him as he was at the time when he joined his profession—a young man of an excellent constitution, uncommon strength and activity, full of "pluck" and observation, with a natural turn for languages, and a very clear perception that, when wars are over, to an Indian officer the Oriental tongues form the proper avenue of professional success. So that on arriving in Bombay, instead of devoting himself to racing or billiards, or brandy-and-water, after the manner of a bygone school of military men, he immediately set to work at Hindustani, which language, as well as Guzerathi, he conquered in less than twelve months. Then followed Maratha, a kindred dialect, which must have offered little difficulties to so energetic a student. On referring to the Army List, we find that to these languages he subsequently added the requisite amount of knowledge in Persian, Sindi, and Punjabi. From his own statement we infer that he also became a finished Arabic scholar. It was during his stay in Sind that he acquired the peculiar knowledge and accomplishments which, as much as his linguistic learning, enabled him to support the part of a Mussulman during his pilgrimage to Meccah. He then conceived, in the



absence of other occupation, the desire to study the Sindian people, their manners, and their tongue. In order to do this it was necessary to pass for an Oriental. "The European official in India," he says, "seldom if ever sees anything in its real light, so dense is the veil which the fearfulness, the duplicity, the prejudice, and the superstitions of the natives hang before his eyes." He assumed the character of a half-bred Persian, from the shores of the Gulf, whose defective pronunciation of Sindi would not strike the genuine Sindians as remarkable. He would issue from his camp at dusk—at this time he was engaged on the Sind survey—with hair falling over his shoulders, a long beard, and his face and hands stained with henna. He was "Mirza Abdullah," a vendor of fine linen and muslins, with a stock of jewels in case of need. Thus disguised he would obtain access to the houses and even to the harems of the Sindians, and make himself acquainted with every detail of their daily life. Sometimes the Mirza, ceasing for a space his wandering life, would open a grocer's shop, and deal out dates, tobacco, and sweetmeats to numerous customers; sometimes he would pass the evening in a mosque, listening to the students in theology, or debating the niceties of faith with the long-bearded Mollah. Thus hearing, seeing, reading, and talking, opium-eating, hemp-drinking, and tobacco-smoking—he gained by intercourse with every class, as we may readily believe, such a knowledge of Mahomedan life and manners in those regions as few Europeans have been permitted to acquire. He studied every gesture, the gait and characteristic postures, the trick of visage, the peculiarities of behaviour and etiquette, in the minutest acts of life, with the keenness of observation and the talent for mimicry of a professed actor. At the same time he must have rendered himself almost entirely insensible to noisome smells, rank food, and disgusting sights. These are the accomplishments of a traveller who really wants to see the East 'at home'—like Mansfield Parkyns and like our gallant Burton—and these accomplishments were absolutely necessary to insure security from detection in the dangerous pilgrimage to the holy places of El Hizar.

It was in the spring of 1853 that he started on the exciting journey which is recorded in the volumes now before us. He had long dwelt on the project while he was Orientalising himself in Sind. To a man of his adventurous self-reliant disposition there was something profoundly attractive in the enterprise of violating the great Arabian mysteries. Equal or greater danger there might be in tempting the solitudes of Tartary, or the fever-stricken

marshes of Central America. Many a missionary has fallen a victim to his zeal in attempts to explore the horrid interior of Africa. But such enterprises are praised and forgotten, like the deeds of the brave men who "lived before Agamemnon." The scene of the heroism is too obscure to interest us. It lacks historic associations. We know nothing, and want to know nothing, of these nameless localities and the loathsome savages their sole tenants. But the idea of penetrating the ancient and famous sanctuaries of Mussulman fanaticism strikes the imagination. Such an exploit would be performed before the eyes of all the world. The successful adventurer would at once find his place recognised, and his name connected with the history thenceforth of these mysterious shrines. In the ninth year of the Hegirah all "infidels" were solemnly excluded from the holy cities, and that exclusion has since been jealously maintained. We have all learned to speak of the "inviolable" Meccah; and the fable of Mahomed's coffin, suspended in air between two loadstones at Medinah, shows how the fancy of the west has been drawn upon to supply the want of positive knowledge. Thus Mr. Burton's enterprise was to lift the veil which still might be said to hang over an historic locality. With pardonable exultation he displays on his title-page the statement of Gibbon, which, however, is not literally true, that "our notions of Meccah must be drawn from the Arabians. As no unbeliever is permitted to enter the city, our travellers are silent."

Gibbon was perhaps not aware that before his time two European travellers, one of them a countryman of his own, had visited and described that holy city. Ladovico Barthema, latinised into Ludovicus Vertomannus, whose voyage is contained in "*Purcha his Pilgrimage*," published in 1614, (and extracts from which are appended to Mr. Burton's book,) visited Meccah and Medinah in 1503, disguised as a "*Manaluchi Renegado*," (a common character at that time in the Levant,) and performed all the ceremonies of the Haj. This gentleman receives Mr. Burton's praise for his "correctness of observation and readiness of wit," the latter of which qualities must be supposed to predominate in his description of two unicorns from Abyssinia, and of a community of Jewish mountaineers whom he discovered, or fancied he discovered, at two days' journey from Medinah, to the number of five thousand or more, "of very little stature, as of the height of five or six spans, and *some much less*." Indeed, his book is worth reading. Like all old travellers, Signor Barthema is simple, straight forward, and amusing. He indemnifies himself for playing

the part of a renegade by reviling Islam. As a contrast to our modern way of speculating, at once so sceptical and so tolerant, it is almost a relief to accept the Roman gentleman's clear views about Mahommed and his religion. He has no misgivings, no doubts, and no affectation of charity. The prophet is "wicked Mahumet." The library at Medinah contains the "filthie traditions and lyfe of Mahumet and his fellowes." There is great "dissentien and discord of religion and manners," he tells us, "among this kynde of filthie men, who being marvellously divided among themselves, lyke beastes, kyll themselves for such quarrelles of dyvers opinions, *and all false*," and takes leave with a hearty disgust of the "filthinesse (this is a great word of his) and lothesomenesse, of the trumperyes, deceites, trifles, and hypocrisis of the religion of Mahumet." This sounds like an echo from the Crusades—when men in the knightly West cursed "Mahound and Termagaunt," the false prophet and demon God of the Saracens. The good gentleman could not foresee that after three centuries or so a Presbyterian lecturer would worship "wicked Maliumet," as a hero, and a Catholic Archbishop recognise him as a Christian.

As bigoted as Barthema, much less of a scholar, but of far more genial and sympathetic character was Joseph Pitts, of Exeter, who in 1678 was captured by an Algerine pirate, lived in slavery for many years at Algiers, and was cudgelled or frightened into professing Mahomedanism by a master—his "patroon," as he calls him in Levantine fashion—an abandoned ruffian who had determined to make a proselyte by way of atonement for his past impieties. Honest Joseph, having been bastinadoed and stamped upon a good deal by the graceless zealot to whom he had the misfortune to belong, at length pronounced the formula of the faith, but having been convinced against his will, of course remained still of the same opinion, which, like that of Signor Barthema, was not at all complimentary to Islam. In justice to the "patroon" it should be said that Joseph's captivity seems to have been gentle enough in other respects, for he is allowed to read his Bible, which he continues to do in private, and he receives letters from his father, who exhorts him to stand fast in the Christian religion in spite of all persecution. It was all very well for old Mr. Pitts, writing among the cool dairies and pleasant pastures of Devon, and within the sound of the church bell, to write these emphatic aspirations. He would rather hear of his son's death, he says, than of his becoming a Mahomedan. Poor young Pitts, in a very different climate, and "roaring out" under the stick, had not strength of mind to

become a martyr. So he contents himself with protesting privily against his enforced perversion, beats his breast with contrition, eats heartily of pork, where he can escape detection, and curses the prophet as a "bloody impostor." Once upon a time Mohammed was always called "the Impostor" by Christian writers. Have they become more Christian since they left off the practice, we wonder? At all events they have learned politeness.

Pitts contrived to escape to England, and lived to write a book about his Eastern life, and to tell at Exeter fire-sides the story of his apostacy—with remorse, but not, we hope, without indulgence and sympathy from the gossips who had never fallen into such grievous temptation. His account of Meccah, and the tedious ceremonies of the Haj, receives Mr. Burton's general approval for its homely accuracy.

Barthema was merely a curious traveller, with the education of a gentleman. Pitts knew Arabic from his long slavery at Algiers; in other respects he was little more cultivated in mind than a peasant. It still remained that the Mussulman sanctuaries should be visited by a scholar specially trained in Oriental lore, full of an enthusiastic interest in the theology, the institutions, and the history of the Arabs, a man prepared to observe with practised intelligence, and to record with conscientious accuracy. Such a traveller was the Swiss Burkhardt, famous as a "scholar and antiquary, a traveller, and a geographer." In 1811 he resided for months at Meccah, and visited Medinah in the disguise of a Mahomedan, without having excited the slightest suspicion, and his description, according to the latest annotator of Gibbon (Dr. Milman), "leaves nothing wanting to satisfy the curiosity." The other European travellers who are known to have performed the Haj, or to have visited Meccah, are Dr. Seetzen, whose papers were lost; a Spaniard, known by the *nom de guerre* of Ali Bey, a savant, but a devout Mussulman if we believe his professions, whose work is still quoted as an authority; Giovanni Finati, an Italian, who, "under the Moslem name of Hajee Mohammed, made, early in the present century, the campaign against the Wahhabees, for the recovery of Meccah and Medinah." Burton gives extracts from his narrative, which is of no great value. If to these names we add those of Dr. George A. Wallin, of Finland, who as "Hajee Wali" visited the holy places ten years ago, and M. Bertolucci, the Swedish consul at Cairo, who persuaded his Bedouin camel-men to introduce him into Meccah in disguise—but neither of which gentlemen succeeded in making any notes—the reader has before him all the predecessors of Mr.

Burton that we are able to mention. The great name of Burkhart, however, is still supreme, and his book will always be the classical authority on the Arabian Holy Land. The information which it contains Lieut. Burton has freely used, and as respects Meccah it may be said the latter traveller adds little to what we already knew. But Burkhart was sick during his stay in the northern Hejaz, and so has left room for further description of Medinah and the Prophet's tomb.

In the year 1852, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. Burton, who was in England on furlough, started on his perilous voyage. His disguise commenced before he left Southampton. Mindful of his old adventures in Sind, he assumed the character of a Persian, and in the course of his fortnight's voyage in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer to Alexandria, set himself to recover the trick of Oriental manners, which he had somewhat lost during his stay in England. Arrived in Egypt he immediately devoted himself to studying of the Koran, and reviving his recollections of the religious practices of Islam; and, after a month or so spent at Alexandria, made the second stage of his journey, which brought him to Cairo. His adventures in search of a passport, the necessity for which he had not foreseen, made him acquainted with the thoroughly Oriental manner of doing business which prevails in the Alexandrian public bureaux. The laziness and insolence of the official gentlemen could only be fully known to one who applied to them as Burton did in the disguise of a native; and his amusing account of their treatment of the "Dervish Abdoola"—such was his assumed character—may almost reconcile the readers of a certain ingenious fiction of the day to the routine of the Circumlocution Office.

The Dervish Abdoola, having at length obtained the necessary visa to his passport, which described him as an Indo-British subject, by profession a doctor, travelled by the Nile steamer to Bulak and so to Cairo, where he "put up" at a Wakalah or caravanserai. Here he renewed his acquaintance with one Hajee Wali, a fellow-passenger on board the Nile steamer, and by his advice laid aside the Dervish's gown and all pretensions to the character of a Persian. The pilgrim, after long deliberation about the choice of nations, decided to become a "Pathan"—the Indian name for an Afghan—born in India, educated at Rangoon, and travelling under a vow to visit all the holy places in Islam. To support the assumption required a knowledge of Persian, Hindustani, and Arabic, and any trifling inaccuracy was to be attributed to the wanderer's long residence at Rangoon. Thus

he hoped to be tolerably secure from detection by a fellow-countryman. To explain the advisability of this change of nationality it should be stated that in Arabia a Persian is an Ajemi—a heretic—and at the holy cities a heretic is in an exceedingly uncomfortable position. Burton had made a mistake in setting forth as a Persian Meerza, and the ill-fame, he says, attaching to the character clung to him like the shirt of Nessus.

It is hardly necessary to inform an Indian reader that a great schism has rent the Mahomedan world into Sunnyis and Shias, the former claiming the title of orthodox, the latter acquiescing in the imputation of separatism, and glorying in the epithet of "rejectors." The great saint of the Shias is Ali, the prince of the Hashemites, the son-in-law of the Prophet, and, in the Persian creed, the Vicar of God. By his birth, his alliance, and his heroic character, the husband of Fatima was the most eminent among the Moslems. But three Inams—the venerable Abubucker, the stern Omar, and the feeble Othman—successively interposed after the death of Mahomed between Ali and the Caliphate. The Persians know no bounds in their abhorrence for these usurpers, as they hold them, of the throne vacated by the Prophet. "Verily we have rejected them," they say. Omar is the especial object of their curses. His name is in their mouths a synonym for the devil. They canonise the martyr Firouz, who assassinated him, and more than one wretched Shia has been cut down at Medinah madly attempting to defile the tomb of the most execrable of mankind.

The misfortunes of the Fatimites did not end with the death of the heroic Ali, who, like his two predecessors, perished by the dagger of the assassin. The most powerful and constant of the persecutors of Mahomed, the most tardy and reluctant of the converts to Islam, was Abou Sophian, the chief of the famous tribe of the Korqish, and the head of the family of Ommiyah. His son Moawiyah, who, even in Ali's lifetime, had assumed and maintained with force of arms the title of Caliph, succeeded in persuading the Moslems to repudiate the family of Ali, and to recognise an hereditary right of succession in the descendants of Abou Sophian and the house of Ommiyah. Husson, one of the sons of Ali, retired from the palace to a life of sanctity. Hosein his brother, the heir of the line of Hashem, and grandson of the Apostle of God, dared to raise the standard of revolt against Yezid, who had succeeded Moawiyah, and who reigned at Damascus. The rising was ill planned, and Hosein was slain after a desperate resistance. "The history of Islam,"

says Mr. Macaulay, "contained nothing more touching. The mournful legend relates how the chief of the Fatimites, when all his brave followers had perished around him, drank his latest draught of water and uttered his latest prayer, how the assassins carried his head in triumph, how the tyrant smote the lifeless lips with his staff, and how a few old men recollected with tears that they had seen those lips pressed to the lips of the Prophet of God. After the lapse of near twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosoms of the devout Moslems of India (and he might have added, of the Persian Shias). They work themselves up to such agonies of rage and lamentation, that some it is said have given up the ghost from the mere effect of mental excitement."

In further illustration of the Persian sentiment and the feelings which the Shia pilgrims excite in the orthodox Mahomedans of the Hejaz, we insert the following description by Burton of the Persian Hajees in the mosque at Medinali—the literary execution of which is exceedingly skilful:—

"My old friends the Persians—there were about 1200 of them in the Hajj caravan—attracted my attention. The doorkeepers stopped them with curses as they were about to enter, and all claimed from each the sum of five piastres, whilst other Moslems are allowed to enter the mosque free. Unhappy men! They had lost all the Shiraz swagger—their mustachios drooped pitifully—their eyes would not look any one in the face—and not a head bore a cap stuck upon it crookedly. Whenever an 'Ajemi,' whatever might be his rank, stood in the way of an Arab or a Turk, he was rudely thrust aside with abuse, muttered loud enough to be heard by all around. All eyes followed them as they went through the ceremonies of Zīrat (visitation of the holy localities of the mosque), especially as they approached the tombs of Abubekr and Omar,—which every man is bound to defile if he can,—and the supposed place of Fatima's burial. Here they stood in parties, after praying before the Prophet's window: one read from a book the pathetic tale of the lady's life, sorrows, and mourning death, whilst the others listened to him with breathless attention. Sometimes their emotion was too strong to be repressed. '*Ay Fatimah! Ay Mazlumah! Way! Way!*'—O Fatima! O thou injured one! Alas! Alas!—burst involuntarily from their lips, despite the danger of such exclamations, tears trickled down their hairy cheeks, and their brawny bosoms heaved with sobs. A strange sight it was to see rugged fellows, mountaineers perhaps, or the fierce Ilyat of the plains, sometimes weeping silently like children, sometimes shrieking like hysteric girls, and utterly careless to conceal a grief so coarse and grisly, at the same time so true and real, that we knew not how to behold it. Then the satanic scowls with which they passed by or pretended to pray at the hated Omar's tomb!—with what curses their hearts are belying those mouths full of blessings! How they are internally canonising Fayruz (the Persian slave who stabbed Omar in the mosque), and praying for his eternal happiness, in the presence of the murdered man! Sticks and stones, however, and not unfrequently the knife and the sabre,

have taught them the hard lesson of disciplining their feelings, and nothing but a furious contraction of the brow, a roll of the eye, intensely vicious, and a twitching of the muscles about the region of the mouth, denotes the wild storm of wrath within. They generally, too, manage to discharge some part of their passion in words. 'Hail, Omar—thou hog!' exclaims some fanatic Madani (inhabitant of Medinah) as he passes by the heretic,—a demand more outraging than requiring a red-hot 'black-north' Protestant to bless the Pope. 'O Allah *hell* him!' meekly responds the Persian, changing the benediction to a curse most intelligible to and most delicious in his fellows' ears."

In a note he adds:—"I have heard of a Persian being beaten to death, because, instead of saying, 'Peace be with thee, Ya Omar!' he insisted upon saying 'Peace be with thee, Ya Humár (O ass!)' "

It will now be sufficiently understood that Burton did well to give up his Persian pretensions, to abjure the Shia heresy, and to devote himself to studying at Cairo the theology of one of the four orthodox schools of Islam. These studies he pursued under the guidance of a queer old Shaykh, whose shop and person he describes with a sort of Dutch talent for the dirty picturesque—an appreciation of filth, vermin, and loathsomeness in general, that reminds us of Dickens. It is really very clever, and must be exceedingly attractive for people who like that kind of writing.

"His little shop in the Jemeliyah Quarter is a perfect gem of Nilotic queerness. A hole pierced in the wall of some house, about five feet long and six deep, it is divided into two compartments separated by a thin partition of wood, and communicating by a kind of arch cut in the boards. The inner box, germ of a back parlour, acts store-house, as the pile of empty old baskets tossed in dusty confusion upon the dirty floor shows. In the front is displayed the stock in trade, a matting full of Persian tobacco and pipe bowls of red clay, a palm-leaf bag containing vile coffee and large lumps of coarse whity-brown sugar wrapped up in browner paper. On the shelves and ledges are rows of well-thumbed wooden boxes, labelled with the greatest carelessness, pepper for rhubarb, arsenic for taff, or wash-clay, and sulphate of iron where sal ammoniac should be. There is also a square case containing, under lock and key, small change and some choice articles of commerce, damaged perfumes, bad antimony for the eyes, and pernicious rouge. And dangling close above it is a rusty pair of scales ill poised enough for Egyptian justice herself to use. To hooks over the shop-front are suspended reeds for pipes, tallow candles, dirty wax tapers and cigarette paper; instead of plate-glass windows and brass-handled doors, a ragged net keeps away the flies when the master is in, and the thieves when he goes out to recite in the Hasanayn mosque his daily 'Ya Sin.' A wooden shutter, which closes down at night-time, and by day two palm-stick stools intensely dirty and full of fleas, occupying the place of the Mastabah, which accommodated purchasers, complete the furniture of my preceptor's establishment.

"There he sits, or rather lies, (for verily I believe he sleeps through three-fourths of the day,) a thin old man about fifty-eight, with features once



handsome and regular, a sallow face, shaven head, deeply-wrinkled cheeks, eyes hopelessly bleared, and a rough grey beard ignorant of oil and comb. His turban, though large, is brown with wear, his coat and small clothes display many a hole, and though his face and hands must be frequently washed preparatory to devotion, still they have the quality of always looking unclean. It is wonderful how fierce and gruff he is to the little boys and girls who flock to him grasping farthings for pepper and sugar. On such occasions I sit admiring to see him, when forced to exertion, wheel about on his place, making a pivot of that portion of our organisation which mainly distinguishes our species from the other families of the Simiadeæ, to reach some distant drawer, or to pull down a case from its accustomed shelf. How does he manage to say his prayers, to kneel and to prostrate himself upon that two feet of ragged rug, scarcely sufficient for a British infant to lie upon? He hopelessly owns that he knows nothing of his craft, and the seats before his shop are seldom occupied."

More to our taste is the humour with which the old Shaykh's conversation is described. His pupil draws from him stories about his college days, when he studied under the great and holy Shaykh Abdul Rahman, who loved him, and the equally great and holy Shaykh Nasr el Din, who loved him not—of "his memorable single imprisonment for contumacy, and the temperate but effective lecture, beginning with 'O almost destitute of shame!' delivered on that occasion in the presence of other undergraduates, by the Right Reverend Principal of the College." The following passage shows how Arabic is studied on the banks of the Nile :—

"When the Shaykh Mohammed sits with me or I climb up into his little shop for the purpose of receiving a lesson from him, he is quite at his ease, reading when he likes, or making me read, and generally beginning each lecture with some such preamble as this :—

"*'Aywa ! aywa ! aywa !'*—Even so, even so, even so ! 'we take refuge with Allah from the stoned fiend ! In the name of Allah, the compassionate, the merciful, and the blessings of Allah upon our lord Mahommed, and his family, and his companions one and all !' Thus saith the author, may Almighty Allah have mercy upon him ! Section I, of chapter two, upon the orders of prayer, &c.

"He becomes fiercely sarcastic when I differ with him in opinion, especially upon a point of the grammar, or the theology over which his beard has grown grey.

"*'Subhan Allah ! Allah be glorified !'* What words are these ? If thou be right, enlarge thy turban, and throw away thy drugs, for verily it is better to quicken men's souls than to destroy their bodies, O Abdullah !

"Oriental like, he revels in giving good counsel.

"*'Thou art always writing, O my brave !'* (this is said on the few occasions when I venture to make a note in my book,) 'what evil habit is this ? Surely thou hast learned it in the lands of the Frank. Repent !'

"He loathes my giving medical advice gratis.

"*'Thou hast two servants to feed, O my son !'* The doctors of Egypt never write A, B, without a reward. Wherefore art thou ashamed ? Better

go and sit upon the mountain (that is, turn anchorite) at once, and say thy prayers day and night !”

“And finally he is prodigal of preaching upon the subject of household expenses.

“Thy servant did write down 2 lbs. of flesh yesterday ! What words are those, O he ? Dost thou never say, “Guard us, Allah, from the sin of extravagance ?”

“He delights also in abruptly interrupting a serious subject when it begins to weigh upon his spirits. For instance,

“Now the waters of ablution being of seven different kinds, it results that—hast thou a wife ? No ? Then verily thou must buy thee a female slave, O youth ! This conduct is not right, and men will say of thee—Repentance : I take refuge with Allah—“of a truth his mouth watereth for the spouses of other Moslems.”

“But sometimes he nods over a difficult passage under my very eyes, or he reads it over a dozen times in the wantonness of idleness, or he takes what school-boys call a long ‘shot’ most shamelessly at the signification. When this happens I lose my temper, and raise my voice, and shout, ‘Verily there is no power nor might save in Allah, the High, the Great !’ Then he looks at me, and with passing meekness whispers—‘Fear Allah, O man !’”

The holy month of Ramazan, during which all the devout Musulman world fasts with extreme strictness, passed away at Cairo, and the pilgrim Abdulla had replenished himself with Arabic and orthodoxy. He had not indeed entirely shaken off the evil reputation of heresy, but by a persevering course of public praying he had cobbled up a character for piety. The time for departure had now arrived—a second struggle for a passport terminated successfully through the intervention of the Principal of the “Afghan College, who certified our friend to be Abdulla the son of Yussuf, originally from Cabool. A ride of eighty miles in a wooden saddle, on the back of a dromedary, through the terrible summer sun of Egypt, carried the pilgrim to Suez, and the next stage of his journey was performed in the “Golden Wire,” an Arab “sambuk” of some fifty tons, which was to take sixty passengers to the shore of the Holy Land. All the author’s cleverness has full scope at this portion of his narrative—he describes with admirable humour the embarkation on the dreary shallow waters of the Red Sea—the rapacity, weakness, and bad faith of the childish Eastern folk—the combined cowardliness and pugnacity of the motley crowd of Hajees.

Instead of sixty persons, the greedy owner of the “Golden Wire” thrust into that accommodating vessel ninety-seven human beings. Burton and a party of friends, among whom one “Saad the devil” deserves favourable notice, installed themselves on the poop,—a total of eighteen on a space not exceeding ten

feet by eight. The cabin—"a miserable box about the size of the poop, and three feet high,"—was stuffed with fifteen women and children—this be it remembered was, in the fiery month of July—and the rest of the ninety-seven crawled about over the luggage which filled the deck, or perched like birds on the bulwarks. Of course several fights took place, in which certain African Hajees, from the deserts about Tripoli and Tunis, took a prominent part; and before peace was restored in the pilgrimage, a regular assault was made by these wild "Maghrabis" on the little party that held the poop. The victory remained with the latter, chiefly owing to Burton's dexterous use of a large jar of drinking water in a heavy frame of wood, standing on the poop, which in the very crisis of the fray he capsized on the heads of the swarming crowd beneath. Peace restored and wounds dressed, the "Golden Wire" left her moorings and bumped along the shoaly and rocky coast, till, after twelve days of such navigation as Ulysses might have been accustomed to, but which it seems hardly credible should still survive in waters familiar to English men-of-war and mail steamers, the pugnacious Hajees reached the harbour of Yambu, "the gate of the holy city," from which the remainder of their pilgrimage was to be made by land.

The Hajees were now in the Moslem Holy Land, and on the high road to El-Medinah. The earth all sand, granite, and scoriaceous basalt, the air a furnace, the wind poison, the path infamous from the neighbourhood of robbers, who waylay caravans and shoot and stab even pilgrims without scruple,—we can understand the enthusiasm of the parched and travel-worn party when, on the eighth day from leaving Yambu, after threading a lane cut through a ridge of grim black rock, a view of the holy city, with its gardens and orchards, burst suddenly upon them. They halted instinctively, descended from their jaded beasts, and pious benedictions of the Prophet, uttered in poetic and figurative language, betrayed the emotion which the welcome spectacle had excited. "I could then understand," says Burton, "the full value of a phrase in the Moslem ritual,—'And when his (the pilgrim's) eyes fall upon the trees of El-Medinah, let him raise his voice and bless the Prophet with the choicest of his blessings.'" After the scenes of solitary desolation through which the Hajees had passed, the splendour of Medinah might well excite enthusiasm and wonder; but by the agreement of eye-witnesses, it deserves little admiration; and if Burton had been in search of beauty or splendour, he would have been greatly disappointed with the first of the two holy places.

The Meccans and the Medinites mutually vaunt the superiority of their respective cities. The general consensus of Islam declares El-Medinah to be more venerable than every part of Meccah (and consequently of the whole world) except only the ancient Temple called the "House of God," that contains the Caaba, and the Black Stone which is a fragment of Paradise.

Since the time of the Prophet his tomb has been visited by millions of pilgrims, whose offerings might have built a city of sumptuous shrines. The sovereigns of Egypt and Constantinople have not been sparing in their oblations, and the vulgar reports of the Mussalman world speak of fabulous wealth collected in the treasures of the Prophet's mosque. But the traveller at Medinah sees no results of the devotion of ten centuries. It is a city of ruins and of the past, yet remains of antiquity there are positively none. The Arab seems devoid of those peculiar instincts which led the Egyptian, yearning after an earthly immortality, to hew cliffs of granite into the effigies of gods, and to pile up mountains to serve for the sepulchre of kings. The buildings at El-Medinah are mean and prematurely decayed. The winter rains, the nitrous damp atmosphere, and afterwards the intense heat of the dry season, are constantly at work, disintegrating cement and splitting stone. Plaster peels off, timber warps, and the whole structure, like a rickety child, seems smitten with an untimely decrepitude. Nor is the pilgrim, who seeks in vain for the evidences of antiquity, indemnified for the loss of those associations by the grace or splendour of the architecture that exists. It is hardly to be expected, perhaps, that a devotee of taste should care to raise monuments of art in a climate so ungenial to their conservation. Accordingly, though the city which contains the Prophet's sepulchre is still visited by numerous and wealthy pilgrims, and still drains large benefactions from all parts of the Moslem world, it boasts none of those elegant structures which illustrate other less notable seats of Mahomedan power, and which confer such a charm on Cordova, on Agra, and on Ahmedabad., The Saracens seem to have displayed none of that taste in their own country of which they have left so many glorious specimens in Spain, and it is observed that the few public buildings that are to be seen at Medinah are due to the devotion of Turkish and Egyptian Sultans.

Even in the inmost sanctuary of the Prophet's mosque the marbles, and arabesques, and gilding, are inferior to what may be seen in the sanctuary of a third-rate Christian Church. Burton says that he was astonished at the mean and tawdry appearance of a place so universally venerated in the Mahomedan world. The

longer he looked at it, the more it suggested the resemblance of a museum of second-rate art, a curiosity-shop full of ornaments that seemed out of place, and decorated with pauper magnificence.

And so, Burkhardt, speaking of the entrance to the sanctuary, which presents a dazzling spectacle with its gaudy colouring, gilded inscriptions, mosaics, and carpets, had said :—" After a short pause it becomes evident that this is a display of tinsel decoration, and not of real riches. When we recollect that this spot is one of the holiest in the Mohammedan world, and celebrated for its splendour, magnificence, and costly ornaments, and that it is decorated with the united pious donations of all the devotees of that religion; we are still more forcibly struck with its paltry appearance. It will bear no comparison with the shrine of the most insignificant saint in any Catholic Church in Europe, and may serve as a convincing proof that in pious gifts the Mohammedans have in no period equalled the Catholic devotees,—without noticing many other circumstances which help to strengthen the belief that, whatever may be their superstition and fanaticism, Mohammedans are never inclined to make as many pecuniary sacrifices for their religious establishments as Catholics, and even Protestant Christians, do for theirs."

The precincts of the Prophet's mosque enclose a large parallelogram. The centre is an open court, flanked by two peristyles or cloisters, with numerous rows of pillars. A third peristyle has been commenced by the orders of Abdul Medjid, the reigning Sultan, and, when finished, will occupy one of the short ends of the parallelogram. The Sultan's cloister is designed to be the most sumptuous part of the building, but the sanctuary of the Temple must ever be where the bones of Mahomed rest, and the *fourth* colonnade, called generally "El-Kauzah" or the Garden—though only a small portion of the portico is entitled to that sacred title—embraces all that is venerable in the Prophet's mosque.

" Between my tomb and my pulpit," said Mahomed with mystical conciseness, " is a garden of the gardens of Paradise." On the spot where the Prophet used to preach his fervid sermons to his followers from a simple chair of rough timber, there now stands an elegant pulpit of elaborate tracery, supported on a group of slender columns, and adorned with carved inscriptions of admirable workmanship. Between this graceful structure—which rises in the midst of the colonnade—and the Prophet's tomb, a small rectangular area is deemed most holy, and enjoys in the strictest sense the mysterious honours of the " garden of the gardens of Paradise." None but Mahomed himself and his son-

in-law Ali 'ever entered its sacred precincts while ceremonially impure, without being guilty of deadly sin, and "the Moham-medan of the present day is especially informed that on no account must he here tell lies, or *even* (we quote Burton) perjure himself. Thus the 'Rauzah' must be respected as much as the interior of the Bait Allah at Meccah."

"The 'Garden' is the most elaborate part of the mosque. Little can be said in its praise by day, when it bears the same relation to a second-rate church in Rome as an English chapel-of-ease to Westminster Abbey. It is a space of about eighty feet in length, tawdrily decorated so as to resemble a garden. The carpets are flowered, and the pediments of the columns are eased with bright green tiles, and adorned to the height of a man with gaudy and unnatural vegetation in arabesque. It is disfigured by handsome branched candelabras of cut crystal, the work, I believe, of a London house, and presented to the shrine by the late Abbas Pacha of Egypt. The only admirable feature of the view is the light cast by the windows of stained glass in the southern wall. Its peculiar background, the railing of the tomb, a splendid filagree-work of green and polished brass, gilt or made to resemble gold, looks more picturesque near than at a distance, when it suggests the idea of a gigantic bird-cage. But at night the eye, dazzled by oil lamps suspended from the roof, by huge wax candles, and by smaller illuminations falling upon crowds of visitors in handsome attire, with the rich and the noblest of the city sitting in congregation when service is performed, becomes less critical. Still the scene must be viewed with a Moslem's spirit, and until a man is thoroughly imbued with the East, the last place the Rauzah will remind him of, is that which the architect primarily intended it to resemble—a garden."

Adjoining El Rauzah is the mausoleum which contains the ashes, or at least the cenotaph of the Prophet, and which is called the *Hajrah*, that is "Chamber," from its having been the room of Ayesha, his favourite wife. It is a small building, standing at the south-east corner of the fourth colonnade, but isolated by a passage from the walls of the mosque, in deference to Mahomed's censure of "those who make the tombs of their Prophets houses of prayer." It is guarded from profane curiosity by a railing of iron filagree painted bright green, wherein glitter precious inscriptions wrought in gilt or burnished brass. A few small openings or windows in the fence allow the devout pilgrim to gaze into a dark chamber, where nought appears save a curtain of brocade interwoven with flowers, and arabesques, and Koranic sentences. Only the eunuchs that serve the temple have access to the inner mysteries of the Sepulchre. When a new Sultan ascends the throne of Constantinople a fresh curtain is sent to cover the mausoleum. The eunuchs then enter the sacred enclosure by night, strip off the old veil, thenceforth a holy relic fit to cover a Sultan's tomb, and replace it with the new. No one knows

certainly what is concealed behind that jealous drapery. Some say a chamber, built of black stone. Immense wealth is said to be deposited there,—golden vessels, and jewels, and precious manuscript copies of the Koran. But even if we attribute to the guardians of the mosque the incredible merit of having honestly preserved the accumulated donations of the faithful, and though we accept the popular account of the inestimable deposits *which no one has seen*, still the real treasures of the Prophet's mosque are the great recollections which he left behind him, and which are enshrined or symbolised in the three tombs of himself, of Abubucker, and of Omar—his earliest friends and immediate successors in the Caliphate—which are or are supposed to exist within the Hujrah. There, by Moslems he is believed to lie, awaiting the last summons, stretched at full length on the right side, with the right palm supporting the right cheek, the face fronting Meccah, as the faithful are always buried,—a great marvel and enigma to all the world. A fourth space is still left in that narrow chamber, according to Mahomedan belief, and the reader, unversed in the traditions of Islam, may perhaps be startled to hear that the vacant spot is reserved for the sepulchre of Jesus, the son of Mary, who will come again on earth to announce the Day of Judgment; after which he is to die and be buried in the Hujra of El-Medinah, by the side of Mahomed, or of Omar the third Caliph,—and through the curtain they point at the spot where he shall be laid. “The historians of El Islam,” says Burton, “are full of tales proving that, though many of their early saints, as Osman the Caliph and Husson the Imaum, were desirous of being buried there, and that although Ayesha, to whom the room belonged, willingly acceded to their wishes, son of man has as yet been unable to occupy it.”

In a chamber adjoining the Hujra, and, in accordance with Moslem ideas of delicacy, outside the curtain which shrouds the graves of her father and his two successors, stands the cenotaph of the lady Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet, the wife of Ali, and the mother of the unfortunate Imaums Husson and Hossain. The pilgrim, with “awe, and fear, and love,” prays successively at the four windows supposed to be opposite to these four tombs, imploring the peace of heaven on their saintly tenants, and in liturgical forms which may be grand and sonorous in classical Arabic, but which do not bear translation. Mr. Burton retails these orisons with tedious and, as it seems to us, mistaken minuteness. They appear exceedingly vapid and bombastic in their English dress, and the most patient reader may be permitted to “skip” whole

pages filled with phrases of this description,—“Peace be with thee, O Prophet of Allah, and the mercy of Allah and his blessings! Peace be with thee, O Prophet of Allah! Peace be with thee, O friend of Allah! Peace be with thee, O best of Allah’s creation! Peace be with thee, O pure creature of Allah! Peace be with thee, O chief of Prophets! Peace be with thee, O seal of the Prophets! Peace be with thee, O Prophet of the Lord of the (three) worlds!”—and so on with infinite iteration, very much in the style of certain Ephesians who once, as the reader may recollect, went on repeating the monotonous praises of their goddess till they were stopped by the town clerk.

Burton, during his stay at Medinah, which lasted for about five weeks, enjoyed the hospitality of Shaykh Hamid, one of the passengers by the “Golden Wire,” whose good will he had conciliated by a small loan of money at Suez. This man acted, moreover, as the Hajee’s Muzawwir or spiritual guide and leader of devotions, in the visitation of the Prophet’s mosque, and to his good nature and politeness Burton, no doubt, owed much of the opportunity which he had of recording his notes of El-Medinah. The month of August had nearly elapsed when the great Syrian caravan arrived from Damascus, anxiously expected by the Medinites. This caravan drains all the pilgrims from Central Asia to El Hejaz, and in 1853 it amounted to seven thousand souls,—a number lamentably short of the ancient glories of Islam, but still enough to give extraordinary animation and excitement to the Holy City. On this occasion it brought a new curtain for the Hujrah, to replace the old one, which was tattered, as well as the customary stipends and pensions payable to the citizens of Medinah, and many families expected members returning under its escort to their homes. Moreover, the country round about was disturbed, the Bedouins were known to be fighting, the caravan was one day later than it was expected, and the eve of Sunday, the 28th August, was a day of great anxiety.

“During the night three of Shaykh Hamid’s brothers, who had entered as Muzawwirs with the Hajji, came suddenly to the house: they leaped off their camels, and lost not a moment in going through the usual scene of kissing, embracing, and weeping bitterly for joy. I arose in the morning, and looked out from the windows of the *majlis*: the Barr el Munakhah, from a dusty waste dotted with a few Bedouins and hair tents, had assumed all the various shapes and the colours of a kaleidoscope. The eye was bewildered by the shifting of innumerable details, in all parts totally different from one another, thrown confusedly together in one small field; and, however faded with sight-seeing, it dwelt with delight upon the vivacity,



the variety, and the intense picturesqueness of the scene. In one night had sprung up a town of tents of every size, colour, and shape,—round, square, and oblong,—open and closed,—from the shawl-lined and gilt-topped pavilion of the pacha, with all the luxurious appurtenances of the Haram, to its neighbour the little dingy green 'rowdie' of the tobacco-seller. They were pitched in admirable order; here ranged in a long line, where a street was required; there packed in dense masses, where thoroughfares were unnecessary. But how describe the utter confusion in the crowding, the bustling, and the vast variety and volume of sound? Huge white Syrian dromedaries, compared with which those of El Hejaz appeared mere poney-camels, jingling large bells, and bearing shugduts like miniature green tents, swaying and tossing upon their backs; gorgeous Takhtrawan, or litters borne between camels or mules, with scarlet and brass trappings; Bedouins bestriding naked-backed 'Deluls,' and clinging like apes to the hairy humps; Arnaut, Turkish, and Kurd irregular horsemen, fiercer looking in their mirth than Roman peasants in their rage; fainting Persian pilgrims, forcing their stubborn dromedaries to kneel, or dismounted grumbling from jaded donkeys; Kahwagis, sherbet-sellers, and ambulant tobacconists, crying their goods; country-people driving flocks of sheep and goats with infinite clamour through lines of horses fiercely snorting and rearing; towns-people seeking their friends; returned travellers exchanging affectionate salutes; devout Hajis jolting one another, running under the legs of camels, and tumbling over the tents' ropes in their hurry to reach the Haram; cannon roaring from the citadel; shopmen, water-carriers, and fruit vendors fighting over their bargains; boys bullying heretics with loud screams; a well-mounted party of fine old Arab Shaykhs of Hamidah clan, preceded by their varlets, performing the Arzakh or war dance,—compared with which the Pyrenean bear's performance is grace itself,—firing their duck guns upwards, or blowing the powder into the calves of those before them, brandishing their swords, leaping frantically the while, with their bright-coloured rags floating in the wind, tossing their long spears tufted with ostrich feathers high in the air, reckless where they fall; servants seeking their masters, and masters their tents with vain cries of Ya Mohammed; grandees riding mules or stalking on foot, preceded by their crowd-beaters, shouting to clear the way;—here the loud shrieks of women and children, whose litters are bumping and rasping against one another;—there the low moaning of some poor wretch that is seeking a shady corner to die in;—add a thick dust which blurs the outlines like a London fog, with a flaming sun that draws sparkles of fire from the burnished weapons of the crowd, and the brass balls of tent and litter; and—I doubt, gentle reader, that even the length, the jar, and the confusion of this description is adequate to its subject, or that any word-painting of mine can convey a just idea of the scene.

On the 31st of August the Syrian caravan started on its journey for Meccah. The English Hajee, after a farewell visitation prayer towards the Prophet's tomb, committed himself to the guidance of an old Bedouin of the noble tribe of Harb, who contracted to supply him with two camels for the journey. The Arab was a dignified personage, who at first sight dubbed Burton with

the grandiose nickname of Abu Shawarib, the Father of Mus-tachits, but of whose good faith the hospitable Shaykh Hamid expressed considerable misgivings. "Give the Bedouins plenty to eat," said this experienced counsellor, "and never allow twenty-four hours to elapse without dipping hand in the same dish with them, so that the party may always be 'málihin,'"—on terms of salt. The pilgrim looked back with regret at the green dome and lofty minarets of the Prophet's mosque, which he would never see again. So the first risk of detection was past; the next was the journey to Meccah: that city once reached, it would be easy to escape in a few hours to the port of Jeddah, where the British colors would protect the fugitive.

The road lay through the wildest and most desolate region of El Hejaz. For three days water was not to be seen. The earth was of iron, and the heavens of brass. The fresh carcasses of asses, ponies, and camels, which had sunk under the heat, dotted the road-side, and afforded a disgusting meal to the vulture and the poor negro pilgrim. Here are two sketches from nature made in the Arab Holy Land:—

"After drowsily stumbling through hours of outer darkness, we entered a spacious basin at least six miles broad, and limited by a circlet of low hill. It was overgrown with camel-grass and acacia trees,—mere vegetable mummies;—in many places the water had left a mark; and here and there the ground was pitted with mud-flakes, the remains of recently dried pools. After an hour's rapid march we toiled over a rugged ridge, composed of broken and detached blocks of basalt and scoriae, fantastically piled together, and dotted with thorny trees; Shaykh Masud passed the time in walking to and fro along his line of camels, addressing us with a Khallikum guddam, 'to the front (of the litter),' as we ascended, and a Khallikum wara 'to the rear,' during the descent. It was wonderful to see the animals stepping from block to block with the sagacity of mountaineers; assuring themselves of their forefeet before trusting all their weight to advance. Not a camel fell, either here or on any other ridge: they moaned, however, piteously, for the sudden turns of the path puzzled them; the ascents were painful, the descents were still more so; the rocks were sharp, deep holes yawned between the blocks, and occasionally an acacia caught the shugduf, almost overthrowing the hapless bearer by the suddenness and the tenacity of its clutch. This passage took place during daylight. But we had many at night, which I shall neither forget nor describe.

"Descending the ridge, we entered another hill-encircled basin of gravel and clay. In many places basalt in piles and crumbling strata of horn-blende schiste, disposed edgewise, green within, and without blackened by sun and rain, cropped out of the ground. At half-past ten we found ourselves in an 'acacia-barren,' one of the things which pilgrims dread. Here shugdufs are bodily pulled off the camel's back and broken upon the hard ground; the animals drop upon their knees, the whole line is deranged, and every one, losing his temper, attacks his Moslem brother. The road was flanked on the left by an iron wall of black basalt. Noon brought us to

another ridge, whence we descended into a second wooded basin surrounded by hills.

"Here the air was filled with those pillars of sand so graphically described by Abyssinian Bruce. They scudded on the wings of the whirlwind over the plain—huge yellow shafts, with lofty heads, horizontally bent backwards, in the form of clouds; and on more than one occasion camels were overthrown by them. It required little stretch of fancy to enter into the Arab's superstition. These sand columns are supposed to be genii of the waste, which cannot be caught,—a notion arising from the fitful movements of the wind-eddy that raises them,—and, as they advance, the pious Moslem stretches out his finger, exclaiming, 'Iron! O thou ill-omened one!'"

"That men should live in this horrid country seems unaccountable. Medinah is situated on a small patch of cultivable ground, in the midst of a desert, and Meccah owes its foundation, it is supposed, and its existence, as is certain, to the brackish waters of a single well. What mysterious instinct led the fathers of the Arab race to pitch their tents among these rocks, which seem the wreck of some elder world, destroyed by a fire whose embers smoulder still? Were they so far from the horse-feeding pastures of Nejd?—from the exhaustless exuberance of the valley of the Nile?—or even from that cradle of the human race, the land that lies between Tigris and Euphrates? It is in vain to speculate on a difficulty to which neither history nor philosophy afford any solution. We must accept it as a fact that there is an accordance between the temperaments of nations and the lands which they inhabit, that is strong enough to counteract, and sometimes to overcome, the natural instinct of pastoral communities to roam with their flocks in search of countries flowing with milk and honey. Certain it is that the Arab, his horse, his greyhound, his camel, and his cattle, though they all be meagre and poverty-stricken in appearance, show marks of "blood" which cannot be counterfeited or disputed, and which stamp the denizen of the desert with a natural nobility. While the mighty nations who once reaped the harvests of Egypt and Mesopotamia, and struck the world with terror and admiration, have degenerated into apathetic clowns, and have lost even the energy and skill of agriculture,—the Arab of the desert has retained his high spirit, his indomitable love of independence, and the unmistakable features of his ancient race. Nothing is more characteristic of Burton than his sympathy for the Bedouin, and his elaborate sketch of that remarkable people is perhaps the most original and interesting part of his book.

His observations have led him to suggest a division of the Arabic races somewhat more broad and simple than that adopted by

modern scholars. So far as his views are founded on physiology, we are inclined to put faith in his conclusions, for he certainly has a command of distinct and graphic language on the external appearance of men, which seems to indicate the talent and the habit of close attention; and we believe that a residence in India, where so many different races may be compared with each other, is peculiarly likely to develop this kind of power in those who take an interest in the subject of ethnography. The Arabian peninsula, according to his view, is inhabited by three races, distinct from each other in character, but all claiming the common title of Arabs. A low indigenous tribe, which he compares to the Bheels of India—small men with black skins, ill-favoured, and weak—still exists along the coast between Muscat and Hadramant. They would be a remnant of the old population, displaced by two invading and nobler tribes, to whom they present a strong physiological contrast.

The chief of these immigrating races is the great tribe that in pre-historic times entered Arabia from the side of Mesopotamia; in the Mosaic ethnology they are the sons of Joktan, and now are the "Arabs" proper, in contradistinction to the mongrel races formed by intermixture with other remnants, and which are found in the towns. "This race," says Burton, "is purely Caucasian, and shows a highly nervous temperament, together with those signs of 'blood' which distinguish even the lower animals, the horse and the camel, the greyhound and the goat, of Arabia."

The third family is also mentioned in the Scriptural classification of the Noachian races. Ishmael, the son of Abraham and the Egyptian Hagar, typifies that ancient and remarkable desert tribe.

Still dwelling in the peninsula of Sinai, and among the mountains which they have never quitted, they preserve the "wild" habits of their forefather, and show traces so distinct of their mixed origin, as to have gained for them in history the title of "Arab el Mustaarabali" or half-caste Arab.

The modern dwellers in Meccah and Medinah are mere mongrel mixtures of the various races who have visited and settled in the holy cities. Even the proud and ancient tribes of Anz and Khasraj, who are discovered by history as the dominant races in El-Medinah in the time of Mahomed, are not free from suspicion of admixture. If we are in search of the pure Arab blood, we must go to the desert and visit the tents of the Bedouins of El Hejaz. The following physiological sketch of this race is a characteristic specimen of Mr. Burton's manner. It shows his

power of close observation, his love of minuteness in descriptions, and his fancy for quaint language:—

“The temperament of the Hejazi is not unfrequently the pure nervous, as the height of the forehead and the fine texture of the hair prove. Sometimes the bilious, and rarely the sanguine, elements predominate: the lymphatic I never saw. He has large nervous centres, and well-formed spine and brain, a conformation favourable to longevity. Bartema well describes his colour as a ‘dark leonine’: it varies from the deepest Spanish to a chocolate hue, and its varieties are attributed by the people to blood. The skin is hard, dry, and soon wrinkled by exposure. The xanthous complexion is rare, though not unknown in cities, but the leucous does not exist. The crinal hair is frequently lightened by bleaching, and the pilar is generally browner than the crinal. The voice is strong and clear, but rather barytone than bass: in anger it becomes a shrill chattering like the cry of a wild animal. The look of a chief is dignified and grave even to pensiveness; the ‘respectable man’s’ is self-sufficient and fierce; the lower orders look ferocious or stupid and inquisitive. Yet there is not much difference in this point between men of the same tribe, who have similar pursuits which engender similar passions. ‘Expression’ is the grand diversifier of appearance among civilised people: in the desert it knows few varieties.

“The Bedouin cranium is small, oöidal, long, high, narrow, and remarkable in the occiput for the development of Gall’s second propensity: the crown slopes upwards towards the region of firmness, which is elevated; whilst the sides are flat to a fault. The hair, exposed to sun, wind, and rain, acquires a coarseness not natural to it: worn in ‘Kurun’—ragged elflocks—hanging down to the breast, or shaved in the form ‘Shushah,’ nothing can be wilder than its appearance. The face is made to be a long oval, but want of flesh detracts from its regularity. The forehead is high, broad and retreating: the upper portion is moderately developed; but nothing can be finer than the lower brow, and the frontal sinuses stand out, indicating bodily strength and activity of character. The temporal fossa are deep, the cheek bones saliant, and the elevated zygoma combined with the ‘lantern-jaw,’ often gives a death’s-head appearance to the face. The eyebrows are long, bushy, and crooked, broken, as it were, at the angle where ‘order’ is supposed to be, and bent in sign of thoughtfulness. Most popular writers, following De Page, describe the Arab eye as large, ardent, and black. The Bedouin of the Hejaz, and indeed the race generally, has a small eye, round, restless, deep-set and fiery, denoting keen inspection, with an ardent temperament and an impassioned character. Its colour is dark brown or green brown, and the pupil is often speckled. The habit of pursing up the skin below the orbit and half closing the lids to prevent dazzle, plants the outer angles with premature crows’ feet. Another peculiarity is the sudden way in which the eye opens, especially under excitement. This, combined with its fixity of glance, forms an expression now of lively fierceness, then of exceeding sternness; whilst the narrow space between the orbits impresses the countenance in repose with an intelligence not destitute of cunning. As a general rule, however, the expression of the Bedouin’s face is rather dignity than that cunning for which the Semitic race is celebrated, and there are lines about the mouth in variance with the stern or the fierce look of the brow. The ears are like those of Arab horses, small, well-cut, ‘castey’ and elaborate, with many

elevations and depressions. His nose is pronounced generally aquiline, but sometimes straight like those Greek statues which have been treated as prodigious exaggerations of the facial angle. For the most part, it is a well-made feature, with delicate nostrils, below which the septum appears : in anger they swell and open like a perfectly bred mare's. I have, however, seen, in not a few instances, pert and offensive 'pugs.' Deep furrows descend from the wings of the nose, showing an uncertain temper, now too grave, then too gay. The mouth is irregular. The lips are either *bordés*, denoting rudeness and want of taste, or they form a mere line. In the latter case there is an appearance of undue development in the upper portion of the countenance, especially when the jaws are ascetically thin, and the chin weakly retreats. The latter feature, however, is generally well and strongly made. The teeth, as usual among Orientals, are white, even, short, and broad—indications of strength. Some tribes trim their moustachios according to the 'Sunnat'; the Shafei often shave them, and many allow them to hang Persian-like over the lips. The beard is represented by two tangled tufts upon the chin, where whisker should be, the place is either bare or thinly covered with straggling pile.

"The Bedouins of El Hejaz are short men, about the height of the Indians near Bombay, but weighing on an average a stone more. As usual in this stage of society, stature varies little; you rarely see a giant, and scarcely ever a dwarf. Deformity is checked by the Spartan restraint upon population, and no weakly infant can live through a Bedouin life. The figure, though spare, is square and well knit, fulness of limb never appears but about spring, when milk abounds : I have seen two or three muscular figures, but never a fat man. The neck is sinewy, the chest broad, the flank thin, and the stomach in-drawn; the legs, though fleshless, are well-made, especially when the knee and ankle are not bowed by too early riding. The shins seldom bend to the front, as in the African race. The arms are thin, with muscles like whip-cords, and the hands and feet are, in point of size and delicacy, a link between Europe and India. As in the Celt, the Arab thumb is remarkably long, extending almost to the first joint of the index, which, with its easy rotation, makes it a perfect prehensile instrument : the palm also is fleshless, small-boned, and elastic. With his small active figure it is not strange that the wildest Bedouin's gait should be pleasing; he neither unfits himself for walking, nor distorts his ankles by turning out his toes according to the farcical rule of fashion, and his shoulders are not dressed like a drill sergeant's to throw all the weight of the body upon the heels. Yet there is no slouch in his walk; it is light and springy, and errs only in one point, sometimes becoming a kind of strut."

We have all heard of the singular mixture of honour and thievishness that prevails in the Bedouin tents. Religion there is little among them. They pronounce indeed the majestic formula of the Moslem faith, but the hold of Islam upon them is weak. Water is too precious in the desert to be wasted in ablution; fasting is not possible among a race who may be said to live in a state of starvation, and whose bones are clothed with *nil ultra nervos atque cutem*. Alms they have none to give, but on the contrary demand from every traveller in the name of their wives.

"Strip off that coat, O certain person, and that turban!" shouts the Arab highwayman, "they are wanted by my lady cousin." They have no learned men to read the Koran among them, they have no mosques or places of prayer, and the nice nostril of the Bedouin is so painfully affected by the stench of an Oriental city, that the wild men feel no desire to join the congregations of townsmen in the temples. Burton thought he discovered among them traces of the old idolatry which preceded Islam;—be that as it may, in lieu of a written code, they now are governed by a body of traditionary laws of extreme stringency, which are preserved, announced, or invented, as occasion may require, by an old man who bears the title of "Kazi el Arab," to distinguish him from the Kazi, who expounds the Koran.

The Arabic scholar will form his own opinion of Burton's high praises of the Bedouin poetry. He claims for it the merits of exalted passion and dreamy magnificence of language. There are three things, according to a Moslem sage, on which Wisdom hath alighted,—the brain of the Franks, the hands of the Chinese, and the tongues of the Arabs. Eloquence and song are apt to flourish among communities of proud and free men; and we can understand that the lonely and yet exciting life of the desert may impress a susceptible race with emotions that require only to be expressed in classic Arabic to be strikingly poetical. The "motives" of their wild songs are chiefly love and war. The Bedouin feeling towards the weaker sex has never, we believe, been analysed before Burton. According to him it is tinged with "chivalry" to an extent which seems almost incredible of any Asiatic people, and we cannot help suspecting that he has improved upon the present by appealing to the past. However, his views will be read with interest—they are at least original—and they give him the opportunity of sneering, with a great deal of vivacity and evident enjoyment, at "civilisation," at monogamy, and Miss Martineau. We have no space to inquire into the foundations of his peculiar opinions on the subject of the harem, or to criticise his audacious announcement that, as far as his observations go, *polyandry* is the only state of society in which quarrels about the sex are the exception and not the rule of life.

The manners of the Bedouin, as many travellers have told us, are noble and decorous. Burton says with great truth that vulgarity and affectation, awkwardness and embarrassment, are weeds of civilised growth, unknown in the desert. He might have added that the East has always been a better school of courtesy than the West; it would be a curious speculation to inquire why

it should be so. One great preservation of politeness among the Arabs, no doubt is, that every man carries his dagger on all occasions, and a rude word may meet with immediate chastisement. Still they are not given to brawling with their weapons, and they mostly reserve their swords for the blood feud or the foray. Their courage is the impulsive bravery of savages—capable of desperate deeds under strong excitement, but fitful and inconstant. They do not disdain to lie in ambush and fire on a caravan, and to fly when the caravan resists. And they will retire from a skirmish with a hostile tribe on the failure of the first charge, or on suffering the most trifling loss.

The existence of the "blood-feud" in its greatest intensity stamps them as a ferocious rather than a brave people. Still they must needs be physically courageous. Habituated to a life of extreme hardship, spent in the open air, and chiefly in the saddle,—trained in the practice of weapons, and the rough-and-ready usages of robbers,—they must have the nerves of fighting men, and if they do not expose themselves readily to danger, the reason no doubt would be as suggested by the author, that barbarians have nothing valuable but their lives and limbs, and are almost entirely devoid of those motives to daring that, in a great cause, make heroes out of our ploughboys and men about town.

In their romances, at all events, superhuman bravery is one of the elements of the ideal chieftain. Generosity is another. "The character of Hatem is the perfect model of Arabian virtue: he was brave and liberal, an eloquent poet, and a successful robber; forty camels were roasted at his hospitable feasts; and at the prayer of a suppliant enemy he restored both the captives and the spoil." Burton thus sums up the points of resemblance that assimilate the Bedouin to the North-American Indian character:—

"Both have the same wild chivalry, the same fiery sense of honor, and the same boundless hospitality: love elopements from tribe to tribe, the blood feud, and the vendetta, are common to the two. Both are grave and cautious in demeanour, and formal in manner,—princes in rags or paint. The Arabs plunder pilgrims, the Indians, bands of trappers; both glory in forays, raids, and cattle-lifting; and both rob according to certain rules. Both are alternately brave to desperation, and shy of danger. Both are remarkable for nervous and powerful eloquence, dry humour, satire, whimsical tales, frequent tropes, boasts, and ruffling style, pithy proverbs, extempore songs, and languages wondrous in their complexity. Both, recognising no other occupation but war and the chase, despise artifices and the effeminate people of cities, as the game-cock spurns the vulgar roosters of the poultry-yard. The chivalry of the western wolds, like that of the eastern wilds, salutes the visitor by a charge of cavalry, by discharging guns, and by wheeling around him with shouts and yells. The 'brave'



stamps a red hand upon his mouth to show that he has drunk the blood of a foe. Of the Utaybah 'Harami' it is similarly related, that after mortal combat he tastes the dead man's gore."

We take leave, by way of illustration, of this sketch of the wild men, to insert Burton's description of an attack made by these same Utaybah, the fiercest of the Bedouin tribes, on the Syrian caravan shortly before it arrived at Mecca. The Hajees had assumed the "ihram"—a simple white attire—and with bare heads and insteps commenced the last stage of their travel to the holy city, with often-repeated cries of "Labbayk—Here I am, O Allah."

"At about half-past 5 p. m. we entered a suspicious-looking place. On the right was a stony buttress, along whose base the stream, when there is one, flows; and to this depression was our road limited by the rocks and thorn trees, which filled the other half of the channel. The left side was a precipice, grim and barren, but not so abrupt as its brother. Opposite us the way seemed barred by piles of hills, crest rising above crest into the far blue distance. I lay still smiling upon the upper peaks, but the lower slopes and the fumara bed were already curtained with gray sombre shade.

"A damp seemed to fall upon our spirits as we approached this Valley Perilous. I remarked with wonder that the voices of the women and children sank into silence, and loud Labbaykas of the pilgrims were gradually stilled. Whilst still speculating upon the cause of this phenomenon it became apparent. A small curl of smoke, like a lady's ringlet, on the summit of the right-hand precipice, caught my eye, and simultaneous with the echoing crack of the matchlock a high-trotting dromedary in front of me rolled over upon the sands,—a bullet had split his heart,—throwing his rider a goodly somerset of five or six yards.

"Ensued terrible confusion; women screamed, children shrieked, and men vociferated, each one striving with might and main to urge his animal out of the place of death. But the road being narrow, they only managed to jam the vehicles in a solid immoveable mass. At every matchlock shot a shudder ran through the huge body, as when the surgeon's scalpel touches some more sensitive nerve. The irregular horsemen, perfectly useless, galloped up and down over the stones, shouting to and ordering one another. The Pacha of the army had his carpet spread at the foot of the left-hand precipice, and debated over his pipe with the officers what ought to be done. No good genius whispered 'Crown the heights!'

"Then it was that the conduct of the Wahhabis found favour in my eyes. They came up, galloping their camels,—

'Torrents less rapid, and less rash,—'

with their elf-locks tossing in the wind, and their flaring matches casting a strange lurid light over their features. Taking up a position, one body began to fire upon the Utaybah robbers, whilst two or three hundred, dismounting, swarmed up the hill under the guidance of the Sherif Zayd. I had remarked this nobleman at El-Medinah as a model specimen of the pure Arab. Like all Sherifs, he is celebrated for bravery, and has killed many with his own hand. When urged at El-Zaribah to ride into Meccah, he swore that he would not leave the caravan till in sight of the walls; and,

fortunately for the pilgrims, he kept his word. Presently the firing was heard far in our rear—the robbers having fled; the head of the column advanced, and the dense body of pilgrims opened out. Our forced halt was now exchanged for a flight. It required much management to steer our desert-craft clear of danger; but Shaykh Masud was equal to the occasion. That many were lost was evident by the boxes and baggage that strewed the shingles. I had no means of ascertaining the number of men killed and wounded: reports were contradictory, and exaggeration unanimous. The robbers were said to be 150 in number; their object was plunder, and they would eat the shot camels. But their principal ambition was the boast ‘We, the Utaybah, on such and such a night stopped the Sultan’s mahmal one whole hour in the pass.’”

This adventure over, the Hajees performed the rest of their march unmolested, and by night entered the precincts of Meccah in pilgrim guise, all clad in the white *ihram*, all with heads and insteps bare, many overcome with emotion, and raising the fervent cry—“Labbayk, Allahumma, Labbayk!”—Here am I, O God, here am I! At dawn Burton arose to perform the duty first expected of a Hajee—the “Circumambulation of arrival” at the Bait Allah, the “House of God,” which, like the Prophet’s mosque at Medinah, is called the Haram. Here then he had reached the bourne of his weary pilgrimage—he stood in the famous temple of Meccah, an open quadrangle, surrounded with pillared cloisters on all sides; in the centre rose the mysterious Caaba; crowds of enthusiastic worshippers were clinging to its sable curtain, and kissing the black stone, with tears and sobs. His feelings were as highly wrought as theirs. Their hearts beat from awe and devotion—his in an ecstasy of gratified pride.

The glories of El-Medinah are exalted by the unscrupulous fabulists of Islam, but its genuine fame begins from the history of the Prophet; and the Patriarchs and Angels that figure in its legends borrow their lustre from him, the great luminary around whom they revolve. It is otherwise with Meccah, which Mohammed found, and did not make, holy. Long before the son of Abou Talib conceived and preached the “eternal truth and the necessary fiction” that there is ‘one God,’ and that he was His Prophet, Meccah was a sacred city in the eyes of all the Arabs. The great tribe of the Koreish were proud to be the guardians of the Caaba, which was then as now the “Ancient House”; trains of pilgrims, in the last month of each year, visited and made their offerings at the sacred shrine. “The same rites which are now accomplished by the faithful Musulman were invented and practised by the superstition of the idolaters.” At an awful distance they cast away their garments; seven times with hasty steps they encircled the Caaba and kissed

the black stone ; seven times they visited and adored the adjacent mountains ; seven times they threw stones into the valley of Muna ; and the pilgrimage was achieved, as at the present hour, by a sacrifice of sheep and camels, and the burial of the hair and nails in the consecrated ground."

In the pre-Mahomedan ages, Arabian theology was vague and tolerant, and the Caaba was a Pantheon, wherein every tribe might worship its own Gods. Three hundred and sixty idols—corresponding with the days of the year—filled its then ample precincts. Among these was conspicuous the image of Hobal, perhaps the Sun god—a deity brought from Hyt in Mesopotamia, the cradle of astronomy. Seven arrows appeared in his hand—the number of the planets. By their mystic movements diviners learned the secrets of the future, and expounded the starry influences which preside over the fortunes of men. The ancient religious practice of making seven revolutions round the shrine seems also to indicate an astronomical allusion. The primitive deities of the Arabs were the host of heaven. The Sabæans, who adored the heavenly bodies, found or introduced their own worship in the Caaba. Sassanid kings offered golden crescent moons at the shrine ; and the sun-worshippers of Persia, who, flying from the sword of Alexander, met with perfect toleration at the hands of the Arabs, recognised the sanctity of the "ancient house" and the black stone. When, during the youth of Mohammed the temple was destroyed by fire, the Koreish, his proud tribesmen, rebuilt the structure, and replaced all the idols. Hobal again stood within the sanctuary, and, in strange proximity to the heathen god, on one of the six pillars that supported the roof a Christian emblem was sculptured—the Virgin Mary with the child Jesus in her lap. Even the jealous and exclusive Hebrews seem to have regarded the temple with reverence, as a holy place of older days, since defiled by idols. The Jews of Meccah were influential enough to leave indelible traces on the religion of Islam. The Caaba was believed, probably with their assent, to have been rebuilt by Abraham. Jerusalem was first fixed upon by Mohammed as the *Kebla* towards which men should pray, and the Koran abounds with reverential allusions to the personages mentioned in the Pentateuch. If to this we add that some of the Hindus are said to claim the black stone as a divine emblem, it will be seen how remarkably the religious feelings of neighbouring races have converged upon Mecca and its temple,—in some measure justifying the title given to the Caaba by Moslem writers, of the "Navel of the world."

"The genuine antiquity of the Caaba," says Gibbon, "ascends beyond the Christian era: in describing the coast of the Red Sea the Greek historian Diodorus has remarked between the Thamudites and the Sabæans a famous temple, whose superior sanctity was revered by *all* the Arabians. The linen or silken veil, which is annually renewed by the Turkish emperor, was first offered by a pious King of the Homerites, who reigned seven hundred years before the time of Mahomed." In the second century Maximus of Tyre says that he saw the god whom the Arabians worship—it was a stone, four-square. The word Caaba, it should be said, is supposed to be derived from the Arabic Kaab, which means a cube.

But the Moslem imagination is not content with the historical pretensions of the Meccan temple. The legends of the Caaba exhaust the wildest inventions of Mohammedian mythology. Two thousand years before the creation of this world it was first constructed in Paradise, and there encompassed by the Angels of God, with the same mystic circuits that were afterwards performed by the sons of men. Its ruby roof and pillars of jasper, and the solemn gyrations of the heavenly host around it singing hymns of praise, recal the imagery of Ezekiel and the Apocalypse, by which perhaps the Arab theologians were inspired. Directly under this heavenly dome arose an earthly tabernacle of like dimensions, constructed by or for Adam, the first of true believers. Ten thousand angels were assigned to guard the second house from accidents, and seventy thousand to transport it to Paradise on the last day when the trumpet shall have sounded. Despite its heavenly guardians, however, the house fell into decay, and a *third* shrine, made illustrious by its founder the Patriarch Sheth, was overwhelmed in the deluge. Abraham, by Divine command, reconstructed it on its original foundations, and Ishmael received from the angel Gabriel a white fragment of the rocks of Paradise, which the Patriarch fixed in the corner of the building as a mark whence the *Umraf*, or holy circumambulation, should commence.

The lustre of the heavenly gift has been dimmed by the sins of men, and to the eyes of the pilgrims of these days it appears a dull brown or black. This is the famous *Hajar el Aswad*—the Black Stone, which is still set in the corner of the Caaba, framed in silver, and worn to a polish by the kisses of millions of devotees. It is unquestionably one of the most interesting relics in the world. Ali Bey, the Spaniard and professed Moslem, gives a sketch of the stone of the real size, and describes it as a block of volcanic basalt, whose circumference is sprinkled with little crystals, pointed and straw-like, with rhombs

of tile-red feldspath upon a dark background like velvet or charcoal, except one of its protuberances which is reddish. Burckhardt thought it was a lava containing several small extraneous particles of a whitish and of a yellowish substance. To Burton the colour appeared black and metallic, surrounded with a reddish brown border. He pronounces it a large *ærolite*, covered with a thick shaggy coating, glossy and *pit*-like, worn and polished. Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, showed Burton a specimen of an *ærolite* in his possession, which externally appeared to be a black slag, with the inside of a bright and sparkling greyish-white, the result of admixture of nickel with the iron. "This might possibly, as the learned Orientalist then suggested, account for the mythic change of color, its appearance on earth after a thunderstorm, and its being originally a material part of the heavens"—a very ingenious speculation.

The Caaba stands isolated in the midst of the court, a cubic mass covered with a black veil, which hangs down loosely on every side. Every Moslem at the first sight of the tomb-like structure is moved with awe and terror. Even Burckhardt and Burton were struck with its strange aspect. At each breath of air the heavy sable draperies are stirred and undulate slowly. The worshippers grouped around assign no earthly origin to that awful motion, but with prayers acknowledge the unseen presence of Guardian Angels, whose wings are fanning the sacred curtain.

One door, five feet above the ground, gives access and light to the "Navel of the world." It is only opened on solemn occasions, but Burton had the good fortune to be allowed to enter it when vacant of worshippers :

"Nothing is more simple than the interior of this celebrated building. The pavement, which is level with the ground, is composed of slabs of fine and various coloured marbles, mostly, however, white, disposed chequer-wise. The walls, as far as they can be seen, are of the same material, but the pieces are irregularly shaped, and many of them are engraved with long inscriptions in the *sûls* and other modern characters. The upper part of the walls, together with the ceiling, at which it is considered disrespectful to look, are covered with handsome red damask, flowered over with gold, and tucked up about six feet high, so as to be removed from pilgrims' hands. The ceiling is upheld by three cross-beams, whose shapes appear under the arras ; they rest upon the eastern and western walls, and are supported in the centre by three columns, about twenty inches in diameter, covered with carved and ornamented *aloe* wood. At the Iraki corner there is a dwarf door, called *Bab el Taubah* (of repentance), leading into a narrow passage built for the staircase by which the servants ascend to the roof : it is never opened except for working purposes. The 'Aswad' or 'As'ad' corner is occupied by a flat-topped and quadrant-shaped press or safe in which at times is placed the key of the Kaabah. Both door and safe are of *aloe*

wood. Between the columns and about nine feet from the ground ran bars of metal which I could not distinguish, and hanging to them were many lamps said to be of gold. This completes the upholstery work of the hall.

"Although there were in the Kaabah but a few attendants engaged in preparing it for the entrance of pilgrims, the windowless stone walls and the choked-up door made it worse than the Piombi of Venice; the perspiration trickled in large drops, and I thought with horror what it must be when filled with a mass of jostling and crushing fanatics."

Such are the notes which Burton managed to make during his short visit to the interior of the Caaba, somewhat disturbed by the feeling that he was an object of public curiosity to the crowd inside, and of marked attention to the officers who guarded the entrance. This was the climax of his peril; no doubt if then detected in his disguise his life would have been sacrificed on the instant, and when looking at the windowless structure, whose single door was beset by supercilious guardians, he confesses, like Gil Blas in the robbers' cave, to have felt very much like a rat in a trap.

Second only in importance to the Caaba is the well Zemzem, whose sacred waters, by a standing miracle, afford a constant and inexhaustible supply to the whole city. This was the fountain which sprung from the earth to relieve Hagar, and her son Ishmael, whom the Arabs revere as a Patriarch. It stands in the central court of the Haram, close to the Caaba, protected from the weather by a dome. The pilgrims drink its saline water to excess as a religious exercise, and carry away bottles full for the spiritual refreshment of their friends at home. Its merits, according to the faithful, are superlative, both as respects the soul and the body of the drinker, and it is only the masquerading Hajees from the West who have dared to say that it is exceedingly nasty and unwholesome.

The other marvels of the Holy City exercise the eloquence and the fancy of the learned. The footprints of Abraham are still visible, or supposed to be visible, in the great Mosque, miraculously impressed on the stone upon which the Patriarch stood to build the Caaba. Devout pilgrims pour water into the cavities, and wash their eyes and faces therewith. No man can count the pillars which surround the central court—by an express miracle they baffle human computation. Ravenous beasts will not destroy their prey in the sanctuary land, and in the Deluge the large fishes did not gobble up the little fishes in the waters which flowed over the Haram. Though crowds of pilgrims are often jammed at one time in the narrow chamber of the Caaba, no one is ever hurt there—(an audacious falsehood, says sceptic Burton);

and the sick recover their health by rubbing themselves against the Black Stone. "Finally it is observed that every day an hundred thousand mercies descend upon the House; and especially that if rain come up from the northern corner, there is plenty in Irak; if from the south, there is plenty in Yemen; if from the east, plenty in India, if from the western, there is plenty in Syria; and if from all four angles, general plenty is presignified." Hence the Meccans indulge in unbounded boasts of the superiority of their city and of themselves over all the nations of the earth; and in spite of their own notorious profligacy and insolent assumption of pre-eminence, still have the art of drawing large contributions from the Moslems of all countries—from the depths of Central Asia to Ceylon, from the roots of Atlas to the Eastern Archipelago.

We cannot stay to describe the "day of Arafat" or the "day of Muna," or to tell how the pilgrims solemnly stoned the "great devil," with pious curses of Satan, and afterwards resumed the ordinary dress and habits of Moslems. The following description of the sermon in the great Mosque, on the evening of the day of lapidation, which concluded the Haj, is new, and will be read with interest. It is somewhat amusing to find Lieutenant Mephistophiles laying aside his accustomed sneer in the presence of a Mahomedan religious rite. What an explosion of "good things" there would have been, if, instead of an exhibition of Arabic eloquence before an assembly of Ulema, Muezzins and Dervishes, he had been telling of a sermon preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury before the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's! Still we are glad to see that there are occasions when our gallant De Kock-Voltaire can admit himself to be impressed and affected, whatever we may think of the occasions themselves.

"After entering Meccah we bathed, and when the noon drew nigh we repaired to the Haram for the purpose of hearing the sermon. Descending to the cloisters below the Bab el Ziyadah, I stood wonderstruck by the scene before me. The vast quadrangle was crowded with worshippers sitting in long rows, and everywhere facing the central black tower: the showy colours of their dresses were not to be surpassed by a garden of the most brilliant flowers, and such diversity of detail would probably not be seen massed together in any other building upon earth. The women, a dull and sombre-looking group, sat apart in their peculiar place. The Pacha stood on the roof of Zem Zem, surrounded by guards in Nizam uniform. Where the principal ulema stationed themselves the crowd was thicker; and in the more auspicious spots nought was to be seen but a pavement of heads and shoulders. Nothing seemed to move but a few dervishes, who, censer in hand, sidled through the rows and received the unsolicited alms of the faithful. Apparently in the midst, and raised above the crowd by the tall

pointed pulpit, whose gilt spire flamed in the sun, sat the preacher, an old man with snowy beard. The style of head-dress called 'Taylasan' covered his turban, which was white as his robes, and a short staff supported his left hand. Presently he arose, took the staff in his right hand, pronounced a few inaudible words, and sat down again on one of the lower steps, whilst a Muezzin, at the foot of the pulpit, recited the call to sermon. Then the old man stood up and began to preach. As the majestic figure began to exert itself there was a deep silence. Presently a general 'Amin' was intoned by the crowd at the conclusion of some long sentence. And at last, towards the end of the sermon, every third or fourth word was followed by the simultaneous rise and fall of thousands of voices.

"I have seen the religious ceremonies of many lands, but never—nowhere—ought so solemn, so impressive as this spectacle."

We here conclude our notice of Mr. Burton's book. It has great merits and great defects. His style, as will have been seen by the extracts we have given, is far above the amateur standard. He wields the vigorous and assured pen of a practised writer. His command of language is really uncommonly great; and he can, upon occasion, be graphic and picturesque in a high degree. His French education has given him a taste for epigram, which he indulges perhaps to excess. This, however, will by few readers be regarded as a defect; and it must be conceded that, if frequently flippant, he is always lively.

But notwithstanding these excellences, the book labours under a fatal imputation. It is *uncomfortable* to read. There is a want of geniality about it, and the author's tone repels sympathy. We are astonished at a writer of Burton's experience making the serious blunder of encumbering his text with a mass of notes, as if it was an Ode of Pindar, edited by a German Professor. A fringe of commentaries decorates the bottom of every page. Can anything be more tiresome? The reader is not allowed to peruse a paragraph in peace, but some obtrusive obelisk or asterisk forsooth attracts his eye to a piece of (generally) impertinent annotation appended below. As a rule, notes indicate unskilful workmanship,—they are shreds and tatters left scattered about by the untidy artist who has not known where to put them. They may also be symptoms of an author's vanity, who fancies that pearls and roses are always dropping from his mouth, and that the public must hail with rapture every emanation of an intellect so fertile and powerful as his. But the age of Sibylline leaves is past, and if our modern oracles would be listened to they must speak with point and connection. An author should ask himself, as he commits each sentence to paper—not, Is this clever? but, Is it interesting?—that is if he desires to be read. The most vigorous student is repelled by the egotism of a writer who thinks first of



himself and then of his readers. We attribute, however, the immense mass of notes which Burton has collected to his desire to say all he knows about every subject that he touches upon. Unable to weave this multitude of parti-coloured threads into a connected pattern, and unwilling to throw them away, he feels himself compelled to banish a third part of his materials from the text to the margin. We beg him in any future work to limit his ambition to an end that is more within his compass,—to put nothing on paper that is not directly relevant to his narrative or argument, and to work up the matter that he does employ in a connected form. It may cost him more labour than his present desultory manner of composition, but it will procure him more patient readers.

We have already complained of the interminable prayers and benedictions which he has translated from the Moslem liturgies. In a second edition we strongly advise him to retrench them; and if he would further lighten his somewhat labouring ship, he should cut away the greater portion of the Arabic lore which at present encumbers her. He should at all events embrace definitely one of two courses. There is his personal narrative, lively and amusing, and readable by the public. There is his Oriental learning, which is anything but lively or amusing, and which the public will not read, but which a few literary persons will take considerable interest in. His book should be addressed to one or other of these classes of readers. We recommend him to select the former,—to strike out every Arabic word, or where he desires to preserve one to print it in characters which ordinary English people can read. His book will not look so learned, but it will be far more pleasant; and if he wishes that his heavier matter should be stored up for the benefit of the learned few, let him write a careful essay or group of essays, and exhaust the topics upon which he feels himself competent to speak. Thus the scholars and the public (we beg to be considered members of the latter body) will find their appropriate *pabulum* set apart for them, and will not be teased as at present, those with levity, and these with tediousness.

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# I N D E X.



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